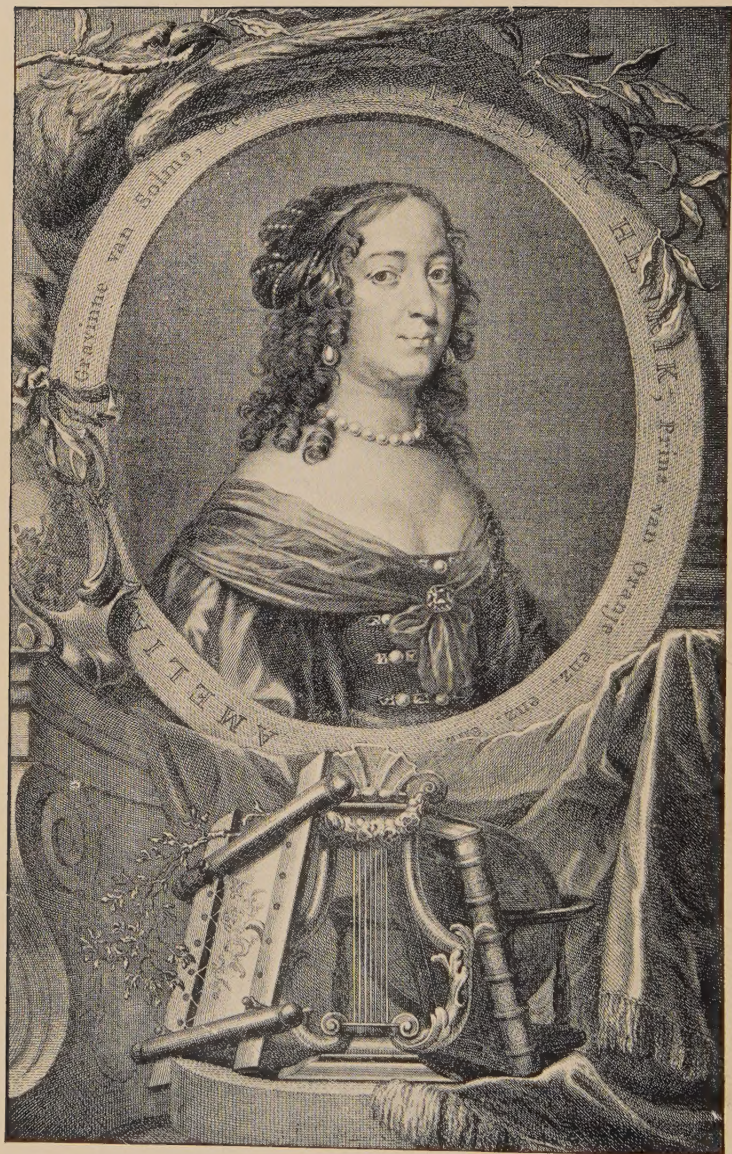


YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF HOLLAND



WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

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AMALIA VAN SOLMS (page 238)

Wife of Prince Frederick Henry

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF HOLLAND

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

Member of the Netherlandish Societies of Middelburg,
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Institute of Arts and Letters

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

To
SISTER MARGARET
FIRST COMRADE IN MY TRAVELS THROUGH
THE NETHERLANDS

PREFACE

HOLLAND had a great part in the making of the civilization of Europe. By a very unusual training amid the elements of nature, the Dutch were educated to take a noble part in bringing about the modern world of ideas and forces. To win first their own land from the waters, to make it habitable, and then to gain the dominion of the seas, were notable triumphs of mind over matter. To lead in intellectual liberty and freedom in religion, in the enlargement of the bounds of human knowledge, and in the union and reconciliation of the Orient and the Occident, were surely great things to be done by a country so small in area and a people so few in numbers.

In this outline of Dutch history for young people, I have laid emphasis upon things visible and tangible and upon persons and events rather than upon theories and tendencies. I

PREFACE

have given most space to the picturesque part of the Netherlands story, to the early movements of nations, the origin of cities, the crusades, the counts, feudalism, the eighty years' war for freedom, and those modern movements that have shown the varied life, both of the old republic and of the modern kingdom which fulfilled the hopes of republican days.

Every American should know the history of the Netherlands, the fatherland of millions of Americans and the storehouse of precedents in federal government from which those who made our nation borrowed most freely. Nowhere in Europe, except in England, can one find the origin of so much that is deepest and best in our national life — including the highest jewel of civilization, religious liberty — as in Holland, as John Adams and Benjamin Franklin long ago confessed.

In a larger work, for adults, laying less stress upon the picturesque and romantic elements, I hope to show more fully what the northern Netherlands have accomplished, what their mark has been upon the world at large, what have been their colonial experiences, what

PREFACE

problems they have solved, and, in a word, what they have contributed in many lines of achievement to the sum of human civilization.

W. E. G.

ITHACA, N. Y., February, 1903.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

AFTER my ninth visit to the Netherlands and the erection of ten historical tablets, commemorating points of contact between Dutch and American history, I have added a new chapter to this book, covering the last twelve years of the nation's story. It may be seen that Holland is, as of old, in the van of civilization and progress, and ready to be foremost in the coming age of peace, science, and arbitration, when law and reason shall, with ever increasing success, war against war, for the good of mankind.

W. E. G.

ITHACA, NEW YORK,
Thanksgiving Day, 1913.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE AGE OF THE TERPEN	1
II. LIFE IN THE DAYS BEFORE LETTERS	9
III. THE COMING OF THE ROMANS	17
IV. THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS	28
V. CHARLES THE GREAT	37
VI. FEUDALISM: THE LORD AND HIS VASSALS	44
VII. THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA	54
VIII. THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND	63
IX. THE HOUSE OF HAINAULT	80
X. THE CODS AND HOOKS	85
XI. JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA	90
XII. THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY	107
XIII. THE CHARTER OF THE GREAT PRIVILEGE	116
XIV. THE DUTCH UNDER THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA	122
XV. THE OLD WORLD BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING	129
XVI. THE SEVENTEEN STATES UNDER ONE HEAD	140
XVII. ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS	147
XVIII. HEDGE PREACHING AND THE STORMING OF IMAGES	156
XIX. MARCH OF THE SPANIARDS—FLIGHT OF THE FLEMINGS	164
XX. THE BATTLE OF HEILIGERLEE	171
XXI. THE VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS	179
XXII. NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, AND LEYDEN	188
XXIII. ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND	206
XXIV. PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL	222

CONTENTS

XXV.	THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC	237
XXVI.	THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC	246
XXVII.	DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING .	254
XXVIII.	THE TWO REPUBLICS — DUTCH AND AMERI- CAN	262
XXIX.	THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC	267
XXX.	THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC AND THE KING- DOM OF HOLLAND	274
XXXI.	“THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND” .	283
XXXII.	BELGIUM AND HOLLAND UNITED AND SEPA- RATED	288
XXXIII.	THE TWO QUEENS, EMMA AND WILHEL- MINA	295
XXXIV.	THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA . .	299
XXXV.	HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD . .	307
	APPENDIX	319
	INDEX	329

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
AMALIA VAN SOLMS (page 238). <i>Frontispiece.</i> From an engraving after the painting by G. v. Honthorst	
ESCAPE TO THE TERPEN FROM THE FLOODS.	6
From Arend's "Geschiedenis des Vaderland"	
ROMAN ROADS AND ARCHITECTURE IN THE NETHER- LANDS.	20
From an engraving after the original by F. v. Bleyswyck	
CLAUDIUS CIVILIS ATTACKING THE ROMAN CAMP.	24
From an engraving after the original by L. F. du Bourg	
THE REFUSAL OF RADBOD	34
From an engraving after the original by L. F. du Bourg	
THE HAARLEM CRUSADERS CAPTURING DAMIETTA	70
From an engraving of the eighteenth century	
BATTLE ON THE ICE BETWEEN FRISIANS AND HOL- LANDERS.	82
From an engraving of the eighteenth century	
THE WIDOW OF COUNT ALBERT RENOUNCING HER CLAIM	92
From Arend's "Geschiedenis des Vaderland"	
JACQUELINE GOING FORTH TO SHOOT AT THE POPIN- JAY.	100
From Arend's "Geschiedenis des Vaderland"	
A BROKEN DIKE	112
From an engraving of the eighteenth century	
RIOTS IN NORTH HOLLAND ON ACCOUNT OF HEAVY TAXES	124
From an engraving after the original by T. Folkema	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PREACHING OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ANTWERP . .	158
From an engraving of the eighteenth century	
THE WOMEN SOLDIERS OF HAARLEM	192
From an engraving of the eighteenth century	
NAVAL BATTLE IN THE ZUYDER ZEE, 1573	196
From an engraving after the original by H. Vettewinkel	
THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN	202
From an engraving after the original by H. P. Oosterhuis	
THE ASSAULT ON COEVORDEN	226
From the original painting by Wouvermans	
THE GREAT SYNOD OF DORT	234
From an engraving by B. Picart	
WILLIAM V., HEREDITARY STADHOLDER	258
From an engraving after the original by P. v. Nymegen	
JOHANNES DE GRAEFF	264
From the painting in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, Concord, N. H.	
THE FRENCH BOMBARDING WILLEMSTAD	270
From an engraving after the original by Hausdorff and Bult-huis	
FOUNDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION	284
From an engraving after the original by J. W. Pieneman	
ENTRY OF THE DUTCH ARMY INTO BRUSSELS . . .	290
From a lithograph after a sketch made at the time	
QUEEN WILHELMINA	296
From a photograph	
THE JOYOUS ENTRY INTO AMSTERDAM, 1898 . . .	300
From a photograph	

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF
HOLLAND

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

CHAPTER I

THE AGE OF THE TERPEN

I AM about to tell you the story of a land that is very wonderful, because it lies for the most part below the level of the sea. One would not suppose that there are people who dwell beneath the line of low tide, but there are, and they do not live in a mine or down at a ship's bottom, either. They have farms and gardens and cows and horses lower than the surface, not only of the rivers, but of the ocean. The tops of many of the houses are on a line with the decks of steamers passing along, and in some cases even the chimneys are lower than the keels of rowboats. Down in the deep polders, or bottoms of the drained lakes, it is like living in a washbowl or a cellar, yet it is bright, green, and sunny there.

The cows graze where the fishes used to

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

feed, and the flowers bloom where seaweed once grew. To-day as we rush through that country on the flying express train — for one can travel the whole length of the land in daylight — we see very few swamps, marshes, or waste spaces. Having climbed up to the top of the great church towers, and looking down, we see the whole land dotted with cities, towns, and villages. Hundreds of canals cross the landscape, and there are many hollows, rich and low, made of drained land, called “polders.” About five millions of people live and work and enjoy themselves in this curious country, set between the sand hills and the sea, between Belgium and Germany. Altogether the Netherlands are in area less than one fourth of Iowa. One would hardly look in such a place for a country fit for human beings to live in. Yet the people are very happy in their cosy homes, and the kingdom is like a garden. How was it made?

Long, long ago, before a baby cried or a boy played in this part of the world, the great rivers of Europe had begun to flow. Down out of what is now Switzerland, and into and through Germany, the Rhine forced its way. The melting ice on the mountains kept the stream always full and often in flood. From

FEUDALISM

from one water-course to another. Later, they built great galleys with masts and sails. The prow was high, and was usually ornamented or carved with a dragon's head or terrible figure of some kind. Behind this prow, a man who acted as the lookout stood on a platform watching ahead, while on another raised deck toward the stern were the chieftains or the steersmen.

How could the people of the Netherlands live amid such alarms? Their whole country, especially along the rivers and seacoast, was in constant danger from these cruel pirates, who not only burned, robbed, and killed, but carried their captives away into slavery. The people on the coast and along the rivers were in continual terror. By degrees they left their homes and settled around the baron's castle, becoming his slaves. They gave themselves up to the churches and monasteries, as serfs for life. In this way the bishops and the barons grew richer and richer and the people poorer and poorer, thousands of them being nothing but slaves.

Yet there was a difference even among the slaves, for there were various classes of them. The church slaves were treated more kindly and had many more rights than the slaves of

the barons, who in some cases were hardly more than brutes. There was also a class called the villagers, or villeins, who were a little above the absolute slaves.

For a time, even the free Frisians were conquered and held in bondage. Godfrey the Norman was king over them during a part of the ninth century. Every Frisian had to wear a halter around his neck, until Godfrey was killed. Then the Frisians were again free.

While the country was thus kept in alarm by the raids of the Norse pirates, the power of the German emperor, who lived far away, became less and less, while that of the dukes and barons who lived in the land increased. Men cared more for the strong hand that could immediately protect them than for some crowned head hundreds of miles off. The castles and monasteries became the real centres of power. Soon all the land in the country was owned by the barons or the bishops. Their retainers, as well as the knights and the monks, lived off the people, who were taught that they owed their very life to their masters. Dark and dreary for the mass of the people was the age of feudalism. From the ninth to the thirteenth century, most of the common folk were

FEUDALISM

poor, wretched, and hopeless. Humanity was settling down into stagnation. Something must come forth to stir and rouse society from its torpor. What should it be?

CHAPTER VII

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

EVERY morning, out of the black night, light dawns in the east. So in history. All the great religions have come out of Asia, and so have many of the best ideas and inventions. Over darkest Europe, in the eleventh century, we note streaks of light and an influence which moved Europe to new life.

It came about in this way. From the time that the Christian missionaries first entered northern Europe, preaching the gospel and telling the story of Christ's life, people longed to visit the Holy Land to see Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Men, and even women, had traveled to Palestine, making pious pilgrimage to the place of Jesus' birth and sepulchre. Little or nothing was done to hinder them; but in the year 1065 the Seljuk Turks overran and conquered Syria. Then these proud fellows began to insult and treat very cruelly the pilgrims from the Christian countries.

These holy and traveled people were called

ESCAPE TO THE TERPEN FROM THE FLOODS



THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

“palmers,” because they brought home a palm branch from Syria and laid it on the parish church altar, or they made a cross of slips of palm and sewed it on their hats. They usually carried a long staff also, often with a piece tied at right angles near the upper end, thus making a cross above their heads. On their return home, they fixed a scallop shell, picked up in Palestine, to their dress. This was to show that they had been pilgrims to the Holy Land.

In fact, during the middle ages, many classes and various sorts of people were marked in some way on their dress. The Jews and other persons not considered Christians, the lepers and diseased people generally, were forced to sew on their clothing a round, square, or conical mark. Those who had broken the law by committing some felony, such as theft, arson, blasphemy, etc., had a scarlet letter, the initial of their crime, at first branded on their foreheads, and later sewed upon their breasts, as R for robbery, D for drunkard, etc.

The stories of cruelty to Christian pilgrims at the hands of the Turks lost nothing in the telling. Fiery preachers went all over Europe speaking to great crowds in the churches and fields. Not in one country only, but in several

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of them, people were roused to go to Palestine and recover the sacred places from the Turks. As they brooded over the matter, they went wild over it. Many thousands of all ages started in crowds to go to the Far East. They swarmed together, not knowing where they could get food to eat or how to find ships to cross the seas; but they went. No doubt with very many, it was as much to get rid of work, or to be free from slavery, or to enjoy novelty and adventure, as it was with any Christian motive, that they thus set their faces towards the sunrise.

These wars for the cross began by the movement of a rabble, made up of four great armies, gathered from the very dregs of Christendom. A man named Walter the Penniless commanded the first host of twenty thousand, who were almost all destroyed by the Bulgarians. Another swarm of forty thousand men, women, and children was led by Peter the Hermit, who had been in the Holy Land, and who went about preaching in several countries, rousing the people. The Turks, at Nice, destroyed this mob. Another band of fifteen thousand, chiefly Germans, was killed or scattered in Hungary. The last of the four mobs, made up of people from France and Eng-

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

land, numbering, it is said, 200,000, also went to pieces on the road, and the expedition amounted to nothing. After the lower classes had tried and failed, the priests and the soldiers joined forces for a new enterprise. By this time the Syrians, Turks, Arabs, and the Mahometan peoples of the East were called by the general name of "Saracens," which means Eastern people.

In 1095 at Clermont, in France, in a great council, which was addressed by the Pope, a crusade was decided upon under the patronage of the Church. The knights and the nobles took part. Six splendid armies, led by the Southern Netherlanders, were formed, and moved towards the rising sun. Godfrey de Bouillon, with other great warriors, captured Nice and besieged Antioch. After wonderful battles, they reached Jerusalem, but only forty thousand of the half million of men that started, remained. The city was taken and Godfrey made king.

From this time forth, crusading was a regular occupation, for the Saracens rallied, and various expeditions from Europe were necessary to drive them back. Even the children joined in the holy war. In bands numbering tens of thousands, they left France and Ger-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

many, expecting that the Mediterranean Sea would open a path, so that they could walk dryshod to Palestine. They thought, for they were so taught, that the Turks would be converted by miracles. No such unnecessary things happened, however; but thousands of boys and girls died of hunger, cold, and fatigue on the road, were drowned, or were taken and made slaves. A few returned home.

At last these movements eastward, which had lasted for over two hundred years, came to an end. The Saracens still held the Holy Land. The Christians had wasted millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives. What was the use of all this waste, and what came of it?

We answer, much every way. Society in Europe was roused from its stagnation and stirred up to newer and better life. In the first place, slavery was nearly destroyed by the crusades. The slaves that enlisted to fight under the banner of the cross were made free. In this way thousands, on their return from Palestine, became free men. Other thousands of human beings, sold or mortgaged by the crusading knights, were bought by the churches and monasteries, and even without their stirring a step their position in life was greatly im-

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

proved. With so many serfs abroad, free labor at home became more and more the rule, and the condition of the freemen, mechanics, and traders was far better than it had been. Population increased. The people formed themselves into guilds and communities. As they grew richer, they were able to have law equal for all, instead of the mere will or pleasure of the lord of the castle or of the land. Thus villages and towns, having their own rights, grew up. By and by the castles, moats, and thick masonry of the barons were no longer the only means of protection, for the towns also could afford to build walls to defend those who lived inside, with towers to watch enemies and gates to keep them out. They began to guard themselves, not only from foreigners and robbers, but even from the lord of the land, when he was cruel and unjust; or from the bishop, who was often as bad as the baron.

But more than this, these people of the North learned a great deal in their travels in the South and East. Going out from the land of storms and fog, of rain and cold, where, besides the daily food of bread and cheese or meat, beer and butter were almost the only luxuries, they entered into the bright and sunny world of the South. Here rice and figs grew,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

and oil and wine, while fruits of many sorts abounded. In these warmer lands they beheld the wonderful relics of the old Roman world — splendid churches, richer and grander cities, finer houses, and inventions that astonished them. When these men, who thought they were honoring God because they sewed a cross on their coats, reached Syria, they met with a great surprise. The Saracens, whom they had been taught to regard as black devils, were found to be elegant in appearance and refined in manners. Many of them dressed in silks or other fine clothing, and wore jewels and superb weapons, such as the rude Netherlanders had never seen. Many of the Saracens could read, and were learned in many sciences, such as astronomy, medicine, and mathematics. The crusaders discovered also that their enemies, whom they had been taught to hate as outcasts and infidels, were not only brave, but were moral men, often superior in character to themselves. All this astonished them.

In other ways, travel to Asia opened the eyes of the crusaders. They learned that those who talked most about religion and the war for the cross loved money rather too much, and kept up the campaigns for glory and gain rather than for love to God. In the East they

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

saw trees and flowers very different from those in the West and North. They brought back many seeds, both for the mind and for the soil. With new kinds of flowers to enjoy, and with food growing up out of the earth which their fathers had never seen ; with new stories to tell, and new books and writings to read, and with trade, both overland and by sea, enriching the Italians and the other European peoples, the age of commerce began. Among the first to profit by their opportunities were the Netherlanders.

Feudalism was the age of the knight and the horse. Except the priests and churchmen, no one was considered of any great value in society unless he owned land or horses, or served some one who did own them, and knew how to ride and fight. As trade and commerce became of more importance, there was less need of the knight. So feudalism gradually passed away, while the merchant took the place of the knight, and the skilled mechanic that of the soldier.

One bright flower grew out of the old state of things. Looking back at the inheritances from the feudal ages, we may count chivalry as the best of all. It was a school of fine manners. Courtesy, generosity, valor, and skill

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

in arms and on horseback were the virtues in which the good knight was trained. Chivalry marks the transition from violence to culture. It gave rise to the literature of the chroniclers, such as that of Froissart, who tells so many delightful stories; and to the songs and stories of the troubadours, who were the wandering singers of the middle ages. Cervantes, in his "Don Quixote," makes fun of the silly knight who, on his nag Rozinante, charges at a wind-mill. There were other witty writers who ridiculed the extravagancies of the feudal period.

Yet it was during this time that traditions of manners, poetry, and art, which still have force in our society, were created. Men's minds were so expanded by coming into contact with Greek and Oriental civilization, and the new methods of trade and ownership of land, and the cultivation of it, that Europe was well prepared to enter the higher school of life and thought in the great Reformation. Most of the titles and polite customs of our day, such as the use of "sir" and "madame," "Mr." and "Mrs.," bowing, and taking off the hat, and various other courtesies of daily life, have come down to us from the feudal age, to be no longer the sole monopoly of knights and titled ladies, but the property of everybody.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

UP to this time we have not met with the name of Holland, or indeed with many people having names. We have known of tribes, and of Romans, Netherlanders, and Germanic peoples, but not much of individuals. People at large did not have family names. The great majority of girls were named after the Virgin Mary, or Elisabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and the majority of boys after their fathers, the oldest son taking his parent's particular name, with the word "son" after it, the others having only their given names, usually borrowed from those of the saints in the calendar. It was not until the people of northern Europe had the Bible in their own tongues, and could read it, that there was much variety in this respect. Then names were borrowed by wholesale and in great variety from the pages of Holy Scripture.

We have seen that the Netherlands were once part of the Frankish empire, which had

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

fallen to pieces after the death of Charlemagne. Charles the Simple was the last of the line called Carlovingian, and after him came Henry the Fowler, who ruled over the Franks and Netherlanders. In 925 the Low Countries passed from the control of France and were put under that of Germany, being still part of the empire. On Easter evening, the 20th of April, in the year 922, this King Charles the Simple gave to Count Dirk I. that part of the country called Holland. The name Dirk is the short form of Theodoric, a favorite saint's name. Dirk is reckoned the first count of Holland, perhaps because he was the first man to possess the monastery of Egmond; and from him the line of succession and the thread of Dutch history continue unbroken. We can now begin to think of Dutchmen as distinct from Germans.

It is wonderful how much history depends upon a few drops of ink on a sheet of parchment or paper. There may be mighty men who do great things, but unless some one writes about them, to celebrate their deeds and make them famous, we know nothing of them except in myths or fairy tales, in which it is hard to separate fact from fiction. "Life with-

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

out letters is death," and it is like black night where there are no writings.

Egmond Abbey, now in ruins, was one of the oldest monasteries in North Holland. It was built first of wood and afterwards of brick. There, for hundreds of years, almost all the manuscripts which told the early history of the Netherlands were kept. In this abbey the monks sat by their rude oaken tables, each with his ink-horn and parchment, and copied out what could be read in the Latin chronicles. They also listened to the accounts of old men who remembered what had happened in days gone by. They heard travelers and strangers from far countries tell the news, or relate their stories. Thus they wrote down many fascinating annals and anecdotes, which serve us as material for history. They began also the first museums. In Egmond Abbey was the fountain of the stream of Holland's history.

Almost all we know of Count Dirk I., the founder of the Holland House, is, that in this sandy region of Egmond, near the sea, he established a nunnery and built a wooden church, which he dedicated to St. Adelbert, the English missionary who had come over with Willibrord. Dirk died probably in the year 923.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The word "count" means "companion," that is, of the emperor. The count was the ruler, in place of the emperor, over a certain portion of the empire. The counts of Holland, sixteen in number, and one countess, ruled their domain from A. D. 923 to A. D. 1299. During this period the little states of the Netherlands, with the names of which we are now so familiar, Holland, Utrecht, Brabant, Flanders, etc., began to take form, and the cities of Dordrecht, The Hague, Amsterdam, etc., were built. It was a time of petty wars and quarrels about land, trade, and power. The count and the bishop, the Hollanders and the Frisians, the Zeelanders and the Flemings, the upper classes and the lower, were often at war. Under the feudal system all the land was supposed to belong to the emperor. He could give it away to this or that servant, as he pleased. Or he could order off one vassal to this place or that, and compel another to take the place vacated. This is exactly what I saw done in the feudal system of Japan, under which I lived in 1870-1871. It was like playing a game of chess on a large scale, the pieces being noblemen, differing in rank and value; but all Europe was like a chessboard. The contest was between the count and the bishop, the emperor

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

cavalry in many campaigns, even in far-off southern Europe and in Greece, once deciding a great battle by their valor.

The history of the Netherlands becomes brighter after the Romans entered the country, for these southerners understood writing, and letters bring light. Cæsar has told his story in Latin, which, though it seems to the school-girls and schoolboys beginning it hard to translate, is very clear. Yet Cæsar wrote only about the earliest wars. We wish some other Romans, during the following centuries, had written equally well about later events and their own lives and work; for very many people came up from Italy and the southern countries, and thousands of them lived in the Netherlands during five hundred years. They built roads, canals, and forts, laid out farms, and reared houses and temples. They made a very large walled camp on the seashore near Leyden, which they called the House towards Britain. One general, named Drusus, 11 B. C., had a long canal cut, which joined the waters of the Rhine and the Ijssel rivers, so that they flowed to Lake Flevo, where is now the Zuyder Zee, and out to the German Ocean through the Vlie. After that, a Roman galley could be rowed from inland Germany to the British

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Isles, or enter from the North Sea into the heart of Europe.

One of the canals, dug near Leyden and called the Vliet, is probably the same one down which, many centuries later, the Pilgrim Fathers began their journey to America.

We know fairly well what cities there were in the times of the empire and where the garrisons were placed. While the Romans had their farms, the natives kept their marks, or divisions of land, and thus the one set of men learned a great deal from the other. A mark was a tract of land owned by a tribe or family in common. All the people could cut wood from the forest for their fires or to make houses or tools, and all were allowed to keep their pigs in the woods, or to let their cows graze upon the meadows, for the land of the community was free to all. On the other hand, the Romans measured and divided their land into farms, each owned by one person. In later ages some of the Roman laws and customs were adopted by these Germanic tribes that became Dutch and English, so that not a few Latin words, now spelled "farm," "canal," "street," "port," or "common," have remained in our language. Even the "common," or "green," which we see in our towns and vil-



ROMAN ROADS AND AR



E IN THE NETHERLANDS

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

lages, is a relic of these old days. In time the Romans became Christians, and thus, through them, one of the greatest blessings brought into this northern land was the religion of Jesus, which softened manners and kindled in men's hearts the greatest of all hopes.

Let us look at some of the Roman cities in the far north. Beginning at the south, there was Noviomagum, which is now called Nymegen. We must remember that these Latin names, sooner or later, became changed into Dutch, and that the names we now see on the map have grown out of the Latin; as, for example, Vianen, from Fanum Dianæ, or Diana's Shrine. In some cases the Latin name, like Lugdunum, now perhaps the city of Leyden, was only the southern man's way of pronouncing Lugdun, the name already there, which has in it "lug," now our word "look." Among the islands of Zeeland, Roman sailors and merchants lived and had their altars and temples, but we do not know the exact place of any ancient town or city there. "Utrecht" is only the late form changed from words meaning the Upper or Old Ford, near a settlement, where the water was so low as to be easily crossed. Further on the west was the great camp on the seashore, called the House toward Britain,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

which was the place whence the Roman ships could sail over to the British islands to supply the garrisons there, and to which galleys could row or sail from the direction of sunset. A little south was a colony at the place now called Voorburg. Further up in the north was the Flevo castle, standing about where Hoorn now is. Just north of Lake Flevo, which has since become the Zuyder Zee, was a holy forest, far-stretching and gloomy, in which were many sacred trees. To the north-east was Groningen. The channels of most of the Dutch rivers were then as they are now.

The natives had not only their witches and wizards, but also their fortune-tellers and those whom they called weird women, who foretold that which would come to pass. One of them, living near the spot where the river Lippe flowed into the Rhine, was the virgin Velleda. She dwelt alone in the forest, far above the ground, in a tower or platform built in the trees. Many people believed that she could not only see into the future, but could assure success to those whom she favored. This woman was a great friend of a native noble named Claudius. His parents had not so called him when a boy, but on becoming a soldier in the Roman army, he took the name of Claudius

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

Civilis, which shows that he was a Roman citizen. He served twenty-five years in the legions and under the golden eagles, fighting for the empire wherever he was sent. He lived a long time in Italy, in the city on the Tiber, but he never lost his love for his people or his country in the north.

When Claudius and his brother were charged with crime, they were sent prisoners to Rome. His brother was put to death, but he escaped. He then determined to free his country also. Coming home, he told Velleda, the fortune-teller, his ambition. She promised that if he would lead his countrymen, he could drive away the Romans and become emperor. When she told others that Claudius was their champion, the tribes rallied round him. Knowing how to build battering rams and engines to throw stones and darts, he attacked, A. D. 70, his enemy's camps. Yet although he won some victories, he was not very successful. The Romans beat back his forces or persuaded them to desert their leader. Crafty as they were, they even sent to Velleda and won her over to their cause. She now began to foretell the ruin of Civilis and the triumph of his enemies.

We do not know what became of Claudius

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Civilis, but after him the natives gathered together and chose another leader, whose name was Brinio. Theirs was a rough kind of an election. Had we been there we should have seen thousands of warriors of various tribes met together, with their spears and swords and shields. Stalwart fellows, with long mustaches and streaming hair, or with their locks bound up in a knot, dressed in leather or skins with the fur on, bearing shields of hide or wicker-work, held a council and made many speeches. Then after it had been pretty well agreed who should be chief, a half dozen or more strong warriors would lead out the elected man. Placing him upon their big shields, they hoisted him up in the air, resting the burden on their shoulders. Standing on this platform of human muscle, holding his sword in one hand and gesturing with the other, Brinio addressed his warriors in a rousing speech. He had on a tunic, held together by a belt, in which a knife was thrust. Over his shoulders hung a skin mantle, a hide was wrapped around his legs, and on his feet were sandals. The great crowd of war-men set up a shout, hailed him as their chief, and rattled the flat of their swords and spears against their shields. Then he led them forth to battle.



CLAUDIUS CIVILIS ATTACKING THE ROMAN CAMP

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

These events took place in the years 69 and 70, when in the far east another Roman army under Titus was besieging Jerusalem.

But in A.D. 70 it was not yet for either a Claudius or a Brinio to make headway against the Romans. The southern rulers still held their camps, garrisons, and cities, marched up and down the roads, and collected the taxes in the northern lowlands. There were others besides soldiers among these people from the sunny south, for the women had come to make homes as well as camps. The boys and girls born in the settlements amid this watery land were sent to Italy for their education. To-day, as the spade and plough disturb the soil, mirrors, bracelets, images, jewelry, sculpture, children's toys, and many a pretty thing brought from the land on the Mediterranean are turned up. Dutch writers tell wonderful stories of the Roman world passed away.

By and by, in the latter part of the third century, when tribes of men from the north and east broke into the land and captured the Roman camps and cities, the cohorts were sent to the frontier, and they drove back these new Germans from over the border. On the eastern frontier, then as now, most of the land was swampy or sandy, but a strip of hard soil

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

crossed it, making a gateway into the Low Country. Here the Romans built a camp and formed a garrison, at what is now called Coevorden, as well as at Groningen. Thus the invaders were held back, for the great empire of Rome was still strong and the legions were kept in splendid discipline.

But gradually most of the soldiers found in the Roman army were men of northern birth. They did not enjoy fighting for the distant emperor in Italy. They favored their own countrymen more and more. At any rate, about the middle of the fifth century, the Germanic tribes all united together, and resolved to drive the Romans southward, and to occupy the whole land for themselves. Encouraged by their weird women, and led by brave and stalwart leaders, they streamed over the land. Though sometimes beaten back, they captured, one after the other, the Roman camps and castles, and were finally successful. In a few years most of the marble images and altars were overthrown, and the Roman temples defaced and ruined. The jewels, ornaments, toys, and pretty things brought from Italy became playthings for the barbarian children. The mosaic floors sank under the earth. The very places where there were Roman houses and

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

gardens were overgrown with bushes and forgotten. Trees sprang up, forests covered the ploughed land, and once more much of the country was as wild as nature could make it. The arts of brickmaking and stonebuilding were forgotten, and the story of the Romans became myth and fairy tale.

By the sixth century, Germans, Franks, Saxons, and Angles had occupied the whole land, and new tribes, along with the Frisians, filled the country. There was pagan darkness again, as of old. It is now time for us to look again towards the Mediterranean, to see what next the bright sunny south, rich in glorious cities and Christian temples, will send into this land of forest, fen, and marsh. Now that in these warmer south countries, so much nearer Palestine, the church had, for the most part, taken the place of the pagan temple, we should expect the rays of Christianity to shine brightly in the far north also. Even to this day the Latin motto of Utrecht University means, "Sun of (Divine) Justice shine on us," while that of her child in the new world, Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, in New Jersey, means, "Sun of (Divine) Justice shine also on the West."

CHAPTER IV

THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS

LIKE the great floods from river and sea that from time to time roll over the Netherlands, hiding for a while the face of the country beneath the waters, while leaving new deposits of soil, so was the great overstreaming of the nations from the north and east during the fifth and sixth centuries, that filled the land with new people. The men and boys marched on foot, the women and little folk traveled in wagons. When they reached the seashore, thousands of them sailed on westward over the North Sea and settled in England.

When we look again at the Low Countries, we find them occupied chiefly by two great peoples, called the Frisians on the north and the Franks on the south. Between these two peoples there was often war, but in time of peace much trade and barter. Their languages were not very different, so that they could talk easily with each other. The Frisians were really a mixture of many people.

THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS

Their language was very much like that of the tribes that had crossed the North Sea into England, and have since been called "the Anglo-Saxons." We can see now how this general likeness of the speech of the Teutonic tribes would help to spread the religion of Jesus when missionaries came into the land. The Netherlanders were pagans, and if they were to be converted to Christianity, the work must be done, as it is always done when a nation changes or improves its religion, by missionaries.

Most of the old Celtic tribes that had lived in the Low Countries were driven further south below the Rhine, which was now the general boundary, no longer between Romans and Germans, but between the new nations. The neighbors of the new Netherlanders were called Franks, or Spear-men, as the Saxons were Knife-men. These Frankish tribes were descendants of the same people who had lived in the regions along the river Rhine in Cæsar's day, and with whom the Romans had come into contact. The Franks entered the Netherlands between the years 300 and 361 A. D. When in the fifth century they began to move southward, they made a confederacy and called themselves Franks, which then meant freemen.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

There were two divisions of them. One was the Salic, or Salian, group of tribes, living around the lower or western Rhine and the Maas and the Scheldt rivers. These took their name from the river Ijssel, which was then called Sala.

The other group of Franks came from the middle or eastern part of the river Rhine, in and about the region of which the city of Cologne is the centre. These were called the Riparian, or River, Franks, because of their riparian situation; for the word means by the side of, or belonging to, the banks of a river. "Rijp" is the ending of many Dutch names of places that once stood on a river, like Dronrijp, for example, in Friesland. Indeed, in those times, the savage Netherlands were like our North American Indians, fond of living near rivers or streams, in which they could catch fish for food and beavers for clothing. Other animals, besides the human sort, made their haunts near the water, finding it a good place for daily food.

The Franks moved into what was then called Gaul, and gave it the name of France. They raised a flag with the colors red, white, and blue in it; and overthrowing the imperial power and driving out the Roman soldiers,

THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS

they set up a kingdom of their own. They extended their conquests by going up and back into their old home-land, pushing the Frisians northward. Yet active as they were in the arts of war, the Christian missionaries from Rome and Ireland were equally busy in the arts of peace. During the long years of both peace and war, the Franks were taught the religion of Jesus, until it became their own.

This was the wonderful thing, that Ireland was then an island of saints and full of Christian light. About the year 388, a Latin gentleman's son, named Succat (brave in battle), was carried captive to Ireland and there made a slave. When he gained his freedom, he went over to Gaul to be educated. Becoming a Christian pastor, he resolved to return to Ireland, and did so in A. D. 432. As Saint Patrick he taught the good news of God's love, winning great success, as all missionaries do who have strength, perseverance, wisdom, and gentleness, and who not only preach, but live the pure gospel of Christ. Ireland became a Christian country, and her people sent out missionaries to Scotland, France, and the Netherlands.

When the Franks first raised the flag of war

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

against the Romans, they chose three colors, red, white, and blue. The three stripes were placed vertically, that is, up and down. This first flag of freedom has ever since been conspicuous. To-day, after the white lilies of the Bourbons, it is the flag of the republic of France. The same colors are those of the Netherlands and of the United States, as well as of other countries under their influence.

One of the great kings of the Franks, the first, A. D. 500, was Clovis. Another was Dagobert, who became sole ruler of the Frankish empire. He collected the laws and framed them into a code. About the beginning of the seventh century, the Franks gradually secured victory over the Frisians. Then, at Utrecht, in A. D. 628, Dagobert, having authority over the whole country, gave protection to the missionaries when they wished to go up further north and preach the gospel. The savage Frisians there were slow to give up their gods, sacred trees, and old traditions.

Looking back to the seventh century, we can see a little wooden church rising up in Utrecht, and hear prayers to God in Christ; but the pagan Frisians turn jealous eyes on this building, and their priests are sullen and hostile. By and by they burn down the church,

THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS

but it is soon rebuilt. The missionaries go forth and preach. With their axes they cut down the trees sacred to Woden and Thor, and build churches amid the groves.

So Christianity moves, now forward, now backward, yet ever onward. About A. D. 679, from near York in England, a city which, having been first Briton and then Roman, was at this time Anglo-Saxon, Wilfried the missionary reached the Netherlands. On the coast of England he got on board one of the little wooden ships of the period, to sail down into France, expecting then to travel across the country. He was going to Rome to see the Pope.

The North Sea is often very stormy, and Wilfried's ship was blown over to the coast of Friesland. Adgillus, the king of the Frisians, having many enemies among the Franks, wanted to be friendly with Wilfried. This was because Nebroin, who was the great court-master of the king of the Franks, was a friend of Wilfried. So Adgillus gave Wilfried permission to preach the gospel. He had no trouble in making himself understood by these people, strangers though they were. In those days the language which both the people in the British Islands and those in the Nether-

lands spoke was about the same. The Anglo-Saxons and the Frisians belonged to the one race, and the English language was not yet separated from the German. His preaching was welcomed, and many thousand Frisians were baptized.

On his return to England in 680, Wilfried secured permission to have other missionaries cross the North Sea to Friesland. One of the most celebrated of the number was Willibrord, who had been a pupil of Wilfried in earlier days. He is now spoken of as "the apostle of the Frisians." He studied twelve years in Ireland, and in 690 he went over to the Netherlands, landing near Utrecht. Here he was joined by a band of eleven other English missionaries. The chief ruler, who was a Frank, named Pepin the Big, welcomed him and treated him well. He also had the patronage of King Charles Martel, who had beaten the Saracens in battle. With his band of preachers and teachers, Willibrord went all through the northern Netherlands. By the year 700, many thousands of the Frisians had become Christians, putting away their old ideas and customs. Not a few of the converted pagan priests became pastors of villages of Christian



THE REFUSAL OF RADBOD

THE FRANKS AND THE FRISIANS

people. The images of the gods, the holy marks on the trees, the rude stone altars of sacrifice passed away. In the old sacred places rose houses of worship, in which the heavenly Father alone was adored.

But from time to time there would be a reaction. It is not easy for men to change their religion, and conversion was often brought about by force. The Frisian king, Radbod, had been compelled to obey the Frankish rule and come into the Christian Church, A. D. 718, to be baptized. The ancient fonts, still to be seen in the museums, were as large as tubs. The candidate for baptism stepped into the vessel, and could be not only sprinkled but dipped. When the royal Radbod had put one leg into the font, he stopped and asked Wolfram the missionary whether through baptism he could enter heaven.

"Certainly," answered the bishop.

"But," replied Radbod, "how is it with my father, and my grandfather, and all my ancestors who have not been baptized? Are they not in heaven?"

"No," answered Wolfram the pastor, "they are in hell. Only the baptized Christians go to heaven."

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

“Then I’ll think it over before I am baptized. I had rather be with my own kindred in hell than with you and yours in heaven.” Thereupon he drew out his foot and went away.

CHAPTER V

CHARLES THE GREAT

RELIGION and politics were mixed together in those early days, and some of the bishops were rather in a hurry about forcing the Frisians to accept their religion from Rome. Radbod's son, Poppo, who succeeded his father as nominal king, refused to be a Christian. He rebelled against the Frankish dominion, and called out his tribesmen to battle. He was beaten, and with thousands of his men, perished on the bloody field of war, A. D. 750. After this, Christianity was enforced as the law of the land.

Soon another Anglo-Saxon missionary from England, Winfried, whose Roman or clerical name was Boniface, began preaching and teaching in Frisia. He worked so hard among the Germanic tribes, both east and west, that he has been called "the apostle of Germany." Ever anxious to turn the people from paganism, he did not hesitate to compel them by force, not only to believe the gospel, but to be

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Christians of the Roman sort. Indeed, most of the British missionaries were rough and severe, and not at all like the wise and gentle Patrick of Ireland. So it came to pass that Boniface lost his life.

In the year 755, he went up into the region in which lies the pretty little city of Dokkum. On Easter Sunday, after having taught and baptized his converts, who were dressed in white, he gave them the communion. In the midst of the feast, the pagan Frisians, with patriotic motives, and also in the name of their gods, slew him and fifty other Christians. Boniface was made a saint in the Roman calendar. Christianity was gradually established, yet only after many wars; for the natives often rose in rebellion against their Frankish masters and tried to be free again, and, perhaps also, to be pagans, as their priests wanted them to be.

When the Saxons and Frisians joined together to fight against Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, Wittekind was their leader, and won a great victory over the Franks. Then Charlemagne took a cruel revenge in the year 782, by putting 4500 Saxons to the sword. This made all the Saxon tribes rise up again under Wittekind; but they were beaten, and after

CHARLES THE GREAT

a while, Wittekind and the other chiefs came, in 785, to France, and received baptism as Christians. Now for the first time since the Roman empire fell, all the Netherlands were united under one ruler. Henceforth Christianity was the faith of all the people in the Low Countries.

Charles the Great had reared a new empire which he hoped would be like that of Rome. He restored order, established courts, and built schools. He was wise in the government of his subjects, who belonged to many nations. When on Christmas Day, A. D. 800, he was in Rome, and was worshiping in the cathedral, Pope Leo III. put upon his head the iron crown of imperial dominion. The forehead band on the inside was said to have been made of a nail from the true cross on which Jesus was crucified. Thus with the blessing of the Pontiff he ruled his great empire.

Knowing how fiercely patriotic the Frisians were, and that they loved to call themselves "free Frisians," Charles gave them great freedom, and let them have their own laws, while they agreed to obey the chief officers which he appointed over them. There were other ways in which liberty was granted the Frisians, as seen in their famous book of laws called "The

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Asega Book.” This shows both their ancient customs and the Frankish additions, and is a very interesting work. Indeed, it is from the Frisians that we get our word “book,” and many other terms used in ordinary conversation.

Charles the Great was one of the mightiest men in European history. He brought nearly the whole of central Europe under government, and led the wild and warlike peoples into the ways of civilization. Whole tribes had been accustomed to move about in wagons, like gypsies, or to wander on foot, like tramps, and thus to keep up their savagery. Charles induced the rovers to settle down as farmers, and to begin work in tilling the soil, to love peace, and to engage in trade and commerce. He gathered learned men about his court, set up schools in different parts of the empire, and fixed the church neighborhoods. He may be called the great civilizer of barbarian Europe. Born A. D. 742, he died A. D. 814.

After a great man dies, many stories gather about his name. To most people in the middle ages, Charlemagne seemed to be more like an ogre, a giant, or a good fairy, than a real man. He and his captains became the heroes of many legends and romances. In the Nether-

CHARLES THE GREAT

lands his favorite dwelling-place was at Nymegen, on the Waal river, whence he could look up and down the beautiful valley. There he spent his winters in making laws and ruling his great empire, or in preparing for those campaigns which he carried on in summer. To-day it is delightful to stroll in the Walkof, or pretty park in this fine old Dutch city, and call up the wonderful things now told of him in story, painted in picture, or sung in opera, or to sit among the ruins of the chapel in which he and his people once worshiped a thousand years ago. When the curfew bell rings in Nymegen, it is called "Kaiser Karel's bell." Among Dutch people, Charlemagne is known as Karel de Groot, or Charles the Great.

But there is a Japanese proverb which says, "The great general has no son;" that is, he has no heir who inherits his brain and power and can carry on his work. Sometime after the great Charles had died, his grandsons met at Verdun in 843 and divided their inheritance; for the Frankish empire could not last, as did that of the Romans, for twelve hundred years. The many elements then in Europe were not well mixed together. There was no common language and no real patriotism. The peoples living in what is now France, Germany, and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Italy wished to be by themselves. Furthermore, the old pagan civilization had to pass away entirely before the new Christian civilization could be fully formed.

From the time of the great treaty made at Verdun in the year 843, between Charlemagne's three grandsons, the empire was divided up into as many kingdoms. From that time forth the peoples that had been developing themselves during the previous three and a half centuries had the opportunity to become new and separate nations. They began to be, what for a thousand years they have been, Italians, French, and Germans.

The Netherlanders in the time of Charlemagne and his first successors lived under a very different kind of political life from that to which their old Germanic ancestors had been accustomed. In the ancient days, the tribesmen came together first in their villages, and each tribe elected its own chief. Then, in a great assembly, they chose the general of all the tribes. But when conquered by the Romans, this method of election passed away, for the people were governed by officers sent out from Rome. When the Franks set up their empire again, they followed the same Roman policy. The people had no elections, but

CHARLES THE GREAT

simply submitted to the governors who were sent by the Frankish king to command the army, to rule the country and districts, and to hold the courts. According to Charlemagne's directions, these officers, who were called "dukes," "earls," "counts," "margraves," or by other titles, respected the local customs, and this made the people feel that they were still enjoying some liberty. Rebellion was rare, and in the Netherlands good order was the rule.

These old names, "duke," "earl," "count," "baron," remain in our language, but are no longer signs of ownership of land. Whether in China, Japan, France, or England, the titles last after the reality of power has passed away. Let us now glance at that condition of society called feudalism. The one great difference between the United States of America and European or Asiatic countries is that in America there never was any feudalism save a rude sort among the Iroquois Indians.

CHAPTER VI

FEUDALISM : THE LORD AND HIS VASSALS

THE people had never lost their local liberty, and were governed by edicts sent out from a great emperor whom very few of them ever saw, and whose language was different from their own. Gradually it came to pass that their own "count," or local ruler, whom they saw often, became more important in their eyes than the emperor who was far away. It was the habit of the count to hold an assembly of his vassals several times a year, to discuss matters of law and custom. Then every man appeared in his presence. When war broke out, all the strong men got ready for the campaign. The count's under-officers went to meet him, to get their orders from him. Then coming back, each called out his own company of vassals, or soldiers. Every man able to bear arms was expected to appear ready for war. He must have a shield, a spear, and a cuirass, or breast-plate, a bow, and a quiver with twelve arrows in it.

FEUDALISM

Step by step there began a new system of society, which is called feudalism. All over the world, except among savages, this system has at some time been the rule. Men coming up into civilized life pass through feudalism as a stage of progress, just as boyhood is a stage between babyhood and manhood. In savage life there is only one class of people. In our day and country, there are many classes, — farmers, mechanics, merchants, sailors, soldiers, lawyers, doctors, ministers, etc., but in feudalism there are only two classes of society, those who own land and those who do not. The landowners or landlords are, of course, very few, but the lacklands, or landless ones, are many. The two chief landowners are the baron and the bishop. The baron builds a great castle, with thick walls of brick or stone, which has a defensive belt of armor in the shape of water in a moat. Then, pulling up the drawbridge, he is safe from the rest of the world ; for he has food and drink within, and brave men on the walls and turrets to defend him and his company. The miserable poor people, afraid to live in villages or in the country, when armed men, who are usually robbers, are moving about, gather round the base of the castle built on the rock, or behind the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

moated grange. There they huddle together in hovels made of timber and wattle-work, smeared with mud, hardly daring to call their lives their own. In time of danger and during the winter they live a wretched, and in time of war a horrible, life. In summer they are only too glad to have a little holiday, or to enjoy an entertainment in looking at a procession of knights or priests, or the lords and ladies of the castle riding or hawking, in watching a tournament or gathering for sport, and occasionally sharing a "largess," or gift of extra food, game from the hunt, or spoil of war. Their daughters unprotected, and their sons made servants, they live more like serfs than freemen.

Thus over most of Europe during the period of feudalism, from the ninth to the sixteenth century, we see only a few large cities and towns, with many villages gathered around castles, cathedrals, and churches. There is very little dwelling in the country, either by individuals or in hamlets, as in the old days of primitive freedom. Single farmhouses are almost unknown.

The other great landlord, or landholder, the bishop, dwelt near the big brick or stone church, usually in a palace. He had control

FEUDALISM

also of the monasteries and nunneries, besides enjoying or directing the revenues of the country. The people, who were very ignorant, imagined that their superiors in the Church could open the gates of heaven to them when they died. Hardly thinking about salvation in this life, and hoping only to be saved in heaven after death, they usually gave while they lived all the money which priest and bishop demanded. On his death-bed, instead of leaving his property to his wife and children, the father was very apt to make his will just as the monk or priest told him to do. In the long course of centuries, enormous tracts of land came into possession of the Church. Matters were made worse by so many men becoming priests or monks, and thus saving themselves from hard work. In some of the towns, a majority of the people, male and female, belonged to the religious orders, which fattened upon the poverty of the working-people.

There was another side to feudalism, for it had a bright as well as a dark side. The might of the knight often helped the weak and redressed the wrong of the oppressed. In the castle were developed lovely manners and winning politeness. Woman was honored. The baron's wife became a lady, and his daughters

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

were treated with gentleness. Thus grew up the wonderful and beautiful institution of chivalry.

Nor were all the monks idle fellows. Many of them were teachers and makers of books. They kept alive what little learning there was, by copying the old manuscripts and maintaining schools. Often they made roads and built dikes, or kept them in repair. They helped in many ways to create comfort in the home and prosperity in the cities.

The raids of the Norsemen, which began as early as A. D. 810, also aided the growth of feudalism, and of these men and their attacks we must now give an account.

The Netherlands are nearer the North Pole than we are, for they lie above the fiftieth parallel of north latitude, which is as far north as are Labrador and Hudson's Bay and the lower part of Alaska on our continent. Still further northward and eastward lie Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The coasts of these lands are rich in bays and rivers running into the sea. These are called viks, and the men living near the viks, vikings. These "bay-men," or "creekers," were a daring set of people, whom we call the Norsemen. They were fond of the sea and of living in boats. There

FEUDALISM

was not much to eat in their cold, foggy, and rocky country. So driven forth, not only by hunger, but by thirst of adventure, they sailed down toward the sunnier, richer countries of the south. They liked to dash out from Jutland and Scandinavia and the coasts and islands in the Baltic Sea, and come southward to the Netherlands, and down through the British Isles to rob, burn, and kill.

In England these pirates were called East-men or Danes, but on the continent they were called North-men, Norse, or Normans. No Christianity had yet come among them, and, fierce pagans as they were, they liked to go into the Christian churches to defile and burn them. But woe be to Dane or Norman if caught at such business. He was skinned alive, and his hide nailed on the church door, or he was taken down to the seashore and had his head cut off.

These skillful seamen from the north built small, sharp, open vessels, by which they were able to go up the narrow rivers of Europe. Thus they scoured not only the coasts of England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, but went far inland. Landing in the morning at a village, they would leave it at night a level mass of smoking ashes, with the dead and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

wounded lying around. Then they sailed away again, with their boats loaded with plunder or filled with men and women to be sold for slaves.

By and by, about the middle of the ninth century, instead of arriving in small raiding parties, the Vikings came in great fleets, and their armies were able to besiege and take cities. Often they would spend a winter or longer in one place, and in time even made permanent settlements. Later on, they scattered themselves and went further afield, visiting Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Russia, while in the far west they even dared to go out into the deep sea. They settled Iceland and made colonies in America.

These bold sailors had no compasses or charts. By night they followed the stars and steered by them. When the fog covered the sea, so they could not discern anything, they sent out the raven, as Noah did from the ark, to find land. If the raven returned, they knew there was no land. If the raven never came back, they turned their prows in the direction of its flight and soon reached some shore. At first their boats were so small that, when they met with an obstacle, they could take them up on their shoulders and carry them overland

FEUDALISM

from one water-course to another. Later, they built great galleys with masts and sails. The prow was high, and was usually ornamented or carved with a dragon's head or terrible figure of some kind. Behind this prow, a man who acted as the lookout stood on a platform watching ahead, while on another raised deck toward the stern were the chieftains or the steersmen.

How could the people of the Netherlands live amid such alarms? Their whole country, especially along the rivers and seacoast, was in constant danger from these cruel pirates, who not only burned, robbed, and killed, but carried their captives away into slavery. The people on the coast and along the rivers were in continual terror. By degrees they left their homes and settled around the baron's castle, becoming his slaves. They gave themselves up to the churches and monasteries, as serfs for life. In this way the bishops and the barons grew richer and richer and the people poorer and poorer, thousands of them being nothing but slaves.

Yet there was a difference even among the slaves, for there were various classes of them. The church slaves were treated more kindly and had many more rights than the slaves of

the barons, who in some cases were hardly more than brutes. There was also a class called the villagers, or villeins, who were a little above the absolute slaves.

For a time, even the free Frisians were conquered and held in bondage. Godfrey the Norman was king over them during a part of the ninth century. Every Frisian had to wear a halter around his neck, until Godfrey was killed. Then the Frisians were again free.

While the country was thus kept in alarm by the raids of the Norse pirates, the power of the German emperor, who lived far away, became less and less, while that of the dukes and barons who lived in the land increased. Men cared more for the strong hand that could immediately protect them than for some crowned head hundreds of miles off. The castles and monasteries became the real centres of power. Soon all the land in the country was owned by the barons or the bishops. Their retainers, as well as the knights and the monks, lived off the people, who were taught that they owed their very life to their masters. Dark and dreary for the mass of the people was the age of feudalism. From the ninth to the thirteenth century, most of the common folk were

FEUDALISM

poor, wretched, and hopeless. Humanity was settling down into stagnation. Something must come forth to stir and rouse society from its torpor. What should it be?

CHAPTER VII

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

EVERY morning, out of the black night, light dawns in the east. So in history. All the great religions have come out of Asia, and so have many of the best ideas and inventions. Over darkest Europe, in the eleventh century, we note streaks of light and an influence which moved Europe to new life.

It came about in this way. From the time that the Christian missionaries first entered northern Europe, preaching the gospel and telling the story of Christ's life, people longed to visit the Holy Land to see Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Men, and even women, had traveled to Palestine, making pious pilgrimage to the place of Jesus' birth and sepulchre. Little or nothing was done to hinder them; but in the year 1065 the Seljuk Turks overran and conquered Syria. Then these proud fellows began to insult and treat very cruelly the pilgrims from the Christian countries.

These holy and traveled people were called

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

“palmers,” because they brought home a palm branch from Syria and laid it on the parish church altar, or they made a cross of slips of palm and sewed it on their hats. They usually carried a long staff also, often with a piece tied at right angles near the upper end, thus making a cross above their heads. On their return home, they fixed a scallop shell, picked up in Palestine, to their dress. This was to show that they had been pilgrims to the Holy Land.

In fact, during the middle ages, many classes and various sorts of people were marked in some way on their dress. The Jews and other persons not considered Christians, the lepers and diseased people generally, were forced to sew on their clothing a round, square, or conical mark. Those who had broken the law by committing some felony, such as theft, arson, blasphemy, etc., had a scarlet letter, the initial of their crime, at first branded on their foreheads, and later sewed upon their breasts, as R for robbery, D for drunkard, etc.

The stories of cruelty to Christian pilgrims at the hands of the Turks lost nothing in the telling. Fiery preachers went all over Europe speaking to great crowds in the churches and fields. Not in one country only, but in several

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of them, people were roused to go to Palestine and recover the sacred places from the Turks. As they brooded over the matter, they went wild over it. Many thousands of all ages started in crowds to go to the Far East. They swarmed together, not knowing where they could get food to eat or how to find ships to cross the seas; but they went. No doubt with very many, it was as much to get rid of work, or to be free from slavery, or to enjoy novelty and adventure, as it was with any Christian motive, that they thus set their faces towards the sunrise.

These wars for the cross began by the movement of a rabble, made up of four great armies, gathered from the very dregs of Christendom. A man named Walter the Penniless commanded the first host of twenty thousand, who were almost all destroyed by the Bulgarians. Another swarm of forty thousand men, women, and children was led by Peter the Hermit, who had been in the Holy Land, and who went about preaching in several countries, rousing the people. The Turks, at Nice, destroyed this mob. Another band of fifteen thousand, chiefly Germans, was killed or scattered in Hungary. The last of the four mobs, made up of people from France and Eng-

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

land, numbering, it is said, 200,000, also went to pieces on the road, and the expedition amounted to nothing. After the lower classes had tried and failed, the priests and the soldiers joined forces for a new enterprise. By this time the Syrians, Turks, Arabs, and the Mahometan peoples of the East were called by the general name of "Saracens," which means Eastern people.

In 1095 at Clermont, in France, in a great council, which was addressed by the Pope, a crusade was decided upon under the patronage of the Church. The knights and the nobles took part. Six splendid armies, led by the Southern Netherlanders, were formed, and moved towards the rising sun. Godfrey de Bouillon, with other great warriors, captured Nice and besieged Antioch. After wonderful battles, they reached Jerusalem, but only forty thousand of the half million of men that started, remained. The city was taken and Godfrey made king.

From this time forth, crusading was a regular occupation, for the Saracens rallied, and various expeditions from Europe were necessary to drive them back. Even the children joined in the holy war. In bands numbering tens of thousands, they left France and Ger-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

many, expecting that the Mediterranean Sea would open a path, so that they could walk dryshod to Palestine. They thought, for they were so taught, that the Turks would be converted by miracles. No such unnecessary things happened, however; but thousands of boys and girls died of hunger, cold, and fatigue on the road, were drowned, or were taken and made slaves. A few returned home.

At last these movements eastward, which had lasted for over two hundred years, came to an end. The Saracens still held the Holy Land. The Christians had wasted millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives. What was the use of all this waste, and what came of it?

We answer, much every way. Society in Europe was roused from its stagnation and stirred up to newer and better life. In the first place, slavery was nearly destroyed by the crusades. The slaves that enlisted to fight under the banner of the cross were made free. In this way thousands, on their return from Palestine, became free men. Other thousands of human beings, sold or mortgaged by the crusading knights, were bought by the churches and monasteries, and even without their stirring a step their position in life was greatly im-

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

proved. With so many serfs abroad, free labor at home became more and more the rule, and the condition of the freemen, mechanics, and traders was far better than it had been. Population increased. The people formed themselves into guilds and communities. As they grew richer, they were able to have law equal for all, instead of the mere will or pleasure of the lord of the castle or of the land. Thus villages and towns, having their own rights, grew up. By and by the castles, moats, and thick masonry of the barons were no longer the only means of protection, for the towns also could afford to build walls to defend those who lived inside, with towers to watch enemies and gates to keep them out. They began to guard themselves, not only from foreigners and robbers, but even from the lord of the land, when he was cruel and unjust; or from the bishop, who was often as bad as the baron.

But more than this, these people of the North learned a great deal in their travels in the South and East. Going out from the land of storms and fog, of rain and cold, where, besides the daily food of bread and cheese or meat, beer and butter were almost the only luxuries, they entered into the bright and sunny world of the South. Here rice and figs grew,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

and oil and wine, while fruits of many sorts abounded. In these warmer lands they beheld the wonderful relics of the old Roman world — splendid churches, richer and grander cities, finer houses, and inventions that astonished them. When these men, who thought they were honoring God because they sewed a cross on their coats, reached Syria, they met with a great surprise. The Saracens, whom they had been taught to regard as black devils, were found to be elegant in appearance and refined in manners. Many of them dressed in silks or other fine clothing, and wore jewels and superb weapons, such as the rude Netherlanders had never seen. Many of the Saracens could read, and were learned in many sciences, such as astronomy, medicine, and mathematics. The crusaders discovered also that their enemies, whom they had been taught to hate as outcasts and infidels, were not only brave, but were moral men, often superior in character to themselves. All this astonished them.

In other ways, travel to Asia opened the eyes of the crusaders. They learned that those who talked most about religion and the war for the cross loved money rather too much, and kept up the campaigns for glory and gain rather than for love to God. In the East they

THE CRUSADERS IN ASIA

saw trees and flowers very different from those in the West and North. They brought back many seeds, both for the mind and for the soil. With new kinds of flowers to enjoy, and with food growing up out of the earth which their fathers had never seen ; with new stories to tell, and new books and writings to read, and with trade, both overland and by sea, enriching the Italians and the other European peoples, the age of commerce began. Among the first to profit by their opportunities were the Netherlanders.

Feudalism was the age of the knight and the horse. Except the priests and churchmen, no one was considered of any great value in society unless he owned land or horses, or served some one who did own them, and knew how to ride and fight. As trade and commerce became of more importance, there was less need of the knight. So feudalism gradually passed away, while the merchant took the place of the knight, and the skilled mechanic that of the soldier.

One bright flower grew out of the old state of things. Looking back at the inheritances from the feudal ages, we may count chivalry as the best of all. It was a school of fine manners. Courtesy, generosity, valor, and skill

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

in arms and on horseback were the virtues in which the good knight was trained. Chivalry marks the transition from violence to culture. It gave rise to the literature of the chroniclers, such as that of Froissart, who tells so many delightful stories; and to the songs and stories of the troubadours, who were the wandering singers of the middle ages. Cervantes, in his "Don Quixote," makes fun of the silly knight who, on his nag Rozinante, charges at a wind-mill. There were other witty writers who ridiculed the extravagancies of the feudal period.

Yet it was during this time that traditions of manners, poetry, and art, which still have force in our society, were created. Men's minds were so expanded by coming into contact with Greek and Oriental civilization, and the new methods of trade and ownership of land, and the cultivation of it, that Europe was well prepared to enter the higher school of life and thought in the great Reformation. Most of the titles and polite customs of our day, such as the use of "sir" and "madame," "Mr." and "Mrs.," bowing, and taking off the hat, and various other courtesies of daily life, have come down to us from the feudal age, to be no longer the sole monopoly of knights and titled ladies, but the property of everybody.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

UP to this time we have not met with the name of Holland, or indeed with many people having names. We have known of tribes, and of Romans, Netherlanders, and Germanic peoples, but not much of individuals. People at large did not have family names. The great majority of girls were named after the Virgin Mary, or Elisabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and the majority of boys after their fathers, the oldest son taking his parent's particular name, with the word "son" after it, the others having only their given names, usually borrowed from those of the saints in the calendar. It was not until the people of northern Europe had the Bible in their own tongues, and could read it, that there was much variety in this respect. Then names were borrowed by wholesale and in great variety from the pages of Holy Scripture.

We have seen that the Netherlands were once part of the Frankish empire, which had

fallen to pieces after the death of Charlemagne. Charles the Simple was the last of the line called Carlovingian, and after him came Henry the Fowler, who ruled over the Franks and Netherlanders. In 925 the Low Countries passed from the control of France and were put under that of Germany, being still part of the empire. On Easter evening, the 20th of April, in the year 922, this King Charles the Simple gave to Count Dirk I. that part of the country called Holland. The name Dirk is the short form of Theodoric, a favorite saint's name. Dirk is reckoned the first count of Holland, perhaps because he was the first man to possess the monastery of Egmond; and from him the line of succession and the thread of Dutch history continue unbroken. We can now begin to think of Dutchmen as distinct from Germans.

It is wonderful how much history depends upon a few drops of ink on a sheet of parchment or paper. There may be mighty men who do great things, but unless some one writes about them, to celebrate their deeds and make them famous, we know nothing of them except in myths or fairy tales, in which it is hard to separate fact from fiction. "Life with-

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

out letters is death," and it is like black night where there are no writings.

Egmond Abbey, now in ruins, was one of the oldest monasteries in North Holland. It was built first of wood and afterwards of brick. There, for hundreds of years, almost all the manuscripts which told the early history of the Netherlands were kept. In this abbey the monks sat by their rude oaken tables, each with his ink-horn and parchment, and copied out what could be read in the Latin chronicles. They also listened to the accounts of old men who remembered what had happened in days gone by. They heard travelers and strangers from far countries tell the news, or relate their stories. Thus they wrote down many fascinating annals and anecdotes, which serve us as material for history. They began also the first museums. In Egmond Abbey was the fountain of the stream of Holland's history.

Almost all we know of Count Dirk I., the founder of the Holland House, is, that in this sandy region of Egmond, near the sea, he established a nunnery and built a wooden church, which he dedicated to St. Adelbert, the English missionary who had come over with Willibrord. Dirk died probably in the year 923.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The word "count" means "companion," that is, of the emperor. The count was the ruler, in place of the emperor, over a certain portion of the empire. The counts of Holland, sixteen in number, and one countess, ruled their domain from A. D. 923 to A. D. 1299. During this period the little states of the Netherlands, with the names of which we are now so familiar, Holland, Utrecht, Brabant, Flanders, etc., began to take form, and the cities of Dordrecht, The Hague, Amsterdam, etc., were built. It was a time of petty wars and quarrels about land, trade, and power. The count and the bishop, the Hollanders and the Frisians, the Zeelanders and the Flemings, the upper classes and the lower, were often at war. Under the feudal system all the land was supposed to belong to the emperor. He could give it away to this or that servant, as he pleased. Or he could order off one vassal to this place or that, and compel another to take the place vacated. This is exactly what I saw done in the feudal system of Japan, under which I lived in 1870-1871. It was like playing a game of chess on a large scale, the pieces being noblemen, differing in rank and value; but all Europe was like a chessboard. The contest was between the count and the bishop, the emperor

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

and his vassals. Indeed, our game of chess, which has come to us from Asia, and takes its name from the Shah of Persia, is only a miniature of mediæval history, and represents in play that which took place in actual history.

Yet neither the rulers nor the people were always at war. There were many sunny days of peace, many great churches and castles built, and wonderful things accomplished, chief among which was the building of the dikes.

Holland is like a fortress, in a constant state of siege by the waters, fresh and salt, of rivers and of ocean, that in times of storm attack and would destroy it. Now, in these days of skillful engineering, it is like a modern ship built in water-tight compartments. But the land was not of old protected, as it is now, from the river and sea floods, by the dikes or walls of earth, wood, and stone which form its armor of defense.

Every dike or dam in the Netherlands is like the steel plates of a battleship. It is put on both as a shield to ward off real danger, and to keep the country afloat. Yet both the word, and the thing for making this ship-like hollow land water-tight, are quite modern, no city whose name ends in "dam" being older than the twelfth century. Only those towns

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

built on hard and dry ground were of old safe from the waters.

In 1170 the ocean flood rolled in over Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht, and thousands of people were drowned. It was a curious sight when boys and men, standing on the walls of the cities, threw down their nets and caught fish thus brought to their doors. The Netherlands suffered again and again from this overstreaming of the waters, until finally her people had made it on all sides a dike-clad land, in which they could sleep safely; but they spent many hundred millions of money to secure this.

The relations between Scotland and the Netherlands have been very close from the twelfth century. Through the marriage of a Scottish princess, they were centred in Zealand. At the little town of Veer, the Scottish merchants were allowed to settle and to have the monopoly, or sole right, of trade between Holland and Scotland. Many of them married Dutch ladies and grew rich, or became magistrates. They traded the wool of the sheep that grazed amid the heather of Scotland for the butter and cheese which the mild-eyed cows of the Netherlands produced. By and by these Scotsmen in Veer built a very fine

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

store and trading-house of oak and stone, decorated on the outside with ironwork, showing the Scottish thistle and its prickly leaves. This edifice is still standing, and next door to it is the house of the chief of the company, both buildings being kept in order by the Dutch government. Veer is much the same word as our word "ferry." The town arms represent two men; each is on a tower, holding a shield; between the towers a boat is passing on the canal, which joins the different waters in one stream. Thus the town arms tell the story of geography and history.

The crusades took place during the age of the counts, and the Dutch won some glory in them. In the month of May, 1217, Count William sailed with twelve large ships down the river Maas. Remaining part of a year in Portugal, he sailed to Syria and later over to Egypt.

Then followed one of the most brilliant episodes in all the history of the Dutch crusades. A victory was gained which is celebrated in Haarlem at nine o'clock every evening by ringing the bells in the great church. This carillon is called "the Damietje," because it celebrates the capture, in 1219, of Damietta, in Egypt, which was accomplished on this wise.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The city lay on the east branch of the Nile. Out in the river was a great rock, on which a fort had been built. Between the city and the fort was a mighty chain of iron. It was necessary first to capture the fort, and then break the chain, so as to let in the fleet. The Dutchmen grappled their vessels together and, by means of four tall masts, built a high tower on the decks. Near the top of this floating castle of wood, they fastened, by means of chains and pulleys, a sort of drawbridge. Running their vessels close up to the walls of the fort, they lowered their drawbridge until one end of it lay on the parapet. Then streaming out over the walls into the fort, the brave fellows captured it and raised their flag. The other ships broke the chain, and so the whole fleet getting under the city walls, the sailors and soldiers soon conquered Damietta. William returned in triumph to Holland, ruled four years longer, and died in 1224.

Haarlem's coat of arms is a sword laid on a shield between four stars, and surmounted by a Maltese cross. On each side is a lion, and over the shield are tall branches, on which hang bells with the motto, *Vicit Vim Virtus*, or "Courage conquered force." It was given to the brave Haarlemmers, who were chiefly



THE HAARLEM CRUSADERS CAPTURING DAMIETTA

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

engaged in the capture of Damietta, by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. By this time, also, coins, with the arms of Holland stamped on them, were in general circulation. Count William also gave to the city of Middelburg, in 1253, a charter of liberties, which is still sacredly preserved.

Meanwhile, at home trade and commerce were increasing, and as the towns grew richer and larger, the count had to take their advice in regard to war or treaties. If the towns were against him, he could not fight, for he could get no money. War or peace depended on their mint and vote. Thus, gradually, a national assembly, or congress, was formed. This congress was called the "states," or "states-general," because the "states," or "estates," were made up of the delegates from each town, and also from the open country; that is, the cities and the nobility. The states-general was composed of the states particularly united in one body. This body voted the money to be given to the count for the public good.

In all cases of extra expense, the count was obliged to ask for money from the cities as a favor, and not as a right. Such money was raised by taxes laid upon houses and upon

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

lands. For centuries this request of the count for a tax was called "bede," or prayer. It was a settled principle that there should be "no taxation without consent;" that is, the states, and not the prince or count, were to fix the amount of money to be given. This has since become the settled principle in all nations having representative institutions.

The rulers of Europe were beginning to see the evils of the feudal system, and to curb the power of the nobles, who lived in their fortified castles and cared little or nothing for the poor people, besides often plundering them. In Frisia the feudal system never took deep root, and even the nobles did not have, as in France, Spain, England, and parts of Germany, the privilege of coining money or of putting men to death for crime. Nevertheless, they could tax the people heavily, and this they often did. From the time of Floris V., the people became more attached to the count, who granted many valuable charters and favored the commons rather than the nobles, who were vexed at the count. The nobles and vassals were free from taxation, and when Floris tried to make them pay their share of money for good government, they rebelled. The revolt was quieted, though the leader was banished.

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

Falconry was one of the sports of the middle ages most cultivated by the nobles, and ladies as well as gentlemen took part in it. Falcons were trained to mount up into the air and, with their fierce claws and sharp beaks, to catch and kill the little birds flying about, of which the country was full. Even the large and helpless ones, as cranes and storks, were attacked and brought down by these living arrows of the air. The hunter-bird was kept hooded, so that it could not see until it was let loose. The men who took care of the game-birds carried them on their wrists. When there were many of them, the falconer would have a half dozen perching on a hoop, which he kept around him and held on straps from his shoulders.

This custom of hunting birds with birds is very ancient in the Far East, as in China and Japan, and was introduced into Europe from the East, coming, as printing probably also did later, with the Tartars to Russia. One king was so fond of the sport (as Charlemagne had also been) that he was called Henry the Fowler, and one emperor wrote a little book on the subject of hunting with birds. So unerring was the falcon in darting upon the prey and catching it, even at long distances, that when firearms were invented the cannon were

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

named after the different kinds of falcons, as well as after quick-darting reptiles and beasts of prey. The female bird was the stronger and the larger. The male, being smaller and weaker, was called falconet. There were officers in charge of the falcons, and it requires almost a small dictionary to give and define the meaning of all the words about the subject. The time of the chase was either early in the morning or towards evening.

When proper game was discovered, the tiny hood was pulled off the falcon's eyes. Immediately the trained bird of prey darted like an arrow high into the air, rose in rapid circles above, and then suddenly swooped upon its victim. When the bird to be seized was large and powerful, with strong wings and sharp beak, the falcon had to be very cautious and cunning in turning, wheeling, and striking at the right moment. Sometimes "the plucky falcon had its leg broken," as says the proverb of Japan. Having won her prize, she swept in large circles over the head of the falconer, and finally presented him the booty. This he put in his game bag, and then gave the falcon food to encourage her. Some falcons were trained to soar high in the air, others on a lower but wider range. Some were best for the inland

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

country, others for the seashore, river banks, and the marshes; for in the Netherlands the birds are numerous everywhere.

In Holland the huntsmen were often helped by trained dogs. Herons were very plentiful, and if they saw the falcon they would keep among the rushes and be safe. In this case, the sportsmen beat a drum and scared them, so they rose up in the air. Then the dogs were sent into their hiding-places to bark and keep the herons from coming to cover again. In this way the poor creatures were easily seized. The largest species of hawks and eagles were trained to catch even foxes and hares.

The ladies also rode out on horseback with the knights and yeomen and mightily enjoyed the excitement of hunting. This was almost the only outdoor sport in which the women took part, and a crowd usually gathered round the castle gate on hawking days. It was a very pretty sight to see the lords and ladies gayly dressed, and the falconers picturesquely arrayed, issuing in a cavalcade from beneath the battlements, to hunt on the moors and lowlands.

It was at one of these falcon parties in 1296 that Count Floris was slain at Utrecht by jealous nobles who hated him for political

reasons. The lords of Amstel and Woerden were at feud, or quarrel, and he came hoping to reconcile them. So it came to pass that when he was called early on that fateful morning in 1296 to go out hawking, he gladly dressed himself and was soon ready. These old feudal lords were great drinkers. Before starting out, Floris asked Amstel to drain a "stirrup cup" to Saint Gertrude. This famous lady of the middle ages had, about the middle of the seventh century, founded the church at Geertruydenburg, and was the patron saint of travelers. The men were only too glad to drink to her honor, and as they quaffed the liquor when fresh in the saddle, they called it a "stirrup cup."

Amstel was a traitor. Taking the beaker from his master's hand, he said, "God protect you, I will ride forward." He drank the contents and then galloped away. Floris was so eager to see the sport from the beginning that, instead of taking his trusty knights with him, he rode away with only two pages. About two miles from the city he met several of the nobles. To these he said "good-morning," and received a falcon, which he put upon his wrist; but at this point Woerden seized the bridle of the count's horse and said to him,

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

"You shall drive us no more. You are our prisoner." Taking this as a joke the count laughed, but when another noble snatched the falcon rudely from his wrist, Floris drew his sword. Then Velsen, another nobleman, threatened to cleave his head if he made any movement. After imprisoning him in the gloomy castle of Muiden, which is still standing, they slew him near Naarden.

In the church of St. Lawrence, at Alkmaar, there is a splendid tomb reared to the memory of Floris; and well he deserves it, for he was one of the greatest of the counts of Holland. He founded the order of the Knights of St. James in 1290. He was a builder of roads and dikes and greatly improved the country and its trade. He was a brave soldier, a wise ruler, and always the protector of the people against the nobles. He was a finely formed man, with a ruddy face and handsome features. Active in his habits and loving outdoor life, he was also skillful in music and eloquent in speech.

Many of the wicked nobles had to fly the country. Some died in exile. Others were captured in the castle whither they had fled. Others were tortured and then put to death for their great crimes. Indeed, just at a time

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

when the towns were rising in strength and power, the feudal lords lost their power and influence by their own folly. From this time forth the common people gained greatly in freedom, wealth, and privilege.

The son of the dead count was John, then in England. Here he married the princess Elizabeth, and with his nobles and many presents returned to Holland; but he was very young and had but a short and stormy career. He died of malarial fever in 1299. As he left no children, and as there was no other heir to the countship, the line of the house of Holland came to an end, and the succession was transferred to the house, or family, of Hainault.

Thus ended sadly a long and heroic line of sixteen counts and one countess. These rulers, take them all in all, were brave and wise. Under their rule, from the year 923 to that of 1299, the country was raised from a half-drained marsh to be one of the rich states of Europe, whose help or alliance the kings of other lands were glad to have. Under them good laws were made and good government established, while for the most part the people lived happily and the country increased in freedom, in trade, in wealth, and in learning. It is no wonder that the Dutch look back to

THE FIRST COUNTS OF HOLLAND

the era of the ancient counts of Holland as a kind of golden age. Not only are their tombs in the churches reverently visited and looked upon, but in the Binnen Hof, at the centre of the city of The Hague, there is a splendid memorial in ornamental ironwork, richly decorated in colors and gold; while in the niches of the various town halls there are handsome statues, which the people of to-day delight to look upon. In every family and school, the story of the counts of Holland is told and heard with equal delight to narrator and listener.

The names of these sixteen counts of Holland were, Dirk I., Dirk II., Arnold, Dirk III., Dirk IV., Floris I., Dirk V., Floris II., Dirk VI., Floris III., Dirk VII., William I., Floris IV., William II., Floris V., and John I. The Countess Ada, daughter of Dirk VII., ruled but a few weeks, married Lodewijk, Count van Loon, and was succeeded by her uncle, William I.

CHAPTER IX

THE HOUSE OF HAINAULT

THE new ruler, the count of Avennes, also named John, visited Holland and was acknowledged by the nobles, towns, and commons as the land's lord. Yet among the nobility the party of Van Borselen was still against him. They had much power, and they even got aid from the emperor of Germany. Some fighting took place both on land and water. It came to pass in the next year that Count John gave to his brother Guy the government of Holland and Zeeland.

This was the signal for troubles with the warrior-bishop of Utrecht, and when, after a few skirmishes, these were over, the Flemings and the Zeelanders fought in a great naval battle near Zierikzee. When Count John died, late in 1299, his son, William the Good, succeeded, and the long and wasteful wars between Holland and Flanders were over; and Count William III. and his people enjoyed for a while the quiet of home life.

THE HOUSE OF HAINAULT

William, beginning in 1304, made alliances honorable and advantageous to Holland, but he had much anxiety and trouble because of the mixed politics of Europe, and the quarrels between the papal and imperial factions; for at this time there were two popes, one at Avignon and one at Rome.

A daughter, born to him and named Margaret, became the wife of Louis of Bavaria, emperor of Germany. It was a proud day for the Netherlanders when Margaret of Holland was crowned empress in 1328.

William's younger daughter, Philippa, was married to King Edward III. of England. A body of three thousand Netherlandish soldiers set sail from Dordrecht and went over to England to support her husband, the young king, in his wars.

At home, William became the sole ruler of Friesland, without interference of the bishop of Utrecht. The Frisians showed their loyalty in the old hearty way of their forefathers. They made Count William stand upon a shield. Then, after some stalwart men had lifted it in the air, and he stood over their heads, they all did him homage by shouting in unison. William had what was called a brilliant foreign policy, but at home he was in want of money,

for he spent more than he earned. He was very fond of tournaments, but these, with their flags and decorations, arms and armor, banquets and servants, were very expensive. When he took a journey, which was very often, or when one of his four daughters was married, he called upon the towns for large sums of money to pay the cost. All this made his people grumble. The men of Kennemer Land declined to pay, unless he gave them a charter of privileges; but he refused, and took away from them even what they had had. He treated the people of Dordrecht in the same surly manner, so that he became very unpopular.

The Hollanders were industrious, and did not like a count who was wasteful. Although in William's lifetime Holland won renown abroad, yet his government was not a happy one for the people. The Dutch thought that he did too much for Hainault, and not enough for Holland, and neglected the business interests of the country. During his time, also, many Dutch clothmakers went over to England and settled there, because King Edward III. had forbidden the export of wool, which was the basis of English trade abroad.



BATTLE ON THE ICE BETWEEN FRISIANS AND HOLLANDERS

THE HOUSE OF HAINAULT

The plague that troubled other parts of Europe was but slightly felt in Holland, and the price of rye, which at that time almost all the people of Europe used, fell from fifteen pence to three and a half pence a bushel. Few people could afford to eat wheat bread, even though a penny was then worth five or six times more than at the present time.

William III., called also William the Pious, the Master of Knights, and Chief of Princes, died in 1337. He left four daughters: Margaret, empress of Germany; Philippa, queen of England; Joanna, the countess of Julieres; and Elizabeth.

His only son, William, became count under the title of William IV. He raised money for his wars by borrowing from the townspeople. They were only too glad to furnish him with the cash, provided he would grant them more rights and greater privileges. Thus the custom of public loans grew up, and through it life in the cities became richer and more joyous.

William's reign was very short. In a battle with the Frisians, on the very spot where their ancient kings held their supreme court, he lost his army and his life. His dying childless left the land in turmoil.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

It is now time to look at internal politics ; for as the people were getting more and more rights and power, they formed powerful parties, and with very Dutch names.

CHAPTER X

THE CODS AND HOOKS

AFTER the death of William IV., as stated in our last chapter, it became a serious question who was the ruler of Holland. His decease was the signal for an outbreak of riot and civil war that lasted through several generations. It was a time when the old feudalism was breaking up, and the cities were becoming more and more powerful as against the nobles, there being much hostility and jealousy between the two. Two great parties were formed, which had names very suitable in a watery country in which the people lived largely by fishing. They were called the "Codfishes" and the "Fishhooks." The nobles and citizens of the larger cities were, as a rule, Cods. The country folk and people of the smaller towns were the Hooks.

The cod is a voracious creature, able to eat up the little fishes; but the fishhook, in the hands of a fisherman, can catch him and carry him off. The Codfishes were the more numer-

ous, but the Fishhooks were the stronger. It is said that the Cods first got their name from their armor, which looked like the scales of a fish. Oftentimes brothers and relations of the same family, and men who were neighbors in the same city, were divided between these parties. Many a squabble took place along the canals and at the bridges, during which there was great uproar and much blood was shed.

Holland had always been an undivided hereditary estate. Margaret, the eldest daughter of William III., and empress of Germany, considered that she was ruler of the country; and though it was winter, she traveled at once into Holland, before Edward, king of England, and husband of her sister Philippa, could present his wife's claim. The Dutchmen, finding her so anxious to rule, at once took advantage of their opportunity and obtained from her rights and privileges for which they had long been waiting. Having accepted the homage of the Dutch people, she returned to her husband in Bavaria. She sent her second son, William, to rule Holland while she should be absent, giving him sole authority and reserving for herself only a pension.

Margaret's husband, the emperor, died in

THE CODS AND HOOKS

1347, and since her son William did not pay the pension he had promised, she returned to Holland to be its ruler. She obliged her son William to retire to Hainault; but he did not like this arrangement. So he stirred up trouble, and thus Holland was plunged into fresh wars; for the quarrels between the mother and son only furnished fuel to the fire of hatred between the nobles and people.

In this fourteenth century, the Dutch were not the only people that were suffering from the break-up of the old feudalism. In Germany and France also, the people and the nobility were arrayed against each other. France became a field of blood. The awful Jacquerie, or insurrection of the French peasantry against the nobles, took place in May, 1358. During three weeks or more, the oppressed lower classes broke loose against their masters, the lords and ladies of France. They burned or destroyed the houses of the rich and killed many nobles, committing other horrible crimes. They were finally beaten in battle and put down.

In Holland the nobles, and the large cities forming the Codfish party, took the side of William V., and invited him to come into Holland to lead them. The people of the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

country and smaller towns were mostly on Margaret's side, and she was supported also by Brederode and some of the popular nobles. The partisans were distinguished by the color of their hats, blue or white. Finding the Hooks were not very strong, Margaret asked for help from the king of England. The Cods seized and destroyed seventeen castles belonging to the Hook nobles, and though in a naval battle Margaret's allies defeated their enemies and pursued them, yet, in the river Maas, William's sailors defeated those of Margaret, and Brederode was taken prisoner. The houses and castles of the Hook nobles which remained were torn to pieces or set on fire, and the Hook nobles were banished.

Margaret crossed over to England and was soon followed by William, who there married Matilda, the daughter of the duke of Lancashire. Then peace was made and mother and son were reconciled. William received Holland, Zeeland, and Friesland in fief, while to Margaret, Hainault was assigned, and she was allowed a pension also. She died in 1356. Then William of Bavaria became the acknowledged count of Holland. Thus the Netherlands passed out from the control of the house of Hainault, which had furnished three counts

THE CODS AND HOOKS

and one countess as rulers of Holland, and held power during fifty years, from 1299 to 1349 A. D.

Now began the Bavarian dynasty in Holland, which was to last seventy-nine years. As the Dutch call the house of Hainault, "Het Huis van Henegouwen," so they speak of the house of Bavaria as "Het Huis van Beijeren."

CHAPTER XI

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

THE counts of Holland belonging to the house of Bavaria, three in number, one of whom had little to do with the northern Netherlands, were occupied chiefly with troubles in Ghent, where the people were fiercely democratic, and in fighting the Frisians, who loved liberty. The fourth and last ruler of this line in the Netherlands was Jacqueline, or Jacoba, as the Dutch call her. As she is the best known of the four, we shall devote most of this chapter to her life and her many adventures and sorrows.

Count Albert ruled forty-six years, dying in 1404. His daughters were married to noblemen of high rank, and his sons became eminent in office. He had the misfortune to live in an evil age. Although he was mild and just, the country was in constant turmoil during his whole lifetime; for he could not control the Hooks and Cods, or make his subjects obey him. When he died, he was so poor, and had so many debts, that his widow, in

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

order to be free of them, had to renounce all claim to his estate, or "boedel," — a word which has since become American slang and is spelled "boodle."

In this ancient ceremony, the widow first chose a guardian. Then the body of the count was placed on a bier and brought before the door of the court. The widow, having borrowed clothes from some other woman, and keeping in her hands, or on her person, nothing whatever that she had received from her late husband, walked out from her house to the corpse with a straw in her hand. This straw she handed to her guardian, thus renouncing and surrendering in her name all interest in the estate of her husband, and in all debts due to or from him. This custom of using a straw was also common among the Franks, compacts being broken by breaking a straw.

In 1417 the Frisians obtained from the emperor a charter confirming their independence. William VI. died this same year and was succeeded by his daughter Jacoba, or Jacqueline.

This wonderful woman was destined to be sadly famous, and to suffer many troubles and sorrows. Her father, Count William, had

formed an alliance between her and the son of the king of France, which country was suffering from the rival factions of Burgundy and Orleans. It was while the house of Burgundy was in the ascendant that John, the king's second son, was betrothed to Jacqueline. Both were so young that they were not married till 1415, when she was declared heir to Hainault, Holland, and Friesland.

When his brother Louis died without children, John became dauphin, or heir apparent to the French crown. Yet when envoys came to invite John to the French court, Count William was afraid to allow the husband of his only daughter and child to go to his home; for not only was civil war raging, but King Henry of England had invaded France and fought the battle of Agincourt, in which 9000 French knights were killed. Added to this, the Orleans faction disliked the young dauphin and his father. So both remained in Hainault.

During the truce between the French and English, much diplomacy went on. William went to Paris, leaving the dauphin at Compiègne, while he should arrange the terms of his reception. But when he heard that he would be seized by the men in power, he left Paris and hurried to Compiègne, there to find



THE WIDOW OF COUNT ALBERT RENOUNCING HER CLAIM

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

his son-in-law dying. It was believed that the young man had been killed by wearing a magnificent suit of armor which had been lined with poison.

In those days it was quite a common thing for polite murderers to get rid of their enemies, not only by putting poison in their food, but by presenting them with cunningly made rings. These had a spur or orifice, within which was a drop of poison, as strong as the venom which oozes from a rattlesnake's fangs. The dauphin, delighted with his beautiful armor, had quickly put it on and worn it, so that the poison entered his body and he died.

Jacqueline's father was now in a terrible situation. The succession to power had been settled upon his daughter, on condition that her husband should be ruler; for most of the Hollanders disliked to be ruled by a woman. On previous occasions they had almost rebelled, declaring that they would not be *ver-vrouwd*, or "womaned." William was afraid that his brother John, who had been elected bishop of Liege, would seize the authority, so he assembled the nobles of the towns of Holland in congress. They swore to acknowledge Jacqueline as their ruler, in case he, William, should die without a son. This was just what

happened ; for only a few weeks later, in 1417, as we have said, this handsome and gallant count, this knight who so often bore away prizes at the tournaments, lay a corpse.

It was during the early years of Jacqueline that new sources of wealth were developed. One was the greater use of the windmill, first introduced in 1329, and the other was the general curing of herring by the fishermen. The gold mines of the Dutch are not in their muddy ground, but lie in the ocean, in their brains, and in their habits of industry, which are better than gold. The herring fisheries had already begun and brought in plenty of nourishment for the people. Yet, unlike grain, this kind of food could not be kept long. When a Dutchman discovered how to cure or dry the fish, so that they could be kept over from one month to another, and even carried to distant countries and sold, then a great stream of gold rolled from many lands into the Netherlands.

William Beukels, a poor fisherman of Bier-vliet, in Zeeland, showed, in 1350, that herring could be dried in smoke and thus preserved. By salting them, they could be packed in kegs and barrels and exported to foreign countries, and even to the ends of the earth. Others had tried to do this, but Beukels was the one who

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

succeeded. There are even people who say that our word "pickle" is derived from his name; but this term comes rather from the older Dutch word "pekel," or brine of vinegar and salt, of which the Dutch were always very fond.

The herrings appear annually in great shoals around the coast and near the surface of the water. The larger fishes prey on them, swallowing many at a time, while the gulls and other sea birds swoop upon them and get fat by eating them. Yet they are very uncertain, and come and go without any known reason. Long before the English and Scotch people became interested in the herring fisheries, the Dutch had already got rich by them, and a proverb declared that "Amsterdam is built on herring bones."

Hundreds of years after Beukels invented the pickling of herring, the great emperor, Charles V., made a pilgrimage to the tomb of this humble fisherman, and there ate one of the cured fish, in gratitude for the invention. Likewise, from time to time, did other kings and queens.

To-day, in the church at Biervliet, there is a stained glass window commemorating the fisherman who brought what was better than gold

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

mines to the Netherlands. Although Scotland in our day has excelled Holland in bloaters, red herring, and in fisheries generally, yet the herring still fills a large part of Holland's horn of plenty, and brings riches to the people. Every year, when the first herrings are caught, they are drawn in a coach and six horses to the royal palace. At the shops, a crown of green leaves is hung out to show that these fresh delicacies are for sale. Smoked, dried, pickled, kippered, eaten fresh when baked, boiled, or broiled, or made into salads or pasties, they are the every-day food of millions of people. The Dutch have many pet names and proverbs about them. White herring are called "green," the soused herring are "pickled," and smoked are "red." Our word "keg," or "cag," is derived from the Dutch "kaken," which means "to barrel up." When people have to sit close together, they say they are "packed like herrings." The Dutch also were the first to learn how to make the enormous seines, or nets, to catch herrings by the thousand. The first one was used at Hoorn. Millions of dollars are made annually in the catch and sale of this valuable fish.

The young widow, Jacqueline, though only seventeen years old, was a wonderful creature,

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

very beautiful and lovely, and as brave as a man. Her people were very fond of her, and she in return loved them and gave them charters and privileges; but the ambition of her uncle, John the bishop, gave her endless trouble, and her great beauty and charm were sources of sorrow rather than of joy to her.

In those days many wicked and worthless men became bishops for political purposes and selfish ambition. John, though he wanted to be bishop, did not take the priest's orders; but William made him bishop, and then he wished to be ruler of Holland, against Jacqueline's right. She resisted. Both uncle and niece raised armies to fight each other, and war broke out. John was called "the Ungodly," or the "Pitiless." The great danger to her country from this wicked uncle led the young countess to marry her cousin, John IV., duke of Brabant, and lord of Antwerp, who was even younger than herself. He and his brother Philip were sons of that Antony, duke of Brabant, who was killed at the battle of Agincourt. The older of the two brothers was weak and tyrannical, the younger was crafty and cruel. As Jacqueline took a husband for political reasons and not for love, she had many new and unlooked-for miseries from both these men.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The wedding took place in the spring of 1418. Upon this, her uncle John resolved to give up his bishopric, marry a wife, and go into politics. So he obtained permission from the Pope, and took to himself Elizabeth of Luxembourg. He then assumed the title of count. This caused civil war to break out at once; for there could not be two counts of Holland any more than two suns in the same sky.

The Netherlanders, especially those belonging to the Hook party, stood by Jacqueline, while others, mostly of the Cod party, ranged themselves with the ex-bishop John. The struggle was for "boodle," or the spoils of office; for politicians were as eager, as hungry, and covetous then as now. After some bloodshed and much quarreling, which kept the country in turmoil, it came to pass that, through the folly of Jacqueline's worthless husband, who was feeble in body and mind, lazy and uncertain, she lost most of her possessions.

This John was a petty tyrant. He ordered his wife to send away her Dutch ladies from court, and he put Brabant ladies in their places. When Jacqueline reached the age of twenty-one years, she was a bright and vigorous woman, and her spirit revolted against her fate. Unable to bear the wretchedness of her posi-

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

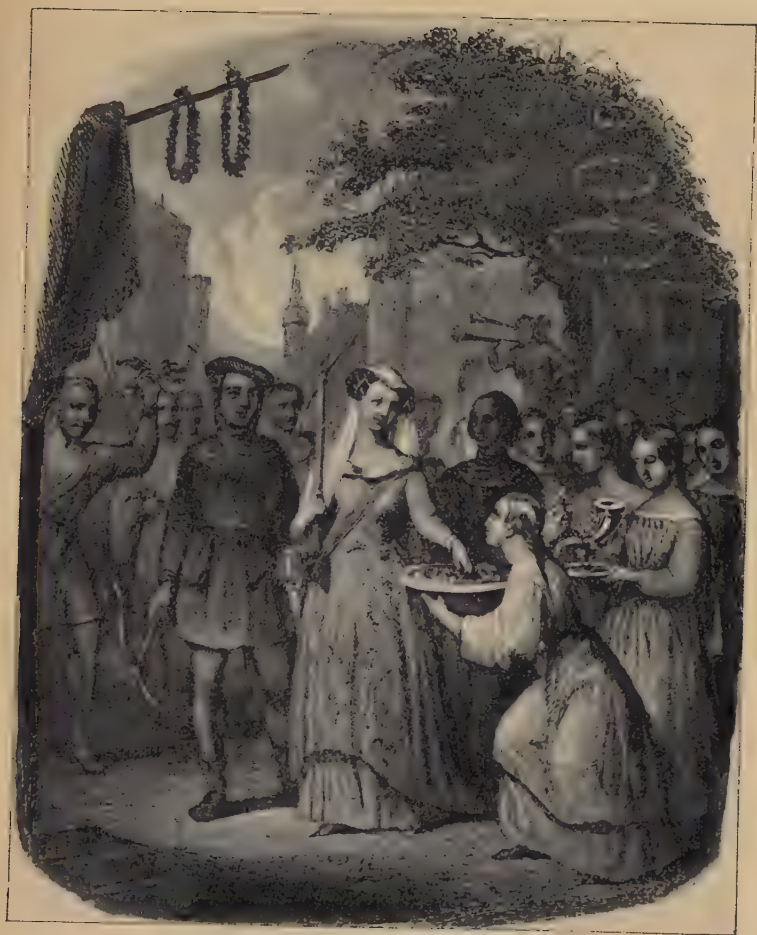
tion, she secretly left the court, and, with her mother, traveled to Calais. Thence she fled to England, where she was warmly welcomed by Henry V., who gave her twelve hundred pounds sterling a year. When the little English baby that became Henry VI. was baptized, Jacqueline held him at the font.

Jacqueline's beauty brought her into fresh trouble. The king's brother Humphrey, the duke of Gloucester, fell in love with her, but she could not be married without permission of the Pope. At this time there were two popes, one at Rome and one at Avignon. One of them, Benedict XIII., granted a divorce. The English duke and the Dutch countess, Humphrey and Jacqueline, were wedded toward the end of the year 1422. This marriage gave great offense both in England and in the Netherlands. The new husband and wife invaded Hainault, and some of the cities welcomed them; but soon their Dutch enemies won victories, in which many of their English soldiers were put to death. When the duke of Burgundy challenged the duke of Gloucester to single combat, he, either out of cowardice or to prepare himself, went over to England, leaving Jacqueline in Mons. There she was seized by the citizens and given into the hands

of the deputies of her late husband, John of Brabant.

The unhappy woman was taken to Ghent, to be kept until the other Pope, Martin V., should decide upon the question of her marriage; but this time Jacqueline was too clever for them. In some way she obtained the clothing of her page, and, putting on male disguise, escaped into Holland, where the citizens gave her a warm welcome. The next year her uncle, John the Ungodly, died from poison, after naming as his heir Jacqueline's cousin, Philip of Burgundy.

Jacqueline remained at Gouda waiting for help from England. She was very fond of outdoor exercise, shooting at the popinjay, riding horseback, and distributing prizes to contestants. Sometimes she rode at the head of her troops and won victories. The English came over and helped the Hook party. A great battle was fought between the allies and the Cods, in which the former were beaten, over a thousand soldiers, with many nobles of Zeeland, being slain. Thus Jacqueline had to part with the whole of this rich province. In the north, also, several combats between the Cods and the Hooks went against her. She retreated once more to Gouda.



JACQUELINE GOING FORTH TO SHOOT AT THE POPINJAY

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

Jacqueline's great opponent was her cousin and brother-in-law, Philip of Burgundy, who secured for himself from her former husband, John, the title of governor and heir of Holland. While John gave up all pretense of governing, Philip proceeded to treat the Dutch people with great cruelty.

The fortunes of Jacqueline were now at a low ebb. She had only four towns that acknowledged her. To add to her troubles, the Pope declared her last marriage unlawful, and forbade her ever marrying again. Heroic woman as she was, she appealed to the general council of the Church against the Pope. In England, the English women sympathized strongly with her. They came to Parliament, petitioning the lords and bishops that the cowardly duke of Gloucester should assist his Dutch wife and be faithful to her; but he forsook the Countess Jacqueline and married another woman, Eleanor Cobham.

This cruel desertion was a keen pang to a beautiful and high-spirited woman, a princess of true birth, and the real ruler of Holland. She remained in Gouda in grief and inaction, and when Philip and his army, backed by the Cods, appeared before the walls, she was obliged to yield and make a new and humili-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

ating treaty. She promised not to appeal to the Pope, to surrender her country to Philip as ruler, and not to marry again without his consent and that of her mother, and of the estates of towns, nobles, and clergy. If she should remarry, her subjects were to be released from her control, and she was to be degraded from her rank and be no longer countess.

Thus, deprived of all real authority, Jacqueline left Gouda, that had so long been faithful to her, and went to live in the pretty little town of Goes. To-day some fragments of her castle remain in Goes, and in Gouda there is a fine chalice, superbly enameled and gilded, which the people still prize highly as the gift of Jacqueline to the guild of archers in 1425. The pretty blue and white porcelain called Delftware is associated with Jacqueline's name; for during her enforced leisure in the convent, she amused herself and beguiled her time in moulding and decorating the clay, which, when fired or baked, gave a new glory to common earth. "Borselen" became "porcelain."

Philip went back to Flanders and appointed as his stadholder, or lieutenant, Francis van Borselen, to rule over Holland and Zeeland.

Having now no wealth or title to bestow, most of Jacqueline's party, the Hooks, deserted

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

the unfortunate lady; but Francis van Borselen, though one of the Cods, was ever ready to help her with money and advice. He proved himself her true friend, so that now, being more a woman than a politician, she, probably for the first time in her life, loved truly. When he pressed her to marry him, she agreed, though she well knew what would be the penalty of a secret marriage; for all around her were Philip's spies, who kept him informed of what was going on. Yet love conquered and made her a slave. She was married.

This was just what her crafty and cruel enemy, Philip, wanted. He now had this beautiful woman, who was only thirty-five years old, as much in his power as the falcon that holds the dove in its beak and claws. He arrested Francis van Borselen at The Hague, and brought him to Rupelmonde, giving out that he was to be a prisoner for life. This he knew would lead the loving Jacqueline, in order to save him, to yield up her title of countess and the allegiance of her subjects. Philip therefore gave to van Borselen other offices, but he was no longer stadholder, and Jacqueline was no more a princess. Yet, though now only a plain woman, passing her days in obscurity, and with but a small pension,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

it may be that these last were the happiest of her life. All too swiftly the time sped on, and soon she fell into a decline. She died in 1426 of consumption, at the age of thirty-six. Her four husbands were: John, son of Charles VI. of France; John IV., duke of Brabant; Humphrey, duke of Gloucester; Francis, lord of Borselen.

What a story of grief and sorrow! Well might Jacqueline write her biography as one did, "My whole life has been a disappointment." She was married four times, but only once for love, and of her own personal choice. Betrothed as a girl, she was wedded to a young prince and had bright hopes of a long reign, when her first husband died suddenly of poison. Her second political marriage was fruitful only in disgusting misery. Her third was with a man who had sought her hand and name for selfish purposes only, and then deserted her, a coward and a sneak.

With Jacqueline, whom the Dutch speak of as "Jacoba van Beijeren," ended the rule, in 1436, of the house of Bavaria in Holland. The Dutch are never tired of celebrating in painting, song, and story, on the stage and in tableaux, her romantic career. She had no children, and when she died the Netherlands

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA

became united with the realm of the duke of Burgundy.

It was while Jacqueline was in England that the disastrous flood of 1421 took place, called Saint Elizabeth's flood. In South Holland, which was then the richest district of the country, seventy-two market towns and villages were washed away or engulfed. There were enormous losses of property in cattle and goods. Many families were reduced from wealth to poverty, and some of the nobility almost to beggary. Perhaps a hundred thousand people were drowned, and the town of Dordrecht was cut off from the mainland. It was an awful sight to see the people climbing up into the trees and upon the roofs of houses until great crowds were found on the house-tops and church-roofs. There, unable to assist their friends, who were swept past and drowned in the flood, they spent hours or days of agony, only to starve, or be themselves hurled into the waters through the undermining and giving way of the houses. To-day, in the gloomy and lonely "forest of reeds," called the Biesbosch, which makes a great scar on the map, one can see the network of water-courses and mud which has taken the place of a once rich and fertile region.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The dynasty of Bavaria (Het Huis van Beijeren), — three counts and one countess, — ending with Jacqueline, had ruled Holland during seventy-nine years, from 1349 to 1429 A. D.

CHAPTER XII

THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

BURGUNDY, a fertile region, rich in wine, took its name from the Burgundu, a German tribe. It was founded in 406, and then included the valley of the river Rhone in Southern France and the western half of Switzerland, but changed its boundaries, rulers, and political status several times. In the fifteenth century it was a duchy, and Philip was its duke. Holland now came under his rule, and, through that of his successors, the Netherlands were ruled by Spaniards and Austrians.

Philip of Burgundy, who was called "the Good," but who was a very bad man, married Isabella of Portugal, and the wedding was celebrated at Bruges, in January, 1430. With all his great territory, though only a duke, and not a king, he was now the equal in power of many sovereigns of Europe, while richer than any of them, and his court had no superior in splendor and brilliancy.

Philip founded the order of the Knights

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of the Golden Fleece. These were at first twenty-four, but the number was afterwards increased to fifty-one. The first meeting, or chapter, was held in 1431, when the festivities lasted three days. Each knight wore a long robe, first of purple woollen cloth, but afterwards of silk velvet. His insignia was a golden collar, holding a lamb with a golden fleece, with two laurel bows, and the duke's symbol of flint and steel striking fire.

Philip's rule was long and brilliant. Commerce increased and art and literature flourished. Yet Philip was a very extravagant ruler, and no friend of liberty. Whereas Jacqueline had studied the needs of her people and gave them all the freedom then possible, Philip went in the other direction. He not only took away many of their charters and gave them fewer privileges, but he made his own selfish will the law. He went to war with England, when the Dutch had no desire to do so.

Besides this wicked strife, there was trouble with the Baltic towns, so that the usual supply of grain was not obtained and the price of rye rose. The poor people, not being able to get bread, had to eat beans, rape, and hemp seed. The crops, also, were very poor. Yet while

THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

the country was in this condition, their foreign ruler, the duke of Burgundy, called for fresh taxes.

The usual symptoms of bad government began to appear. The quarrels between the Cods and the Hooks broke out afresh. In Haarlem, the two parties took up arms. During two days they glared at each other, ready to fight, but bloodshed was prevented by a priest walking up and down the ranks, carrying the host. Philip sent his wife Isabella to quiet the rioters, and once inside the city she persuaded the Hooks to withdraw. The next troubles were in the town of Leyden, when the streets and bridges in the city became the scenes of bloodshed. Finally the duke of Burgundy himself came to Holland and ordered that the partisans should no more call each other names, or sing songs in ridicule of their rivals. He also prohibited the wearing of uniforms or marks, the putting on of the white or the blue hoods, the enlistment of new burgher guards, and the carrying of swords or other weapons or armor. If a man was killed in a quarrel, it was ordered that six weeks should be allowed the friends on both sides to settle the matter.

Thus Philip secured peace, but no sooner

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

had he done this than he took unfair advantage by laying on heavier taxes. He also tried to reform the Church, which at this time was terribly corrupt and full of superstition. There were some hopes for reform, because the teachings of Wycliffe of England, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague had already spread throughout the Netherlands. The translation of the Bible, though poorly done, helped the Dutch people to read the Scriptures, and see how widely the wicked priests and church rulers departed from the simplicity of early Christian times.

The duke was so lavish and wasteful with his feasts, tiltings, and shows, his personal gratification and his gifts to favorites, that his treasury was often empty and he had to lay fresh taxes upon the Netherlanders. Unable to bear the galling load, they rose in rebellion, the men of Ghent leading the revolt. Several battles were fought, but the citizens were beaten. Those who were not killed were obliged to come out bareheaded and barefooted and, on their knees, to beg for pardon. About two thousand Ghenters thus knelt. The banners of the guilds were taken away, and they were obliged to pay the expenses of the war as well as the taxes.

THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

Philip's son, Charles the Bold, a terrible fighter, was made stadholder of Zeeland, where he ruled the people with a rod of iron. Philip attempted to regain his authority in Friesland, and largely succeeded. Getting into war with France, his son, Charles the Bold, marched to the very gates of Paris and further chastised the Netherlandish allies of the French. In this war the men of Holland probably took no part, but they had to pay heavy taxes to help in settling the count's war bills.

Philip the First died in Bruges, in 1467, at seventy-two years of age, and his long rule was over. He has the reputation of being humane and just. He loved peace and made many treaties with foreign nations, by which the people of his large dominions profited greatly, so that though they were heavily taxed, they could, in most cases, easily pay. It is even said that Philip received more money from his subjects than they had paid in four centuries together before.

At this time the Dutch had learned to make salt and to refine it better than any people in Europe. Besides being fishermen, they were highly skilled weavers and exported linen and woolen cloth. They were also excellent jewelers, and sold much gold and silver work and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

many jewels in England. They had improved in agriculture and the making of dikes. Instead of facing their dams or banks with bundles of reeds, as in old times, they now began to bolt together beams of wood, fill them with earth and stone, and then front them with heavy planks, so that they could resist both the rush and the pounding of the sea waves. In many places they defended the piers by driving piles out in the water, so as to break the first force of the billows.

The duke left at his death an immense fortune. It consisted of four hundred thousand crowns of gold, and one hundred thousand marks of silver, with pictures, jewels, and furniture, supposed to be worth two millions more. He was thus the richest ruler in Europe. His bad example of wastefulness in festivals, shows, entertainments, and personal adornment was imitated by his nobles. Many of them were ruined by their extravagance, and although there was so much show and brilliancy, morals were very bad. In Holland the continual quarrels of the Hooks and Cods brutalized manners and kept up hatred and faction. Nevertheless, the Burgundian era is looked upon as a brilliant one, because literature and the arts were patronized and encouraged by Philip. It is



A BROKEN DIKE

THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

believed that John van Eyck of Bruges invented oil colors, and from his day painting entered upon a new era. Historians began to write, and printing came into use.

Nobody knows who invented movable, or, as the Japanese say, "living," types. In Germany, Gutenberg is supposed to have been the inventor. In Haarlem, the statue of Coster stands near the great church. He holds in his fingers a metal type. It is said that one day, while walking in the woods among the beautiful beech trees of Haarlem, he whittled out some letters from bits of beech wood. Wrapping these up to take home, he noticed that the sap stained the paper, leaving impressions of the letters. This gave him the idea of printing. Others say that he invented a thick glutinous ink, and, using these wooden types in the same way as a seal is used to give impressions, made little books for his nieces and nephews.

Apart from all these uncertain stories, we know that long before the time of either Gutenberg or Coster, the Netherlands were famous for their wood engravers, who made pictures of saints and the Virgin. Underneath and around the drawings, and in the block, they cut letters. With these engraved blocks they printed tracts

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

and books for the pious, and many thousands of leaves for the hornbooks which children used in school. It is highly probable that printing with living, or separate, types was brought by the Mongols into Europe, from China or Korea, where it had been for centuries in use, and that Europeans improved upon the lead or iron, wood, or terra-cotta type by making an alloy of lead and antimony.

Besides their wood engravers, picture makers, and printers, the Netherlands were famous for their free schools for children. Holland was one of the first countries in Europe to have public schools; that is, schools where the poor children could learn to read and write free of cost, and the burghers' sons and daughters be educated for a small sum of money; the salaries of the teachers and the chief expenses being paid out of the public treasury, by taxation.

The first schools were taught by monks or priests who, in the middle ages, were almost the only people able to read and write. Among the earliest were those founded by Charlemagne, assisted by Alcuin, who revived learning in many countries.

Nearly all writings were in Latin; for what are now the modern languages were not then

THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

fully formed. If we had gone into the places where books were made, we should have seen the brethren busy over parchment, cutting it into the right-sized sheets for documents or for books. Then, with their quill-pens and ink-horns, they would copy one text or writing from another. When finished and bound with covers of pig-skin or leather, the larger books were held to desks by chains or rods. The writing-place, where books were made, was called a scriptorium, and the place in which they were collected and kept together was the library.

In the thirteenth century, the school system broadened out from the church and monastery in so far as to come in many places under the control of the town governments. When the Brethren of the Common Life began their work in the fourteenth century, they spread abroad still more widely the interest in popular education.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHARTER OF THE GREAT PRIVILEGE

THE new ruler, Charles the Bold, who was at the head of the Burgundian domain, was a very bold and strong man, but not very wise. In Roman days he would have made a first-class gladiator, in later times, a fierce crusader, and among barbarians, a skillful chief. He could fight, but he had little wisdom, and was rightly called Charles the Rash. Being only a duke, he wished to be a king, and raise his dominion to the rank of a kingdom. He went to England and married Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England, in 1468. Brave, obstinate, and with a very bad temper, he was also selfish and tyrannical, loving to fight and shed blood. He followed his father in extravagant living, and in helping to destroy the liberties of the Netherlands. To get money for his foolish ventures, he laid heavy taxes upon the people, but they refused to bear any greater burden. A bloody riot broke out in Hoorn,

CHARTER OF THE GREAT PRIVILEGE

which was put down with blood; but the cloth trade of the town was destroyed.

Charles the Bold was the first ruler in Europe to keep a standing army; that is, men who made a business of war, and were soldiers all the year round. In this army there were different corps of warriors, and among them one thousand archers from England, who were the best in Europe. They used English yew for their bows, and shot the cloth-yard shaft, which few coats of mail could resist. With this army, Charles entered upon numerous campaigns and fought many battles, usually taking part in person. He waged war against Louis XI. of France, and then had him seized at a conference and taken prisoner to Liege. The purpose of Charles was to conquer Lorraine, Provence, Dauphiny, and Switzerland.

Charles the Bold was a bully and a ruffian wearing a ducal crown. He hated and despised the Swiss, but when he came to fight them, he found that these people, though living in a rocky country, loved freedom dearly and could fight for it well. In fighting them, he lost two battles and was slain at Nancy, January 5, 1477.

No sooner was the death of the tyrant known than the Dutch people determined to

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

get back their rights and charters. On the other hand, Louis XI. of France tried to seize Burgundy and to make Mary, the daughter of Charles, marry his son. This gave the Dutch people their great opportunity. In order to meet the enemy and strengthen the country, the council of nobles called a general assembly of all the estates of the Netherlands to consider the situation. This was the first regular assembly of the States-General of the Netherlands. The result of this famous congress was the issue in 1477 of the document called the Great Privilege, which became really the foundation of the Dutch Republic.

This Magna Charta of the Netherlands confirmed the ancient customs and ordered that there should be no taxation without consent. The Dutch language was always to be used, no foreigners were to be placed in high office, and no money was to be coined or its value altered without vote of the States-General. The duchess could not marry without consent of the State and the great council, and the supreme court of Holland was reëstablished. This was a grand and glorious day for the Netherlands.

Short and sorrowful was the life of Mary of Burgundy. The crafty old king of France

CHARTER OF THE GREAT PRIVILEGE

wished to marry his son the dauphin to her, and also to get away some of her land. While she herself was promising to keep faith with the Netherlanders, she deceived them and told the old king, through two of her envoys, that she would not live up to the charter. When two of these came back from France and showed her duplicity, the Ghenters condemned the envoys, Imbercourt and Hugonet, to death.

At this, Mary was in an agony of grief. Dressing herself in mourning, with her girdle loosened, her hair unbound, and her eyes flooded with tears, she rushed with an old priest into the crowd around the scaffold. With screams of anguish, she begged that the lives of the two men might be spared; but in vain. The Ghent men refused, and the heads of the two envoys were taken off. Mary felt that their blood was on her head. As the French army was in motion to march against the Dutch, it was felt that the Lady Mary should be married as soon as possible. So she had to choose quickly between her suitors, Maximilian, the son of the emperor of Germany, and the dauphin of France, who was only eight years old, while she was twenty. Love had little, politics all, to do with this marriage. In August, 1477, Maximilian was

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

made her husband. Longfellow, in his poem "The Belfry of Bruges," refers to the ceremony, done first by proxy. The richest heiress in Europe was wedded, without much show, to one of the poorest of princes. Indeed, the imperial suitor was so short of money that the Netherlanders had to pay his traveling expenses.

Unfortunately, in Holland the squabbles of the Hooks and Cods dragged on, and the state of affairs was most wretched. Families were divided. Murders, duels, and riots took place daily. Often one party drove the other entirely out and away from the city. This went on until Maximilian traveled into Holland, and there saw that the municipal party was the stronger, and favored the Cods. In one case, the Cods from Leyden got into the city of Dordrecht by hiding themselves in two vessels supposed to be loaded with rice. The burgomaster of Dordrecht, in his haste to arm himself and fight the invaders, put a copper pot on his head instead of a helmet. There was more fun than blood that day.

Mary of Burgundy was not as pretty as Jacqueline; for she had the large, open mouth of the Burgundian princes. Her temper was hot, and in her habits she was not only bold, but very much like a rough man. She was

CHARTER OF THE GREAT PRIVILEGE

very fond of gaming and hunting, and especially of hawking. One day while out in the country, the saddle girth broke and she fell from her horse. Concealing her injuries, she became worse and died in the spring of 1482, when only twenty-five years old. Her husband, the widower Maximilian, was now an Austrian archduke, and this, as we shall see, meant to the Hollanders another change in the succession of their rulers, from Burgundy to Austria.

The dynasty of Burgundy (Het Huis van Bourgondie), through two counts and two countesses, ruled Holland for fifty years, from 1429 to 1482 A. D.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DUTCH UNDER THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA

MARY's oldest son, Philip, who succeeded his mother, was but four years old. Again the Netherlands had the misfortune of being governed by a child. His father, Maximilian of Austria, was acknowledged as guardian of the baby count. This Austrian prince was also elected king of the Romans, or head of the Holy Roman Empire. When again he came into the Netherlands, with German troops, he was suspected of wishing to seize the whole power for himself.

Alarmed at this idea, the citizens of Bruges rushed together under the banners of their guilds. They seized Maximilian and put him in prison. This was the way the bold democrats used to treat even an archduke who aspired to be emperor, when he did not behave himself. After four months, Maximilian was released, on promising to rule justly and keep his word. But as soon as he had a German army to come to his aid, he broke the peace

DUTCH UNDER HOUSE OF AUSTRIA

and his promises. At once civil war broke out.

The Hooks, who had been driven out of Holland, once more returned and collected at Sluys, under the command of Brederode, with forty-eight ships and two thousand men. They went up the river Maas and landed at Delfshaven. Their ships could not go further on account of the frozen river, so they marched to Rotterdam, and, rushing over the ice in the castle moat, captured the city. Later on, they had to yield to Maximilian's German army. After a few battles, the Hooks were completely defeated, and their career ended.

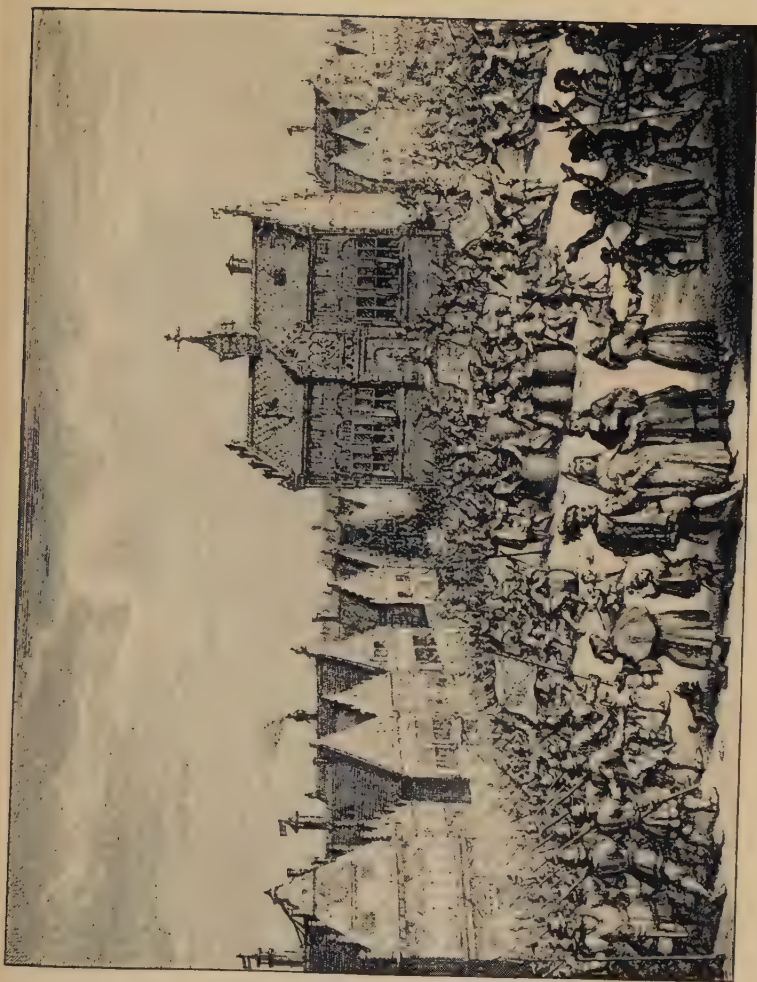
Yet there seemed no rest for the land. The waste of the long civil wars and the heavy taxes levied to pay for them caused riots, and there broke out in 1492 the famous "Bread and Cheese War," so called because it was carried on by the lower classes of people, whose daily food was bread and cheese. The seat of the disturbances was mainly in North Holland. The chief cause of the trouble was the Ruyter Geld, or knight-money, which the people refused to pay. Dividing themselves into troops and companies, under banners on which were painted loaves of bread and balls of cheese, they marched about crying out for bread or

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

blood. Some of them even fastened rinds and crusts to their clothes.

When the German troops entered the country to disperse the natives, these foreigners lived off the country and made it still poorer. Maximilian came into Haarlem and had a gallows erected in the market-place to hang the ringleaders of the "Bread and Cheese Play," as it was also called. After this the Frisians and North Hollanders submitted and paid heavy fines. At Alkmaar and other cities, the local privileges were abolished, and the citizens were compelled to level the walls at their own expense. When the citizens of Amsterdam asked that they might be allowed to build a stone wall around their town, Maximilian sneeringly answered that if they were not so fond of war and quarrels, a silken thread wound round the town would be sufficient.

Friesland came under the control of the duke of Saxony. The country had been so weakened by long wars that it easily yielded to this ruler at the command of Maximilian. At first the duke cared for his new possessions and built dikes, which are still to be seen; but after ruling his dominion for seventeen years, he sold Friesland to the house of Austria for 350,000 crowns. Thus we see that the last



RIOTS IN NORTH HOLLAND ON ACCOUNT OF HEAVY TAXES

DUTCH UNDER HOUSE OF AUSTRIA

stronghold of freedom in the Netherlands, through the folly of its own men, was broken down. All parts of the country were now under the control of Austria.

When Maximilian, the archduke of Austria, became emperor of Germany, his son Philip, count of Holland, now seventeen, took the active government of the Netherlands. One of his first acts was very beneficial to commerce, for in 1496 the Grand Treaty of commerce was made between England and Holland. This made trade much easier and more profitable. One clause in the compact was very interesting. Before this time it had been the custom of the Dutch, when a ship was wrecked upon the shores, to seize it, and, if there was no living being on board, to keep all the property, vessel or cargo, but if a "man, woman, child, dog, cat, or cock" was found alive, then the owner or heirs could claim the property. Now it was ordered that, in any event, the property should be held for a year and a day, to allow the lawful owners to claim it.

America was discovered in 1492, Columbus having been helped by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. Count Philip's sister Margaret, in April, 1496, married their son John, who was heir to the Spanish throne, but

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

her husband died at the end of six months, and she was left a widow.

In October, 1495, Philip, count of Holland, had married Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and in 1500 their son was born in Ghent. He afterwards became the great Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany and king of Spain, who did so much for, as well as against, the Netherlands. It seems very strange to think that while yet in his cradle, this baby boy was engaged to be married to Claude, daughter of Louis XII. of France. In the game of European royal politics, the little princes and princesses were like checkers on a board, with which politicians made their moves and showed their craft.

Philip made a journey into Spain and also into England, where a new treaty was made, which the Dutch, not liking, called "the bad treaty."

Philip was a profligate prince who had but few abilities. He was handsome in person, and was hence called Philip the Fair. He was also given the nickname of "Croit Conseil," because he usually listened to men who flattered him. He foolishly surrendered Friesland, and acted with even more foolishness toward Gelderland; and yet he was not so bad

DUTCH UNDER HOUSE OF AUSTRIA

as some of his predecessors. He was very tenderly loved by his wife Joanna, who was herself very homely in body and weak in mind. Through her great jealousy of her husband, who was not a pure man, she was subject to fits of insanity. Philip died in 1506, when only twenty-nine years old, through drinking too much cold liquor when heated, after playing tennis, a game that was a very popular one in the middle ages. It was through Philip that the houses of Austria and Spain were united, and that the Netherlands came under the control of the Spaniards.

Charles was only six years old when his father died. So his grandfather Maximilian ordered Margaret, his aunt, the duchess of Savoy, to take the government in her hands. The regent was warmly welcomed at Dordrecht. She did her duty as well as she knew how, while her nephew was being educated in Flanders. The future emperor had for his tutor the learned Adrian of Utrecht, who afterwards became the Pope of Rome and favored reform.

Charles, having been born in the Netherlands, had always a pleasant feeling for the Dutch, and did much in the first years of his reign to give the Netherlands unity and prosperity; but when his grandfather Ferdinand

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

died, he became king of Spain, removed his court to Madrid, and henceforth he had the views and ideas of a Spaniard. In 1519 he was elected emperor of Germany against his rival, Francis I. of France. These two men were the most powerful sovereigns of Europe. As both of them wished to rule over Italy, war was declared between them. The English became the allies of the Spaniards. Charles married Isabella, daughter of the king of Portugal, and war broke out again; but peace was made by the treaty at Cambrai in 1529.

It was under the house of Austria that the old Dutch world of the middle ages passed away, and the new and modern age was ushered in. Philip the Fair, king of Castile, who died in 1506, Charles V., emperor of Germany and king of Spain, and his son Philip II. were in this dynasty. During this period the Spaniards held many of the chief offices. Spanish influences, as seen in speech, manners, customs, literature, use of titles, and forms of letter-writing, permeated the Netherlands, and it seemed at one time as if Philip II. was attempting to turn the Netherlands into a sort of Spain and to make Spaniards out of Dutchmen. Why he failed, and why the Dutch revolted and won independence, must now be shown.

CHAPTER XV

THE OLD WORLD BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

THE year 1530 found Charles troubled with persons and ideas that were more terrible to him than men and arms. Unfortunately for him and for Spain, these new people could think hard, which was more than most soldiers in the middle ages ever did; they could even read and write, which was more than many soldiers then could possibly do. These terrors of the emperor and Pope were the monk Martin Luther, the Bible put in the language of the people, and the Anabaptists. In a word, the Reformation was beginning to make a new Europe, and Charles and the Pope and the priest could not understand what was coming.

Indeed the old world, in which kings had full power, and nobles cared little for the rights of the people, was passing away. It was a strange world, as it now seems to us. We, who live in an age in which conscience is free, and when men elect their own rulers, can

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

hardly understand that such a world ever existed. The king expected not only to rule the people, but to regulate their religion also, and whoever was lord of a country could say what the creed should be. Many things had come down from feudalism, and government was thought to be for the benefit of the governors, instead of the governed. The great majority of the inhabitants of Europe were very poor, while many of the nobles were very rich.

The mass of the people had no family names, but only personal names. Some of them received names also from the trades which they followed. If they were long or short in body, tall or dwarfed, or had a big or a small nose, or something noticeable about the lips or ears, or hair or eyes, they would be called after this peculiarity. Or if they were brilliant or stupid, pious or profane, one of these adjectives would be placed after their name. Many were known from their birth-place, while others added the word "son" to the Christian name of their father or ancestors. The noblemen were called after their estates, as Egmond, Brederode, Hoorn, etc. There were many varieties of John and William, Mary and Jane. Thus we have in English

BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

not only William or Will ; but Wilkins, Little Will ; Wilson or Williamson, son of Will or William. In Netherlandish history, we have adjectives like "fat," "short," or "simple." The term "clerkly" meant that the man so named could write well. Thousands designated themselves by their baptismal names with the prefix "van" or "ten." Thus Jan Ten Eyck means John who lived by the oak ; Jan Ten Brink, John who lived near the brink ; Van der Poel, or Van Buren, Van Antwerp, Van Aarsdale, etc., mean that they were from or lived in or near Antwerp, etc. In Friesland, there were three very common name-endings, "ma," "ga," and "stra," meaning place, ownership, or trade. In Germany, the connective "von" can be used only by a nobleman ; but the Dutch are more democratic, and any one can use the prefix "van."

In this old world of the middle ages, the Pope had political power. He ruled over kings, lords, lands, and consciences. The Church was above the State, so that the Pope could hinder people from being married or buried. The priest had great power also ; for the people were very much afraid of him, terribly so, indeed. They feared, because they were ignorant. The knight, locked up in

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

steel, rode on an armored horse, so that with his sword and spear he could charge into and overthrow crowds of poorly armed peasants, or overcome foot soldiers, even when well drilled and equipped. So also the priest and monk had fierce weapons which overawed the conscience of the ignorant people. As the knights were clad in armor of iron, so the priests were cased in armor of learning, which scared the poor people almost as much as the bell, book, and candle of the bishop. In addition to this, the man under the mitre could frighten even the mailed knight; for he could threaten him with punishment, not only in this world but in the world to come.

But there were two inventions, both of them, perhaps, brought out of Asia, which overthrew the old world and brought in the new. They made both priest and knight take off their armor and stand up in fair fight. The mixture of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre called gunpowder had long been known in China for firecrackers, but in Europe this compound was first used for cannon, and then for guns and pistols. Its first use in the Netherlands was in 1350. At first the bullets shot by the clumsy guns called blunderbusses could not, when fired at long range, pierce armor, but

BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

soon the gun barrels and the powder were so improved that no metallic suit that a man could wear, even on horseback, was proof against a leaden ball. This meant that knights were no better than foot soldiers in battle.

To wear heavy armor and wield a long spear or battle axe, a man must be very strong and brave. But, when a plain man, who need not be tall or strong, but might be very short and weak, and not very brave, could kill a knight long before he could get near to use his sword or spear, then the fashion of war changed. A common soldier with a gun was not afraid of a knight, no matter how big or strong, or handsomely mounted or armed, he might be. Hence, from this cause and others, the knights ceased to be of as much importance as soldiers, and armor gradually became a picturesque ornament rather than a necessity, and by and by only a curiosity. To-day armor belongs, with old spinning wheels, among the antiques, as bricabrac and parlor decorations.

In the world of mind, the new inventions that helped to kill the power of the Pope and the priest, and to reduce the knight and baron to harmless gentlemen, were the printing press and types. For centuries, the Chinese had used printing by means of carved boards, and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

they and the Koreans had also separate, or movable, types. How printing with this kind of type began in Europe, nobody knows, but in several countries printers began to use type at about the same time. Among the first things printed were playing cards and a famous book called "The Mirror of Human Salvation," which gave in outline the contents of the Bible and the story of the Christian Church. In the Netherlands, there were hundreds of printing offices, so that books and Bibles became cheap.

In the old days of writing and copying, a large book was equal to a fortune. Even to buy a little one, that would now cost from a penny to ten cents, might require the wages of a workingman for a whole year. When it became possible to buy a New Testament for only a few days' wages, it seemed to the common people like a miracle. As some people explain everything new or strange by the devil's help, so they thought that Satan was at the bottom of this new wonder.

Thus the monopoly of the monks and priests was broken. Soon printing in the Netherlands got to be a business in which any one could work and make money, for there was no tax or hindrance. In some of the countries,

BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

as in England, printing was like coinage; it was allowed only to a few persons and was under control of the crown. In the Netherlands, and especially in Holland, it was free, so that books soon became very plentiful and quite cheap. Before ever there was a Bible printed in England, there had been many editions, both of the New Testament and of the whole Bible, printed in Holland, and plain people were reading it in their homes.

The Bible is a very dangerous book to get into the hands of people who are ruled by wicked kings, or rulers, or servants of any sort, whether bad priests or bad parsons. For, often not knowing any better, the people have no true idea of freedom. They imagine that the king and the priests have some rights from God Almighty which the people do not have. They are taught that their rulers in Church and State can do no wrong.

But as soon as they begin to read the Bible, which cares nothing for wicked people, even though they are kings and priests, but which shows how God punishes the wicked of every class, they begin to want better government and to believe that they can get it. They find by reading Old Testament history that the kings of Israel were often foolish and wicked,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

and they learn that kings may be no better than other men. The Bible shows that the first government of Israel was that of a republic, and that the first Christian churches were democratic in form. All this is very hurtful to the claims of nobles and tyrants, whether in Church or State.

It is no wonder that at first the ruling classes tried to stop the translation of the Bible into the language of the people, so that they could read it for themselves. Through King Henry VIII. of England, Tyndale, who put the Bible into our English tongue, was garroted as a felon, at Vilvoorde, by the Spanish authorities in the Netherlands. In other places the scholars who translated the Bible into Spanish, French, Italian, or Dutch were thrown into prison or put to death. Nevertheless, after Erasmus the Dutchman had gathered the old Greek manuscripts together and, in 1516, made a fresh text, translating the New Testament into elegant Latin, it became very easy for learned men everywhere to turn this into the various languages of Europe.

When the common people read that in Christ, God's children are kings and priests unto God, they believed just what they read. They did not know enough to explain it away,

BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

as did the gentlemen who wore crowns and dressed in silk and velvet, and drank wine and dined on rich food, when millions were sweating at toil, and often starving. The Bible is a wonderful library of history. When men read in its books how wicked the kings of Israel were, some of them made up their minds that government by the people could not be worse than government by kings. So they formed churches. They also tried to form societies where war and oaths and state religion would no longer exist. In a word, they tried to have many things which the Constitution of the United States of America secures. They hoped to be very much what American Christians have a right to be at the present time.

Most of these people were very quiet, orderly, devout, and industrious. Their ideas spread into other countries, especially into Germany and the Netherlands. These people called themselves "Brethren," but their enemies called them "Anabaptists."

In that great movement of the human mind which is called the Reformation, Luther in Germany, Zwingli in Switzerland, and Calvin in France were leaders; but among the very first was Erasmus, born in Rotterdam, and a true Dutchman. To-day his statue stands in

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

his native city, and little children, according to their nurses' funny story, watch it at the striking of the clock to see if the man in bronze turns a leaf of his bronze book, while the birds twitter around and alight on his shoulders.

Yet, being a literary man, Erasmus suffered the fate of such cultured men. The fierce bigots who were to be found in every party, hated him; for he was too liberal for any of them. Erasmus did a very wonderful work in opening the Bible to all. It was like summoning the dead to life; for Greek to most scholars then, and Latin to the majority of European people, was little more than a coffin.

To this day the Dutch scholarly mind has been very much like that of Erasmus; that is, loving learning and always open to light, whether old or new, cool in temper and judgment, and not often running to extremes of opinion.

Silently, quietly, but faster than priest or inquisitor could note, the "Brethren," with their open Bibles, poured into the Netherlands, and the first martyrs in Holland, as in England, burnt to death for their faith, were Anabaptists. Then followed the Lutherans, and finally the Calvinists. Thus, on three great waves of thought and feeling, the old world of religion

BEFORE GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING

passed away and the new one came in. While Germany became Lutheran, the Netherlanders for the most part were of the Reformed, or Calvinistic, form of faith.

It must never be forgotten that for a long time, even after the Reformation had begun, all the great churches of Europe were political; that is, they were united with the State. The "Brethren" first, and then the "Separatists," or Pilgrim Fathers, who found refuge in Holland, taught that Church and State should be separated. Ultimately, Amsterdam, which sheltered Jews and Christians of every creed, became the richest, as it was the most orderly city in northern Europe.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SEVENTEEN STATES UNDER ONE HEAD

WHILE king of Spain and emperor of Germany, Charles was also duke, count, or marquis of every one of the seventeen Netherland provinces, in each of which he appointed a stadholder; that is, a lieutenant, or lieutenant-governor, who held power for the king, and governed in his name. We shall meet with this term and title in Dutch history for centuries to come. It is often wrongly spelled *stadtholder*, as if this word meant the ruler of a city. The word means simply lieutenant, stead, or place-holder — one who rules in the stead of the king.

By Charles V. becoming ruler of the Netherlands, the whole seventeen provinces were, in 1543, united under one ruler. On the lion flag of the Dutch, and the coat-of-arms of William of Orange, one still sees seventeen dots or oblong marks. These represent turf bricks, and thus the soil of the country. By giving the Netherlands a separate government of their

SEVENTEEN STATES UNDER ONE HEAD

own, and thereby the possibility of being more independent, Charles enabled them to enter upon a career of greater prosperity.

Charles V., emperor of Germany, was one of the ablest, as he was the most powerful of the monarchs of the sixteenth century; but he found that the new ideas and inventions were making a new kind of people to be ruled over. He had various wars to conduct in France and Italy. After these, he fought against the Reformed Protestant princes; but he was beaten, and had to make the treaty of Passau in 1552, by which religious liberty was secured to the German Protestants.

Charles issued edicts against the Christians of the Netherlands who read the Bible for themselves, and he introduced the Spanish Inquisition; so that many people were put to death because they believed differently from what they had been taught by the priests and monks. He prohibited the printing of books and the opening of schools, except under approval of the bishops; and thus good people were put to death for doing what Americans do every day of their lives. He drove out of Holland the Jews who had fled from Portugal, and appointed a Grand Inquisitor, whose business it was to search out heretics and confiscate their

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

property. In 1555, having tired of his wars, and perhaps foreseeing that Luther and Calvin would be too much for him, he resolved to give up his throne in favor of his son Philip.

The Netherlanders were very sorry to lose Charles as their active ruler. During thirty-seven years their governesses, Margaret of Savoy, the aunt of Charles, from 1507 to 1530, and Mary of Hungary, his sister, from 1531 to 1555, had been very fair in their rule over them, and they were well accustomed to it. Philip, on the other hand, was the very reverse of his aunt and sister, in both manner and method. He was a harsh ruler, a terrible bigot, and was utterly ignorant of the language of the country which he was to govern. So in fear the Netherlanders waited to see what kind of a man their new master would prove himself to be.

It was on the 25th of October, 1555, that the great ceremony of abdication was held in Brussels. The imperial officers, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the deputies of all the states of the Netherlands, and the nobles in their splendid dresses were present in imposing numbers. Charles the emperor leaned, while reading his address, upon the shoulder of William of Orange, a handsome young noble-

SEVENTEEN STATES UNDER ONE HEAD

man. After this, Philip bent upon one knee and asked his father's blessing. Then the bishop of Arras spoke in French in behalf of Philip, and the governess Mary took leave of the emperor in a modest and pleasant address.

Philip, son of Charles, was now count of Holland and king of Spain. He went to England and married the princess, generally known as "Bloody Mary," and prevailed upon her and the government of England to declare war against France. He assembled in the Netherlands an army of nearly fifty thousand men, twelve thousand of whom were cavalry. The French army was in Italy, so Philip, in 1558, quickly laid siege to the town of St. Quentin. Here he was reënforced by three thousand English soldiers. The French constable, Montmorency, marched with his army to help the garrison, and a battle ensued outside the city. Count Egmont, who was in command of the splendid Dutch cavalry, attacked the enemy in flank, and the French were defeated. Many noblemen of France were killed, and all the artillery and baggage and thousands of prisoners were taken. Egmont became the hero of the hour and the idol of the army. Another battle was fought at Gravelines. There, Egmont again, by his boldness of attack, won

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

great glory. The ten English vessels that had arrived in good season also helped to decide the victory.

To the surprise of the Netherlanders, the war came suddenly to an end by the treaty of Cambrai. The Dutch were not happy at this, and thought things were going too fast. They believed that Granvelle, bishop of Arras, had persuaded the Spanish and French kings to bury political quarrels, in order to unite their forces and begin a religious war to put down the Huguenots in France and the Calvinists in the Netherlands.

Their suspicions were soon confirmed ; for the French king let out the secret. William of Orange had been sent by Philip, as one of his hostages, to remain with the king of France. One day while out hunting, the king, supposing that, as a matter of course, William knew all about the reason why peace had been so quickly made, told him that it was the royal purpose to put all the heretics to death. Instead of showing great surprise, talking about it, or asking further questions, the young nobleman kept perfectly quiet. On account of this episode, although he was a very genial and social man, and was able to talk in several languages, he was called by some William the

SEVENTEEN STATES UNDER ONE HEAD

Silent, though the name has been used chiefly since his death.

When the startled Dutchmen learned that King Philip had asked the Pope to have fourteen new bishoprics erected in the Netherlands, their worst fears were realized. This meant that fourteen new rulers, with great political power, who could put men in prison, and even torture and kill them, because they might hold different opinions from Philip and the Pope, would be appointed. Furthermore, the large salaries of the bishops, and those of their hangers-on, would have to be paid out of the pockets of the people, as well as from the funds of the abbeys. Neither the parish priests nor the nobles liked the new movement, while the people felt certain that the whole thing was meant to increase the power of the Inquisition, which had already caused the death of many innocent people. The Dutch were further angered because Philip had Spanish nobles about him, who looked with contempt upon natives of the Netherlands. When they heard that to the Spanish soldiers already in the country were to be added four thousand more, the Netherlanders were in real alarm.

As King Philip would soon sail for Spain, the people were very anxious to know who

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

would be the king's regent, to rule them in his absence. Among the nobles two young men were prominent: one was Count Egmont, very handsome and popular, and the soldier's ideal; the other was William of Orange, wiser and with far greater abilities as a civil ruler. Egmont was very ambitious, universally admired and beloved, full of eagerness and enthusiasm, but easily discouraged by difficulties and obstacles. He was very hasty in temper and was easily made angry, though usually of a joyous and sociable disposition. He was a genuine Dutchman; for his ancestors had lived in North Holland even before that country had received its name. He was twelve years older than the prince of Orange, and more skilled as a soldier, but not equal to him in education, natural talent, or shrewdness. His temperament was more like the southern than the northern Netherlanders.

CHAPTER XVII

ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE was at this time, in 1559, twenty-six years old. He had begun, at the age of fifteen, to serve in court as the page of Charles V. He was so trusted by the emperor, who had a high opinion of the youth, that he was allowed to have part in all the secret affairs of state, Charles himself often taking hints and suggestions from the young man, besides giving him most important offices and sending him on diplomatic missions.

William was a student of men, though he knew books well, also. Very few people read his thoughts. He was never thrown off his guard, nor did he permit to leak out what he wished to keep to himself. Without flattering any one, he was polite to all. He made warm friends and kept them. Being a wealthy prince, he was very hospitable, and by being so he gained many helpers and won the good will of the people. Instead of being rosy and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

plump like Egmont, William was pale and thin, showing the student and the thinker.

He had one of the best of mothers, Juliana of Stolberg, whose chief ambition was to have her sons brave, pure, devout, godly, and kind to their fellow men. Juliana was noted for her simple and unaffected piety. She was one of the great women of the sixteenth century. She had many children and scores of grandchildren. On his father's side, William was descended from the ancient and powerful family of Nassau, one of whom had been emperor. At this time, and indeed since his cousin René had died in 1544, William was prince of Orange in his own right.

Besides these two eminent men, there was Christian, the niece of Charles V., whose daughter William of Orange expected to marry. But Philip, instead of choosing either of the three, Egmont, William, or Christian, summoned his half-sister Margaret, the duchess of Parma, from Italy, to be his regent in the Netherlands. He conducted her with great magnificence to Ghent, where the States-General was assembled. In making his farewell speech, Philip disgusted and alarmed his hearers by urging that the heretics should be persecuted, saying also that the Spanish troops were to be

ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS

kept in the country. When the Netherlanders petitioned the king to take away the foreign soldiery and keep foreigners out of office, Philip was very angry, yet he pretended not to be displeased. Nevertheless, in his heart he boiled with wrath against Orange, Egmont, and Hoorn, whom he had appointed to command the troops. A few weeks later, in 1559, after having visited Rotterdam and The Hague, he was about to take ship at Flushing to go to Spain. When William of Orange came to bid him good-by, Philip reproached him angrily for acting contrary to the royal wishes. When William humbly replied that it was the act of the states, Philip shook William's wrist violently and said, "Not the states, but you, you, you!"

Nominally the new ruler was the strong and ambitious regent Margaret, an expert horse-woman and a hunter, tall, and with much black hair upon her lips and chin, which made her look like a man. The real ruler of the country, however, was Granvelle, the bishop of Arras, who had control of her conscience. He was a Jesuit, and a pupil of Loyola of Spain. For the government of the Netherlands there was, besides the regent Margaret, a privy council, a council of finance, and a council of

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

state, and in each province, except Brabant, in which the governess herself lived, the king had a stadholder, or lieutenant. The prince of Orange was made stadholder of the three provinces of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht. Egmont was placed over Flanders.

Granvelle was a man of mighty power, both in mind and body. He spoke seven languages, could toil through twenty hours of the day, and keep several secretaries busy, all working at the same time. His first act was to publish the Pope's bull, making fourteen new bishoprics, or eighteen in all, while he himself, to the great disgust and dread of the people, was made a cardinal. However, at the earnest plea of Margaret, the Spanish soldiers were recalled; for the Dutch would not support them. Even the new bishops were received with opposition and tumult. In some towns the people vowed to put them to death, if they came within their gates.

The unpopularity of Granvelle increased day by day. William of Orange was very bitter against him for preventing the marriage which he had in view. Counts Hoorn and Egmont had private causes of enmity against the cardinal. These noblemen kept away from the council of state and petitioned

ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS

the king that he might be removed from office. In return, Granvelle heartily hated Orange and Egmont, and sent daily reports to Philip of what he saw was going on and what his spies reported.

The nobles who disliked the cardinal called him, in their conversation, "the red fellow." This was in allusion to the scarlet color of his hat and clothes. They named the house in which he wrote his letters to the king, "the smithy." They dressed their servants in dark colored garments in order to show how numerous they were, and on their sleeves they had sewed a fool's cap as an irreverent allusion to the cardinal's hat. When Margaret remonstrated against this foolishness, they took off the symbol of the hat and put in its place a bundle of arrows, meaning that they were united in the service of the king.

Meanwhile the printing presses sent forth lampoons and caricatures against the cardinal. One of these pictures represented him sitting on a nest of eggs which hatched out bishops, and over his head was Satan saying, "This is my beloved son." At last, in 1564, the man in red, fearing that he might be killed, left the country for Burgundy. Like foolish school-boys, the two nobles, Brederode and Hoog-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

stratten, mounted one horse, the former taking the saddle and the latter the crupper. Both galloped in hilarious mockery after the cardinal for many miles of his journey.

Then there was a change. The nobles began to attend the councils, the edicts of torture became dead letters, and the people enjoyed for a little while liberty of conscience. Still there was much bribery and corruption in public office. Many of the charges fell upon the patriot party led by Orange.

It was finally decided that a messenger should be sent to King Philip in Spain, to set before him the many troubles of the country. Count Egmont, handsome, frank, credulous, and confiding, was sent to Spain, where he was received with many honors. It was like a fly entering the spider's parlor. All that Egmont asked of the king was granted in fair words, and the vain man went away loaded with promises.

On coming back to the Netherlands, he told his friends and the people that the king would change the edicts and abolish the Inquisition. It was supposed by all, except the wise few, that everything was to be better; but when Philip's orders came, they were different from anything that had been expected. The

ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS

edicts were republished, the Inquisition was to be reëstablished, and whoever believed differently from the Pope's followers was to be put to death; but this was to be in secret, and not publicly.

No sooner were these edicts republished than the people and the nobles became violently angry. The walls of the towns were covered with placards denouncing the Inquisition and the Spanish tyranny. Catholics and Protestants were alike in this opposition.

In 1565 the nobles formed an alliance, or "compromise," devoting their lives and property to resist the Inquisition and to support each other. They assembled together in Brussels, on the 5th of April, 1566, to the number of three or four hundred. They walked slowly in procession four abreast to the hall of the regent, led by Brederode and Count Louis of Nassau, brother of William. Margaret received them graciously. Then Brederode delivered an address, denying the reports of their enemies, asserting their loyalty to the king, and asking that a messenger be sent to his majesty to tell him that the provinces were being ruined by the Inquisition.

In order not to stir up a crowd or create a riot, the noblemen had put off their splendid

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

dresses of silk and velvet, and their gold and silver ornaments, and without horses or arms had come to court on foot. But Berlaymont, one of the officers standing near the governess, said to her, "Do not fear; it is only a troop of beggars."

When the nobles heard this, instead of being angry, or trying to kill Berlaymont, they took up the name as their own, and it became their rallying cry. That night Brederode gave a dinner at which were present about three hundred noblemen, who caught up the words and declared that it was no shame to be beggars for their country's good. "Long live the Beggars," was their cry. Slipping out of the room for a few moments, Brederode came back bringing with him a wooden bowl, such as the begging monks and pilgrims usually carried. Filling it with wine, he drank a health to "The Beggars." Thereupon the wooden cup went round, all drinking and shouting, "Vive les gueux," or "Long live the Beggars."

From this time forth, not only the foes but the friends of Dutch liberty took up the name. Soon there were "noble" beggars, "wild" beggars out in the country at large, "water" beggars on the seas, and "mud" beggars who walked beyond the town walls to hear "hedge

ORANGE AND THE BEGGARS

preaching.” Indeed, all who hated Spanish tyranny, whether Catholics or Protestants, took up the cry and put on the symbol. They dressed themselves in the beggar’s costume, of ashen gray cloth, and hung the little wooden bowls or cups on their breasts or caps. The plain people wore medals of lead, and the rich folk and nobles the same design in gold or silver, on which was engraved on one side the image of Philip the king, and on the other a beggar’s wallet and two hands joined over it, with the motto, “Faithful to the king—even to bearing the beggar’s sack.”

CHAPTER XVIII

HEDGE PREACHING AND THE STORMING OF IMAGES

THE answer of Margaret the regent was not satisfactory. The nobles did not like it. They asked that their petition be printed, without change, and that the inquisitors should stop their bloody business. Two envoys, both knights of the Golden Fleece, were sent to Madrid to bear the nobles' petition to the king.

It was now time for the spider to eat up the flies, and it did so.

The two envoys were kept in Spain and never allowed to go back to the Netherlands. The people called the moderation spoken of in the king's answer, "murderation;" for instead of being burned alive, the people of the Reformed faith, or printers of anything hostile to the king, were to be hanged.

The reformers, hungering for the old truth in the fresh forms in which the preachers presented it, now left the churches and towns by the tens of thousands, to go out into the open

HEDGE PREACHING

fields. There they enjoyed, for hours at a time, the singing of psalms in their native tongue, and the sermons and prayers, that were not written down, but came from the lips. Thousands of little hymn books and portions of Scripture were printed. At first the people went without arms; but at one place, where there were seven thousand gathered together, the "schout" rushed in among them on horse-back, dashing toward the preacher with a musket in one hand and a sword in the other. The people stoned him and he had to retreat.

The next time the crowd assembled the men were armed. They made a "laager," or circle, with their wagons, putting guards at the entrance, while a few outside invited all passing by to buy the forbidden books, or to go in and hear the sermon. The pulpit was made of planks on the top of a wagon. The women and children sat near, and the men stood in a circle back of them. Before and after the sermon they sang psalms. After the benediction they marched back in procession into the towns, where they scattered. The singing was one of the important, certainly one of the most rousing parts of the service; for the hymns were in Dutch, or in French for those who used that language. The verses of Marat, a

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

poet who wrote in French, were very popular. Some of the old tunes then used, such as the long metre doxology, are still sung in the Dutch churches, and even in ours.

In the smaller towns and villages the people used to gather for Bible reading, worship, or singing, in shady places, and these meetings were spoken of as "hedge preaching."

At Antwerp, five thousand people held their services within a quarter of a mile of the city. At this, Margaret was very angry, and wished the burgher-guard to prevent the meeting, but the worshipers were armed, and to oppose them would have been folly. Soon throughout all Holland public meetings were held outside the city walls, whether the magistrates liked it or not.

While King Philip was getting ready his army, to march into the Netherlands to punish the people with fire and sword, and his agents were buying arms, ammunition, and warlike stores, there was a sudden outburst of what is called in Dutch history "the image storm." The churches at this time were filled with images, crosses, statues, pictures of the Virgin and of the saints, gold and silver ornaments, mass-books, superb carvings, stained glass, and hundreds of other things which were never



PREACHING OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ANTWERP

HEDGE PREACHING

seen in the early Christian churches. These were suddenly despoiled and made empty by a mob. There were no telegraphs in those days, but with wonderful rapidity this movement of destruction went on throughout the Netherlands. Bands of fanatics, very few in number, but terrible in their earnestness and industry, broke into the sacred edifices, and with ropes and ladders, hammers and pincers, went to work. They pulled down the pictures, images, and statues, overthrew the altars, defaced the monuments and carvings, tore up or burned the mass-books, and smashed the stained glass. About four hundred church buildings were thus despoiled and filled with rubbish within a few days. This was not the work of robbers seeking booty, but of fanatics, who wished to end forever a system which they had learned to hate, because so closely associated with tyranny. In acting thus, they believed, as their persecutors also did, that they were doing God service.

The effect of the news upon the regent and the king was like red pepper to the eyes and sparks upon gunpowder. Hating the Reformed faith as bitterly as they did, and despising the Netherlands for their love of freedom, they paid no attention to the petition of the Calvin-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

ists and Lutherans, who had nothing to do with the image-breaking, and who expressed their regret at what had happened.

For the present, Margaret permitted the hedge preaching to go on. She even allowed some churches to be built in the towns; but the patriots were not deceived. They got hold of letters from the regent, in which they learned of the armies being raised to punish them, and that Margaret was deceiving them with fair promises. When they met together to talk over the crisis, their opinions were different. A minority wished to hire Germans, in case of need, to reënforce their own troops, especially when they found out that the king was levying an army to invade their country. Some were timid or would do nothing, while others took the king's side. Egmont made up his quarrel with Margaret, and was pacified. Hoorn retired to his own house at Weert. William of Orange went into Holland.

Margaret now thought she had broken up the league of nobles; for about one third of them had abandoned the patriot cause and ranged themselves on her side, while the others were scattered. She now threw off the mask, enlarged the army, and began punishing all who had taken part in the late disorder. The

HEDGE PREACHING.

Reformed worship was forbidden. When, in March, 1567, the people of Valenciennes, a place long noted for its lace, refused to admit her soldiers within their walls, she ordered the town to be besieged. She now demanded that all members of the council of state should take oath to be faithful to the Roman Church, and uphold her in her politics. Egmont and most of the other nobles took the oath; but Orange, Brederode, Hoorn, and Hoogstraaten refused.

At this time the people of the Reformed faith were divided in their councils. Anabaptists, Calvinists, and Lutherans often mistrusted and even hated each other as bitterly as had the various orders within the old Church. All this strengthened the hands of Margaret and the followers of the Pope.

Meanwhile, William, prince of Orange, who was a shrewd politician, kept himself informed of the secrets of the Spanish king; for he paid the clerk to the king's secretary in Madrid three hundred crowns a year for sending him copies of documents taken at night from his royal master's pockets. Orange knew that he must either conform to the king's orders or escape to some other country. Egmont became a hot royalist. Brederode retired to the town of Vianen, and fortified it.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Some of the other confederated nobles were attacked at Ostrawaal, near Antwerp, and badly defeated. A force of three thousand Protestants, who were marching to help their fellow believers shut up in Valenciennes, was routed and scattered. Then the city surrendered, after a siege of five months. Two hundred of the people were brutally murdered in cold blood.

The outlook was now very black ; for instead of Philip's coming to show mercy, the merciless duke of Alva was rapidly advancing from the south with an army of Spaniards and Italians. The time had come for Egmont and Orange to part, one from the other, never more to look upon each other's face. A popular story declares that, in his haste, Orange's head was uncovered. At their farewell meeting, Egmont said, " Good-by, Prince without a hat ; " and Orange replied, even more mournfully, " Good-by, Count without a head."

At the Spanish council in Madrid, three nobles pleaded for mercy and methods of wise gentleness ; but Granvelle the cardinal and the duke of Alva urged a policy of fire and blood. One side argued that the Netherlanders were quiet, serious people, who would yield to kindness and reason. The others declared

HEDGE PREACHING

that Dutchmen were only "men of butter," able to raise hens and chickens, but that they would not fight.

How strange that Philip could not know that people who had for a thousand years been battling against the sea were too brave and earnest to be trifled with; but he was too blind a bigot to see anything very clearly beyond what he had been educated to believe. He was a typical Spaniard; and his pride was the cause of his ruin.

CHAPTER XIX

MARCH OF THE SPANIARDS — FLIGHT OF THE FLEMINGS

Now began the gathering and the march of the Spanish army, numbering over ten thousand men, and one of the finest that had been seen in Europe since the days of the Roman legions. This army, so handsomely equipped, did not stand for freedom, but for oppression. It represented all the elements of the old, the mediæval world, that was already passing away, though nobles, soldiers, and priests could not see it. Nor could these splendid warriors dream that the sailors, peasants, merchants, and men of the new world — the new world of the printing press, the open Bible, and the free school — were in the end to triumph.

The Spanish and Italian veterans believed in the king and the holy corporation called the Church, and in government for the sake of the governors, instead of the governed; and they believed that God was on their side. To support Philip's army, even the clergy and inquisi-

MARCH OF THE SPANIARDS

tors contributed their money as if it were for a crusade. Spanish noblemen, eager to kill heretics, and also to get rich off their spoil, came with the army as volunteers. Over the mountains of Italy, and down through Switzerland and France, this splendid body of men marched. They were mostly veterans, the officers in gold inlaid armor, and the soldiers with hats of steel, and armed with the finest weapons of keenest temper. Large numbers among them were equipped with firearms. When they reached the Netherlands and joined the other troops, the united forces were twenty thousand strong.

When the news was confirmed that this army of chastisement had really begun its march, the country seemed paralyzed. At once, from the Belgian or southern Netherlands chiefly, began a great exodus of the people to lands of refuge, in order to escape death and loss of property. Hundreds of thousands fled to England, Holland, Germany, and Denmark. Nobles, merchants, mechanics, peasants, and laborers were mixed together in the great company that turned their backs upon the homeland and set their faces north, east, and west. On large ships and small, and on fishing boats, they fled across the channel, making in all, counting those of earlier flight, a hundred thousand people, who

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

settled mostly in the southern and eastern towns of England.

Many of these emigrants were, in reality, as they called themselves, "beggars." These had to be helped by the magistrates and the charity of the people of the English, Dutch, and German towns and cities. Most of them, however, were thrifty, God-fearing, and Bible-reading people, with enough money to maintain themselves and to start industries new to the countries in which they began life afresh. They enjoyed family worship and loved their religion, considering conscience more than life.

These Netherlanders so enriched England with their new trades and "mysteries," that Queen Elizabeth was only too glad to welcome them in her realm. In a great industrial procession at Norwich, in which these "Flemings" surprised the English with their wonderful machines, inventions, and occupations, she was present in great state. Indeed, these refugees changed England from an agricultural country that raised only sheep and wool, and had little or no foreign commerce, into one that soon, with manufactures and commerce, led the world.

The Belgic Netherlands lost, during the

MARCH OF THE SPANIARDS

seventeen years, from 1567 to the capture of Antwerp by Parma in 1585, a million people, the most industrious and capable in the country; while the Spanish armies, often unpaid and mutinous, were like seventeen-year locusts, eating up the country. This was the beginning of that "eighty years' war," during which 350,000 Spaniards or their mercenaries were to find graves in the soil of the Netherlands.

Margaret had feared just what came to pass. The Spanish army, she thought, would only stir up fresh troubles and depopulate the country; so she begged her brother the king to stop the march of the troops. Philip's only reply was in ordering Alva to hasten his steps. When Egmont came out to meet Alva, the latter said, "Here comes the arch-heretic." When the Dutch nobles, hoping by their courtesy to soften the duke, congratulated him, he said, "Welcome or not, it is all one. Here I am."

Margaret, now very angry, asked her royal brother that she might be dismissed. Alva soon showed her what he had come for. He garrisoned the towns and kept the keys of the gates. He had Counts Hoorn and Egmont and other nobles arrested, thrown into prison, and their household effects and papers seized;

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

but Hoogstraaten escaped. When Granvelle, "the red fellow" in Madrid, heard that Alva had seized the nobles, he asked whether they had caught William the Silent. When they told him no, he replied, "Ah, then, if *he* is not in the nest, Alva has caught nothing."

The duke of Alva began to obtain, as far as possible, the charters of the cities, and to break both their seals and the king's promises. The Pope had given permission to the king of Spain to be rid of his oath, and to lie instead of keeping his promises. Alva erected what he called a Council of Troubles, but which soon received the name from the people of the Council of Blood. It was made up of twelve members, with a Spaniard at the head. In it was a judge named Hessels, who was often asleep during the trials, but who usually voted "To the gallows! To the gallows!" It is not wonderful that, having hanged so many others, Hessels himself was at last, eleven years afterwards, hanged to a tree by the people of Ghent.

Margaret soon after resigned and left the country, and the duke of Alva became governor-general. He had those who had worn the Beggars' badges, or drunk their health, put to death. He had rich people tried and their

MARCH OF THE SPANIARDS

property seized, after which they were dragged at the tail of a horse to the gallows and hanged, while the poor were tortured and put to death at once. It was common to find trees loaded with corpses, and bodies burned, mangled, and headless, or fastened to stakes. Within a few weeks, hundreds of people were put to death, Alva declaring that the king would rather see the whole country a desert than allow a single heretic to live in it. All business was for a time stopped. Thousands of the fugitive men enlisted in the army of the Huguenots in France, while the "Wild Beggars" in the woods of West Flanders, who had to get food or starve, became a terror to the country; but many of these were caught and quickly put to death by Alva's soldiers.

Alva made war even on children. The son of William the Silent, then a student at the University of Louvain, was seized and sent to Spain. The brothers William and Louis of Nassau, and the nobles Brederode and Hoogstraaten, were summoned to the court. Alva fortified the frontier towns on the German as well as on the French side, and began to complete a strong citadel at Antwerp.

One hundred thousand people had in the one year of 1568 left the Netherlands to escape

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

the Inquisition and Alva. Many of these were seafaring men from towns on the coast. As exiles from home, these ship captains, sailors, and fishermen were not content to settle down quietly, but longed to be on the waves again. They quickly took to the sea to destroy Spanish commerce and revenge the death of those whom Alva beheaded. At first freebooters and pirates, they became in time the liberators of their country. We shall soon hear of these "Water Beggars," or "Beggars of the Sea."

It was about this time that the flag of the Netherlands, the Dutch tri-color, took its rise. These brave patriots looked to the prince of Orange, the stadholder of Holland, as their leader, and so they chose as their standard the three principal colors on his coat of arms, orange, white, and blue. At first the common sailors did not know how to arrange them in their proper order, and those who had charge of the ship's flag would sometimes put the blue or white topmost. Then the captain would roar out, "Oranje boven," — the orange color first, on top, or "Up with the orange." Thus it came to pass that orange, white, and blue became the national colors for a century or more, and the cry "Oranje boven" continues to this day.

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTLE OF HEILIGERLEE

WILLIAM OF ORANGE, now feeling that there was no hope of reconciliation with the king, published, in 1568, in several languages, a defense of his conduct, and reviewed the events of the last few years. He then began to raise an army. He declared that the penal edicts had been enacted for the purpose of rooting out the pure word and service of God.

On his banners were his own ancestral coat of arms. It was rich in the colors orange, white, and blue, and in lion emblems. One of the four large quarterings bore seventeen turf-brick marks, representing the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The smaller shield overlapping the quarterings had on it the hunting-horns of his ancestor, a grandson of Charlemagne. On the heart, and in the centre of all, he set the cross of Geneva, the city of Calvin, in token of his own faith founded on the Bible. On another banner was the emblem of the mother pelican in the nest, feeding her young

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

with blood from her own breast, with the motto, *Pro rege, pro lege, pro grege*; that is, "For the king, for the law, for the commonwealth." Still other banners were embroidered with the emblem of the beggar's bowl and sack. In those days there was scarcely any idea of government without a king or prince of some sort, and so, although Philip was the chief enemy of the people, and William was fighting against him, yet, since he was a ruler undeposed, William's motto was *Pro rege*; that is, "For the king." He was fighting in Philip's name, just as our fathers, before July 4, 1776, fought the battle of Lexington and marched to Bunker Hill in the name of King George III.

William was slow and deliberate; of his four brothers, Henry was the youngest, Louis was the most impulsive and hasty, Adolph was the most eager, and John, the next oldest to William, was the most statesmanlike.

Hastily gathering a few hundred soldiers, Louis invaded Groningen. At a place called Heiligerlee, and meaning the Holy Lea, or the Holy Lion, he met the Spanish, Italian, and German troops which Alva had sent to meet him. The Spaniards had a battery of field pieces which were named do, re, mi, fa, sol, etc., after the notes in the musical scale.

THE BATTLE OF HEILIGERLEE

On May 23, 1568, the patriots pretending to retreat, the Spanish soldiers gave hot pursuit, and Louis, thus luring the enemy into swampy ground, won a great victory. Six hundred of the enemy were slain and their baggage and cannon captured, but alas! the brave young Count Adolph was killed. Three hundred years after this event, a monument was erected on the spot to his memory. It shows the angry lion of Holland and mother Batavia holding a shield of defense over her son.

When Alva heard the news of this victory of the Beggars, he was infuriated. He immediately ordered eighteen noblemen, then in prison, to be brought forth into the horse market at Brussels, where their heads were cut off. The bodies of seven of them were left on the highway to rot. Egmont and Hoorn were tried, as it now seems in mockery, and were condemned to death. On June 5, 1568, they were conducted by two thousand soldiers to the scaffold in the same horse market at Brussels. The people could hardly believe that two noblemen of ancient families, who had served the king so long and well, could be so cruelly put to death. They gathered in such crowds that Alva feared a rescue. The axemen severed

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

their heads. These were then stuck on iron poles and exposed during two hours.

After the soldiers had gone away, thousands rushed to the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in the count's blood, to keep as mementoes, while many a stalwart man there vowed not to cut his hair, nails, or beard, till the blood of these martyrs was avenged. Indeed, for years afterwards, the fierce fighting Beggars were noted for the long hair on their faces and heads. One man's beard grew down to his feet and had to be carried on his shoulders. While patriots swore vengeance, even Spanish soldiers shed tears. To-day, in Brussels, two marble statues of these unhappy men, set over a fountain, commemorate Egmont and Hoorn.

Having thus struck terror into the hearts of all, Alva marched at the head of his own best troops into Groningen. The soldiers of Count Louis were mostly Germans who served only for pay. He had no money for their wages, and when Alva appeared, they mutinied, broke ranks, and fled. In the battle which ensued at Jemmingen, the Spaniards, led by Alva in person, slaughtered thousands of them. From the battle, or rather massacre, Louis escaped only by leaping into the river Ems and swim-

THE BATTLE OF HEILIGERLEE

ming lustily. He reached the opposite shore, nearly naked, and alone in a foreign land.

Yet without bating a jot of heart or hope, Louis rallied his forces and moved on to join his brother William in Germany, who had sold his family plate and jewels to raise funds, and had now over twelve thousand men and ten pieces of artillery. They marched southward against the duke of Alva, at Maastricht, where were now over twenty-one thousand men in waiting. Orange crossed the river Maas October 5, by night, under the light of the moon, and camped on the opposite shore; but Alva would not fire a shot. He fought him, only with the weapons of time, patience, and retreat. These, strange to say, completely defeated the prince of Orange. Alva garrisoned the towns so that no one could help the patriot cause with men, money, or food. He cut off all William's supplies, knowing that he would soon have his money spent and could not pay his troops, who were Germans, and that these mercenaries would mutiny.

The shrewd old Spanish veteran, who was great in that he could conquer himself, was right in his ideas. William was unable to get further supplies, and, with an empty treasury, he was obliged to disband his army at Stras-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

burg. Alva, overjoyed at his bloodless victory, reared a bronze statue of himself in Antwerp, made of the cannon which he had captured from Louis at Jemmingen. He then distributed his troops throughout the cities, but Amsterdam was excused from quartering a garrison, by paying two hundred thousand guilders.

Alva, at the point of the sword, forced the new bishops and the decrees of the Council of Trent upon the people. He demanded from each city its charter, but the great council of Leyden refused to obey the order. Thereupon this city was marked for vengeance. Meanwhile, the hanging, burning, and beheading went on.

The Pope was so pleased with Alva's work that he sent him a holy hat and sword. At the same time he excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, but this only inclined her to help the Netherlanders. When, further, Elizabeth seized the money found in some Spanish ships at Southampton, Alva arrested the English merchants in the Netherlands, and all trade was stopped between the two countries for nearly four years. Nevertheless, Alva had no cash on hand to pay his troops and soon found himself in deep trouble. He had promised,

THE BATTLE OF HEILIGERLEE

when he left Spain, that he would make a stream of silver a yard deep flow into the king's coffers. Knowing very little about business matters, he levied a tax of ten per cent. on all things bought and sold. This roused first the hatred, and then the defiance of the Dutch, to an uncontrollable degree. In Zeeland and Holland especially, the feeling was intense.

Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, went into Germany. There he met the prince of Orange and told him the state of affairs, how that the whole people, without regard to their religious opinions, were bitter against Alva and the new tax. At once William saw his opportunity. He determined to make use of the brave sailors, so numerous in Zeeland and Holland. He gave commissions to the privateers, who were at once called the Water Beggars. These men strapped across their breast, or fastened on their hats, a silver crescent with the words, "Better Turk than Papist." They also hoisted the orange, white, and blue flag of freedom, and put the arms of the prince on their banners. Prince William arranged also to receive aid and gifts through his agents in the different towns, hoping soon to lead another army. Before he could do anything, a great

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

flood of water rolled over part of the country, in November, 1570, breaking the dikes and sweeping away houses, trees, cattle, and human beings in one ruin. So nothing could be done that year. Meanwhile, he gave command of his little navy to William Van der Mark, of whom we shall hear again.

CHAPTER XXI

THE VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE had hard work to find some place on the earth's surface where his little navy would be welcome. The Water Beggars were desperate men, led by Van der Mark, one of many who had sworn not to cut hair or beard till Egmont's death was avenged.

The Beggars of the Sea were not popular anywhere; for they failed to be particular whose vessels they seized. All the Dutch ports were in control of the officers of Philip II., and the kings of Denmark and Sweden would not allow them to enter their harbors, so the havens of England were the only ones in which they could cast anchor. When Alva heard of their being received by the English, he sent word to Elizabeth not to welcome pirates and rebels from the king of Spain's dominions. So the English queen, who feared a war with Spain, ordered the Beggars to quit her dominion. Then the fleet, flaunting the tri-color flag of freedom, was driven out to sea.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Nevertheless, this harsh treatment gave them their opportunity, and an unexpected victory on land.

These Sea Beggars, under William Van der Mark and Treslong, moved out into the English Channel and the North Sea. They captured two ships under the Spanish flag almost as soon as they started. They then sailed into the Texel, and attacked the Spanish ships lying there, but a great storm came on and drove them back. Unable to go north, they boldly dashed into the river Maas April 1, 1572, and came to the town of Briel, from which the garrison had gone to Utrecht to collect "the tenth penny."

Briel was the seaport for trade and passengers for England. The Beggars quickly seized the place and hoisted the colors of Orange on the lofty church tower, whence they could be descried by the people for miles around. Maddened by previous Spanish cruelties, they smashed the images in the churches. After hanging thirteen of the priests, they dressed themselves in their splendid robes and strutted about in mockery of their office.

This bold and brave exploit of the Water Beggars at Briel sent a thrill of courage throughout the country. Their example was

VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS

quickly followed. The towns of Veer, Hoorn, and others defiantly raised the colors of the prince of Orange.

The duke of Alva was in a rage when he heard the news. The word "brill," or "briel," in Dutch, means a pair of spectacles, and the funny men made a verse in rhyme, which people sang on the streets. It ran as follows:—

"Op den eersten April
Vierloor Alva zyn brill ;"

or, as Motley puts it in English:—

"On April Fool's Day
Duke Alva's spectacles
Were stolen away,"—

though the Dutch know nothing of an April Fool's Day.

Alva had already punished the cities of Utrecht and Brussels for not approving of his policy. The first had refused to consent to the tax of the tenth penny. When the citizens appealed to the king, he, to vex them, further ordered out the Spanish garrisons from Leyden, Haarlem, Delft, and Briel, and quartered them all in Utrecht. By doing this, he gave the Beggars the chance which they improved at Briel. Amsterdam was fined heavily for not publishing Alva's tax decree. In Brussels, the people shut their shops and refused

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

to do any business. The duke then prepared seventy ladders and ropes, in order to hang seventy of the principal shopkeepers before their own doors on the next night. But when the news of the capture of Briel came, Alva saw his folly, and went no further in the matter. Count Bossu, at Utrecht, went back, hoping to recapture the town he had left.

He and his Spaniards took ship and came down the river Maas to Briel, where the Beggars had fortified themselves. At the right time, when the enemy was in sight, one brave fellow named Rochus Meeuwsen, holding an axe, climbed out over the sluice gates, hacked away the timbers, and opened the sluices, so that the whole country was laid under water. On account of this, the Spaniards could not march along the road, but had to step in single file along the top of the dike. Meanwhile the cannon from the city walls played on them, and their vessels in the river were all set on fire or captured. Finding the flood rising higher and higher, Bossu's men, in much lessened numbers, retreated by wading, swimming, or groping through marshes, and got back to Dordrecht very wet, very tired, and very hungry. As maddened as wounded tigers, they thirsted for any and all Dutchmen's blood.

VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS

Later obtaining ships and boats, they dropped down the Maas to Rotterdam.

Bossu informed the city authorities that he was on his way to The Hague, and wished to pass peacefully through Rotterdam. After promising to go through the city, marching only one file of men at a time, the Spaniards were admitted. Immediately breaking their promise, they rushed through the streets, slaughtering men, women, and children. They behaved more like devils than human beings. At one house, a clever woman saved the lives of the people inside. She quickly killed a cat, and shook or smeared its blood over the steps and doorposts. The Spaniards, thinking that the people in that house had been already murdered, did not go in. Thus the inmates, though long in terror while hiding in the cellar, saved their lives. Ever afterwards, this house was called the House of a Thousand Fears. The hero of this Rotterdam episode was Black John, who laid about with his hammer and killed a number of Spaniards. To-day, one reads on the street cars the name of this local hero, Swarte Jan; for there is a street named after him. The Spaniards left Rotterdam looking like a slaughter house and then moved on to The Hague. On the eastern

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

gate of Holland's second city is inscribed the date of this awful episode, April 9, 1572.

A great river is like a door opening into a country, and a seaport near its mouth is the key which opens or shuts the door. Briel was the key to the river Maas, and Alva had lost it. He now determined to make sure of Flushing, the key to the river Scheldt. He ordered the citadel to be completed, and sent fifteen hundred Spaniards to garrison the city. But the people rose up in arms, and, getting help from the Water Beggars and from England, they drove out the Spaniards and hanged the Italian engineer Pacheco, in revenge for the death of Treslong's brother, whom Alva had put to death in 1568. In the Flushing museum, we may still see the unfortunate man's helmet preserved among the many curiosities there.

Soon after this, a fleet of forty ships, with twenty-five hundred soldiers on board and many hundred barrels of money, arrived at Flushing from Spain. Not knowing that the city had been taken, all the Spaniards were captured by the combined forces of the Flushing men and the Water Beggars. Because Alva had hanged his prisoners taken in battle, the Dutchmen were determined to make him

VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS

fight more humanely, and so, in retaliation, they threw their prisoners overboard.

Alva still expected to smother the Dutchmen in their own smoke, but he had another thorn in his side when the news came of a great victory of the Beggars in the south — the capture, on May 24, of Mons in Hainault, by Louis of Nassau, who had obtained French aid. Alva could hardly believe this news, because his spies had seen Louis only a few days before playing tennis in Paris. He at once called his troops out of Holland to recover Mons, and this gave the Beggars or patriots in Walcheren, the largest of the islands of Zeeland, in which the cities of Flushing, Middelburg, and Goes are situated, time to organize their forces.

By this time thousands of Englishmen, feeling that the Dutch cause was theirs, and that if little Holland went down before giant Spain England would go next, began to stream over into the Netherlands as volunteers. About two hundred of them were already in Walcheren, under Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Thomas Morgan. In the north, the people of Enkhuizen raised the Orange banner under the leadership of Sonoy. Other towns followed their example. In South Holland, the little city

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

republics of Oudewater, Gouda, Delft, Leyden, and Dordrecht hoisted the Orange colors. So it came to pass that, within three months, the only important town in Holland held, in 1572, by the Spaniards was Amsterdam. In Friesland, the party of the Beggars was very strong. Sneek, Bolsward, Franeker, and Dokkum joined the patriots, and the Spanish garrisons in Stavoren and Leeuwarden were besieged by the men under the orange, white, and blue flag.

All this compelled Alva to do what he ought to have done months before; that is, to take off the taxes which the Dutch had not voted, especially the odious "tenth penny." The Dutch congress, made up of nobles and delegates from a dozen cities, met at Dordrecht, acknowledged the prince of Orange as their stadholder, and voted plenty of money for the support of the war against the Spaniards. They were led by Philip Van Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde, of whom we shall hear more, who was a great and good man, and who wrote the "Wilhelmus Lied," the national hymn of Holland. They also appointed William Van der Mark as captain-general.

In the south, Alva sent first his son Don Frederic, and then went himself, with a large army, to capture Mons. William of Orange

VICTORIES OF THE WATER BEGGARS

marched from Germany to the same place, but Alva was again very shrewd, and refused to give Orange battle. While helpless in this condition, "Father William" heard the awful news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which nearly all the French Huguenot friends of the Netherlands had perished at the hands of assassins. After nearly fifteen thousand cannon balls had been fired into the city of Mons, Louis had to surrender, on September 25. He rose from a sick bed to offer his sword. On his way back to Brussels, Alva allowed his soldiers to rob and pillage Mechlin and other cities.

William of Orange was obliged to retreat again into Germany and dismiss his army; for his men were clamoring for their pay. They even threatened to seize his body as security. We shall see that until a regular army of native Dutch patriots was formed, no progress was made in field warfare; for no dependence could be placed upon mercenaries.

CHAPTER XXII

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, AND LEYDEN

THE Beggars had not succeeded very well in Zeeland. After failing to take Middelburg, they, with their British and French allies, tried to capture the pretty little city of Goes, in which Jacqueline of Bavaria used to live, and which was now held by the Spaniards.

Alva, being able to spare some of his best men, sent three thousand of them, led by the brave old Colonel Mondragon, — who lived to be ninety-three years old, — across the water into Walcheren, to help the garrison. In this march, with only their heads above water, the Spaniards performed one of the most daring exploits of the war. For lack of boats, they could not cross over to the island in the ordinary way; but led by a skillful guide who knew of a narrow, slippery path under water, these brave fellows waded six miles. Putting their provisions and ammunition on their heads, they moved on, up to their necks in water.

During all the time of their passage, the

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

Water Beggars in their ships fired with cannon and muskets, or killed their enemies with oars or boat-hooks. Yet they could not stop the determined Spaniards, who pressed on, drove the besiegers into their ships, and held not only Goes but most of Zeeland, though Zierikzee and the island of Schouwen still held out for the prince of Orange. To-day, in Spain, the sword of Mondragon is used as a lightning rod, and his descendants are honored as those of the "Marquis of the Honorable Passage."

In spite of all his failures in war, William of Orange was beloved and trusted by the people. Coming back from Germany, he landed at Enkhuizen, and went to Haarlem to meet the Dutch congress. One of the first things done was to reform the army and navy; for in robbing and insulting the people, Van der Mark and his soldiers were almost as bad as the Spaniards.

Old Alva went to Nymegen to rest. His son, Don Frederic, marched to Zutphen, which he entered, and then treated the people as if they had been besieged; for he ordered five hundred of them to be drowned. This was like savagery; but the worst Spanish outrages were at Naarden, to which Count Bossu was dis-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

patched to demand its surrender. The delegates sent from the town, December, 1572, to treat with the Spaniards received a promise that the lives and property of the people should be preserved, both parties joining hands to the compact. The city gates were then opened, and the Spaniards marched in.

While the citizens went unarmed to take oath to the king, the women prepared a good dinner for the king's soldiers. After this, all the people were told to go into the little Gasthuis church, which they did. Then the signal was given, a fearful massacre began, and in a few minutes hundreds of people were slaughtered. One brave fellow, Hubert Williamson, defended himself. Seizing a three-legged stool in his left hand and using it as a shield, and holding a sword in his right hand, he stood in front of his house and fought a whole troop of Spaniards, killing several of them. At length he was wounded and overpowered by numbers. When his daughter pleaded for her father's life, the Spaniards picked up his fingers, cut off by grasping their swords, and flung them in her face. The town was completely stripped, and, as it was forbidden to bury the dead, the corpses were left in the streets during the winter.

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

Alva's purpose in this brutality was to frighten the people of the other towns; but instead, the Spanish outrages only roused the Dutchmen to fresh fury. Turning his back on Naarden, Don Frederic laid siege to Haarlem. All who favored Philip and the Pope were sent out of the city, and the patriots determined to fight to the last. They established the Reformed religion, and took the statues out of the churches to make breastworks of them. The garrison consisted chiefly of English, Scottish, and German soldiers, with five hundred and fifty Netherlanders. On December 10, 1572, Don Frederic began his march, and the siege on the same day. It was intensely cold, but he expected to capture the city in a week. Planting fifteen pieces of cannon near the Cross Gate, he made a breach; but the Haarlemmers built a new inside wall. Such a fort, crescent-shaped, was called a Half Moon, which the bold sailors of Henry Hudson and other navigators afterwards took as the lucky name of their ships.

The women and children of Haarlem helped in the work of the defense of the city. The famous widow, Kenau Van Hasselaer, a woman of rank and fortune, formed a battalion of three hundred women and drilled them in the use

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of the musket and sword, the pick and the spade. These brave women kept guard and fought on the walls. The lake of Haarlem being frozen over, the people of Leyden were able to furnish food and ammunition on sledges, and aid was sent also from Delft. On the last day of January, 1573, the Spaniards made another determined assault, but were blown up with gunpowder stored in mines, or were driven back. Angry at their defeat, they cut off the head of one of the men from Delft who were trying to reënforce Haarlem, and flung it over the walls.

To revenge this insult, the Haarlemmers beheaded eleven Spanish prisoners, packed a barrel with the bloody produce, and rolled it toward the Spanish camp. Inside was a paper telling the besiegers that Alva could have his ten pence, with one for interest. Other savage acts were done on both sides.

The intense cold, the general sickness prevailing in the camp, and the desertion of so many of his troops, made Don Frederic want to give up the siege; but his stern father said that if his son was unable, he would send for his son's mother, in Spain, to take his place. When the frost broke up, Count Bossu, having cut a dike and let in water over the fields,

THE WOMEN SOLDIERS OF HAARLEM



NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

opened a passage for a fleet of sixty vessels from Amsterdam. After this, the Leyden people could not help their friends in Haarlem. When carrier pigeons were used, they were brought down by the Spanish sharpshooters, so that the besiegers' plans and those of their friends were made known to the enemy.

The winter was over, but there was no food. The spring of 1573 had well advanced, and the people inside the walls were eating cats, dogs, and rats to sustain life. The Spaniards had received fresh reënforcements. A force of patriots marching from Delft, Leyden, and Rotterdam, to aid their countrymen, was ambushed and cut to pieces. The streets of Haarlem were crowded with the sick and dying. Don Frederic, fearing those inside would set the city on fire, sent a trumpeter to promise mercy. A conference was held, and after seven months' siege the city surrendered, July 12, 1573. The Spaniards had lost twelve thousand men. Once inside the city, as one of their own authors says, they hanged, beheaded, or drowned two thousand people.

Thus closed one of the darkest days for Holland. Further resistance seemed hopeless; for there was no way of raising any more money or men to fight. The Hollanders were

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

peaceful people, who had for generations known next to nothing about war. Their towns were poorly fortified, and were without arsenal stores or provisions.

Yet all this time the courage of William of Orange did not fail; for he trusted in God and lived up to his motto, "Always tranquil amid the waves." One great benefit came to his side from the enemy, in that the Spanish soldiers were paid very irregularly. Usually, after every victory, there was a great mutiny. Such an episode, which always helped the Dutch cause, happened after the siege of Haarlem, and delayed progress for many weeks. Don Frederic's troops, being nearly two years and a half behind in their wages, rebelled; but as soon as this matter was settled, and they had their money in hand, their leader marched to Alkmaar to besiege and storm the little town.

Again fresh surprises awaited Don Frederic. Sonoy's soldiers, though out in the country and busy in cutting off supplies, were unable to reënforce the garrison. Yet the plain citizens, men, women, and children, fought with such valor and energy that the Spaniards were driven back, and some of them even refused to fight such brave people. After a month, they met a new enemy. What happened at Briel

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

took place here, as it afterwards did at Leyden. The Dutch made the waters their friends and rolled them over the Spanish camps, washing these out. Sonoy's men chopped away the wooden locks in the canals, opened the sluices, and let in the water all over the country. Soon the Spaniards in their camps were up to their ankles in it, with the prospect that before long the water would be up to their knees, and even their thighs. All their fires were put out, so that they could not cook their food, not even their hodge-podge of meat and vegetables. Afraid of being drowned, they broke camp October 8, 1573, and hastily fled to Amsterdam, looking like a crowd of "Mud Beggars."

Soon after this, a great naval victory took place in the Zuyder Zee. A fleet of twenty-four armed vessels, under Admiral Dirkson, was cruising about to meet the fleet of Admiral Bossu. Catching sight of them, but not having much powder, the Hollanders ran their little ships in among those of the Spaniards. Dirkson brought his own prow close to the big Spanish flagship, which carried thirty-two guns and was manned by three hundred and fifty men. A daring Dutchman, John Harik, from Hoorn, sprang up the Spanish rigging. Climbing up as swiftly as a monkey, he tore

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

down the admiral's flag. A Spaniard instantly shot him dead, but the episode cheered the Dutchmen and chilled the Spaniards' ardor. The battle lasted from the afternoon of the 11th of October until noon the next day, when, three Spanish vessels being sunk or captured, the others escaped by throwing their cannon overboard. Bossu was captured and kept a prisoner in Hoorn for three years, when he was exchanged for Marnix, of whom we shall hear again.

By this time Alva needed a new pair of spectacles to see affairs in their proper light. Nearly all North Holland was under the control of Orange. In all of the towns, magistrates and people determined to perish, man by man, rather than be slaves. Tired out with his hard and bloody work in trying to exterminate such obstinate people, Alva left Amsterdam by night, without even paying his debts. He then gave up his command and went back to Spain. He left behind him a reputation that has become a proverb for villainy, brutality, and the butchery of Christian people. Nevertheless, after leaving Holland, he served his king again with success in southern Europe. In ten weeks he conquered Portugal, which was united with the crown of Spain.



NAVAL BATTLE IN THE ZUYDER ZEE, 1573

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

Philip appointed a new commander of the Spanish army, Don Luis de Requesens, who had won fame in fighting the Turks at the battle of Lepanto. Great things were expected of him. His first work was to collect at Antwerp a fleet of forty vessels in order to relieve old Colonel Mondragon, who had been shut up by the patriots in Middelburg for two years. Half of the fleet of Requesens was met by the Water Beggars, led by Admiral Boisot, who attacked so fiercely that while Don Luis stood on the top of a dike to watch the battle, ten of his largest ships were destroyed. The others sailed back to Antwerp. Again the Beggars were masters of Zeeland and of the sea. It had cost the king of Spain seven million florins to hold Middelburg. Now, both the city and the money were gone.

Nevertheless, it was hard for the Water Beggars to keep alive; for they had no wages. They had to live upon what the people could give them, or what they could get in their captured prizes. For weeks together, they had often nothing but hard bread and salted herring. Yet they were no more afraid of death than they were of hunger or hardships. When one of their own ships was likely to be captured, they were pretty sure to thrust

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

a torch into the powder magazine and blow the vessel and themselves to pieces, rather than be made prisoners. Gaunt, hairy, and terribly scarred and mutilated were these desperate fellows. Many of their long beards were now months old, because of their oath not to shave or cut their hair till Egmont was avenged. We shall hear of these Water Beggars again and of Boisot, their commander, at Leyden, which city was now being surrounded by the Spaniards. The siege began October 31, 1573.

Louis of Nassau, brother of William, was not very successful in his military movements, and again he was doomed to defeat. He raised an army of nearly ten thousand men, mostly French, but with some Germans. He crossed the Rhine from Germany and marched to meet his brother William at Bommelwart, with the idea of a joint movement for the relief of Leyden, but on reaching the desolate heath of Mook, the Spaniards, under Commander Avila, met him. In the battle, which took place April 14, 1574, the generous blood of the Nassau princes again dyed red the soil of the Netherlands. After his men had been driven back by the lancers and musket-men of Avila, Louis and Henry, the two brothers

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN
of William the Silent, headed a desperate cavalry charge and plunged into a whirlwind of dust and blood. They were never again seen, nor were their bodies found. It is believed that these were so trampled in the mire by the horses' hoofs that they could not be recognized. Not until a few years ago was a monument erected to their memory, in the little church of Mook near the battlefield.

In 1898, at the festivities at Queen Wilhelmina's coronation, the people sang in the Begijn Hof in Amsterdam, —

“For us the Nassau princes
Died on battlefield;” —

recalling the sad memories of Mookerheide.

Again Spanish bad management helped the patriot cause. Philip's soldiers, who had not been paid for three years, broke out into mutiny and marched back to Antwerp, where they lived on the citizens. While they were there, Admiral Boisot dashed upon the Spanish fleet, captured five and burned three vessels, seizing a large quantity of silver, which had been put on the ship to save it from the pillage of the Spanish soldiers.

From the 26th of March, 1574, when the Spaniards left the forts in front of Leyden to march south and fight Louis of Nassau

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

at Mook, the siege was interrupted for two months. But on May 26, the people of Leyden saw in the distance the blue and white banners of Alva, and the victorious Spaniards, led by Valdez, reappeared. The Leyden people had been so very glad to see their tormentors gone that, during the two months' respite, they had neglected to lay up stores of food or to destroy the Spanish forts. Don Luis de Requesens, knowing this, promptly sent back eight thousand men to besiege the city, which had no garrison except its own burgher guards. The Spanish commander sent a letter, promising pardon to the Leydeners; but they answered with a sheet of paper on which was written: "The fowler plays sweet notes on his pipe, while he spreads his net for the birds." Valdez, in charge of the besieging force, built sixty-two forts around the town, not only to reduce the city by cannonading the walls, but to prevent relief by any attack in the rear.

The prospect became very dark for the Dutch, but they had one friend in reserve all ready to fight for them. The ocean waves were made to be allies with the Dutch against the Spaniards. William of Orange, at Rotterdam, summoned Admiral Boisot with his terrible band of Water Beggars, numbering nearly

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

a thousand scarred and maimed men, who hated the Spaniards with a frenzy of passion and were under oath to die rather than submit to the Pope or the Inquisition. One of them, Captain Hoen, had with only eighteen men, handling muskets and their long sharp-pronged poles used in leaping ditches, killed 120 Spaniards on a narrow dike. The seamen manned two hundred flat-bottomed boats, built at Delft, Schiedam, or Rotterdam, each one being armed with a cannon at the bow. One was an ironclad. Another was moved by a wheel turned by twelve men.

When these boats were all ready, bands of men were sent forward to cut the dikes. Beginning at the sea, on the Hook of Holland, and running westward forty miles through the country is a great dike, in some places thirty or forty feet high and thick enough to have a wagon road, or street, on the top. This wall of earth protects South Holland from the ocean and river floods, but now necessity required it to be broken through. At Rotterdam and Delfshaven, great breaches many feet wide were now cut into this dike, and through them the waters rolled in, making a lake all the way to Leyden. "Better a drowned land than a lost land" was the Dutch motto. Meanwhile,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

inside the city the people were feeding on roots, leaves, chaff, and boiled hides, while the ladies ate their pet dogs. The plague broke out, and, with disease and famine, over six thousand people had died; yet still the burgo-master, Van der Werf, refused to surrender.

At first the wind was unfavorable and there was not enough water to float the rescuing boats northward, but just at the end of the five months, the wind changed to the northwest. The waters of the river Maas rolled over the country, covering it so that only tall trees and house-tops stuck up out of the water. The boats of the Water Beggars dashed in, and, after terrible fighting, all the forts were taken, except Lammen, the largest of all. Admiral Boisot sent a message by a carrier pigeon to the Leydenese, telling them to make a sally next morning, but that night, October 2, 1574, several wonderful things happened. A large part of the city wall fell down into the ditch, and the Spaniards evacuated their fort, leaving it so suddenly that they did not take time to eat their supper, but left the pot boiling over the fire, with the hodge-podge of meat and vegetables cooking in it.

Early in the morning, October 3, a boy named Gijsbert Cornellisen climbed up the



THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

city walls. Seeing the Spanish fort deserted, he waded and swam out to it. Standing on the rampart, he waved his cap to the Water Beggars, telling them the fort was empty. Then he took the Spanish cooking pot into the city, as proof that Leyden was saved. The Water Beggars now drove their boats along the canals leading into the city and were soon within. As the men, women, and children, gaunt, pale, and tottering, came down to the side of the quay, the rescuers tossed up loaves of bread and bundles of herring.

As soon as most of the people had satisfied their hunger, Admiral Boisot and Burgomaster Van der Werf led the procession, and all went to the great church of St. Peter's to give thanks to God who had made a sea upon the dry land, and rescued them, his way being upon the deep and his path upon the great waters. By a wonderful Providence, the wind soon changed to the northeast, drove back the waters into the ocean again, and dried up the floods. The dikes were again repaired and the land was ready for seed. The admiral was presented with a chain of gold, and the poor were given more money and provisions. Even the carrier pigeons were kept with great care while they lived, and, after their death,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

were stuffed and put in the town hall. There, doubtless, years afterwards, the Pilgrim boys and girls, founders of Massachusetts, who lived in Leyden from 1610 to 1620, enjoyed seeing them. The Spanish cooking pot and battle flags are still kept in the city museum.

To reward the Leyden people for their bravery, a fair was established, in addition to the Kermis, to be held every year on the first of October, and a university was established and endowed with land. The third of October, the day of the rescue, was ever afterwards Thanksgiving Day, and here the Pilgrims first kept, with the Dutch, this annual festival. Only instead of eating turkey and cranberry sauce, it was the custom of the Leydenese to have "huts-pot" or hodge-podge of stewed meat and vegetables as the main dish. The city museum of Leyden still contains many relics of the great siege and of the war for freedom. Merchants came from all parts of the world to show their goods at the annual fair. Leyden became even a greater centre of the wool trade and clothmaking than it had been before, and its wealth increased. The city was enlarged and the university grew to be one of the most famous in the world. In it some of the Pilgrim Fathers

NAARDEN, HAARLEM, ALKMAAR, LEYDEN

were educated, as well as the sons of John Adams, besides hundreds of Americans, and nearly five thousand young men from the British Isles.

CHAPTER XXIII

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

It seemed impossible that brave little Holland, with only six thousand square miles of solid land and less than a million people, could maintain the long battle against so powerful a monarch as Philip and so rich a kingdom as Spain. The Dutch therefore looked about for some sovereign who would defend them. But to whom should they apply — to Germany, England, or France? For the best of reasons they turned to England, whose queen was a descendant of the ancient counts of Holland. Through Philippa, wife of Edward III., the Virgin Queen Elizabeth was a kinswoman to the Dutch, who now wished her to become the countess of Holland and the ruler of the Netherlands.

On the other side, the Spaniards dispatched a high lord to Elizabeth, begging her not to help the Dutch rebels. Thus the English queen was placed, as it were, between two fires. She did not want a war with Spain, nor did

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

she altogether approve of subjects rebelling against their sovereign. So the envoys from both countries were kept waiting a good while in London, and given many flatteries and promises ; for Elizabeth was a coquette, in both love and politics.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were successful in South Holland on land, but the Water Beggars kept the orange, white, and blue flag afloat on the sea. In order to stop their successes, Requesens gathered a fine army of soldiers and once more bade them plunge like spaniels into the water.

The bold and fierce Spaniards, hoping to capture the defiant little city of Zierikzee, followed at night time a slippery submarine path, which had been shown them by some Dutch deserters. With powder and provisions for three days tied about their necks, and with their muskets held above their heads, they marched across the wide Zype waters by night. Their path was lighted only by the flashes of lightning during a terrible storm. After beating the French, Scotch, and English allies at the top of the dike, the Spaniards laid siege to the town of Bommenede ; but not until three weeks had passed could they take it, and then only by assault. When they

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

moved on Zierikzee, the people cut the dikes and so flooded the country that the Spaniards could encamp only on the tops of the dikes or stay in their forts. Consequently, the work of the blockade was both tedious and costly.

In North Holland, the Spaniards made very little progress, and on the fifth of March, 1576, they lost their leader, Don Luis de Requesens, who did one good thing before he died. He introduced into the Netherlands the custom of reckoning the beginning of the year, or New Year's Day, from January first, instead of from Easter eve. The successor of Requesens was Don John of Austria.

All hope of help from England having ceased, Zierikzee surrendered, June 21, 1576, but the Spaniards again lost ground by a mutiny among the troops. Although the Hollanders were so poor, they were honest. Their credit in the money market was good, and the faith which they kept one with the other enabled them to continue the war, while the king of Spain, with all the wealth of the new world at his back, could not pay his soldiers. When he was heavily in debt to the Spanish and Genoese merchants and bankers, he found a new way of getting rid of them. He did not abscond, as Alva did from Amsterdam, but he

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

obtained from the Pope permission to break his promises. So the poor money-lenders got only thanks and compliments, but no coin. Is it any wonder that the Spaniards, notwithstanding their tremendous army and navy, could make very little progress?

After Zierikzee, the Spanish mutineers wasted the open country, marched into Brabant, and seized the town of Alost. In two or three battles, during the year 1576, they beat the patriot troops and then stormed and pillaged Maastricht. Knowing that Antwerp would be the next place to which the mutineers would go, twenty-one new regiments of raw troops were sent into the city as its garrison. The Spaniards, with that sense of power which came from their superb discipline, did not hesitate to attack the rich city. They captured the entrenchments, drove back the raw troops, and at midday began the loot. They burned the town hall, with its archives of precious documents, and five hundred houses in the richest quarter of the city. By dark they had obtained entire possession of Antwerp. They rushed into the houses, murdering men, women, and children, Catholics and Protestants alike, until about twenty-five hundred corpses of the citizens strewed the streets.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

For three days, November 2, 3, and 4, 1576, the city was given up to what was ever afterwards known as the "Spanish Fury." The robbers, after seizing two million crowns worth of money, besides jewels, plate, and furniture, squandered most of it in gambling and debauchery. The wretches could not carry their booty with them, so, in order to keep their gold, they had much of it melted up into sword hilts and breastplates; but the goldsmiths showed that the biters could be bit, for they alloyed the gold one half with copper.

This horrible sack of a friendly city and the murder of so many Catholics led to good results. It stirred up England and her mighty queen, and they became allies of the Dutch. It gave the great statesman William the opportunity for which he had long waited, and which he quickly improved. Within four days, under his influence, there was formed, and signed November 8, what is called the Pacification of Ghent, which bound the Netherland provinces together in union against their enemy. Immediately there was great joy throughout all the Low Countries. The seventeen provinces of the Netherlands were now united together as one.

When Don John of Austria, the new com-

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

mander, arrived, the Netherlanders compelled him to accept the terms of the new constitution. This young man was thirty years of age and had been at the battle of Lepanto. Many people thought that he would be the deliverer of the country, but William of Orange thoroughly mistrusted him, and soon he showed himself to be a traitor; for he seized Namur by fraud and force. The States found that he could not be trusted. The people turned to William of Orange as their leader, and he was elected "ruward," or governor, of Brabant, one of the highest posts of honor and power in the land.

The Flemish noblemen, however, were very jealous of William; for they considered him a German rather than a Dutchman, and his course offended the duke of Aarschot, who, with some other young men, had invited Matthias, the archduke of Austria, and brother of the emperor of Germany, to be the governor of the United Netherlands.

The cause of William of Orange was the cause of the Dutch people. It was soon greatly strengthened by the queen of England making a treaty with the Netherlands as an independent power. She promised to send ten thousand horse and five thousand foot soldiers, and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

to supply another loan of about half a million dollars. Not long after, in 1578, Amsterdam left the side of the king, embraced the Reformed religion, and helped the patriot cause. On the other hand, the king of Spain sent reënforcements under the control of the prince of Parma, so that the royalist army amounted to 16,000 infantry and 7000 cavalry. To excite the consciences of those Catholics who were Dutch patriots, the Pope proclaimed a crusade against the heretics. He blessed the banner of Don John, which had on it a crucifix with the legend, "By this sign I have conquered the Turks, and by this sign I will conquer the heretics."

William of Orange stirred up the congress to raise an army to meet that of Don John and Parma; but the states were slow, being divided by personal jealousy, and disaster again visited them. A battle was fought at Gemblours, in which the Spaniards killed 6000 of the patriots, though they lost only a dozen themselves, while Parma gained a great reputation as a soldier.

Moved to action, the Netherlands states called for an army of 20,000 men, but the condition of the country still continued to be wretched. There were constant quarrels between the

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

Protestants and Catholics, and the campaign of the States' army yielded nothing.

The root of the difficulty was in religion. The far-seeing William, prince of Orange, had long doubted whether the people of the free churches, which were governed by themselves, and those of the churches ruled from Rome, could or would work well together. He himself had been a Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Calvinist in succession. But whatever form of the Christian faith he professed, he would have nothing to do with persecution of others. He was tolerant and believed in freedom of conscience. He was the first of modern rulers to protect the Anabaptists, whom other rulers were torturing or murdering. He wondered why good men did not believe with himself in soul liberty.

He now began to plan a new and more perfect union of those states which had most fully and heartily accepted the principles of the Reformation. With the help of his brother, John of Nassau, he secured a federation of the seven northern provinces of the Netherlands, in which, since the majority of the people were of the Reformed faith, toleration for all kinds of belief might be secured.

The delegates assembled for conference at

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Utrecht, and after long discussion the federation of the states was accomplished. This was the celebrated Union of Utrecht, signed January 23, 1579, by which the United States of the Netherlands came into being, with a written constitution, and under the red, white, and blue flag, a union that was to last for over two hundred years, and on which the Dutch republic was to be built. This event is a landmark in the history of freedom; for it exerted a powerful influence in the making of the English commonwealth and the American republic.

On the military side, the cause of freedom made slow progress. Maastricht was besieged and taken by the Spaniards. Renneburg, the stadholder of Friesland, in 1580, turned traitor and joined the ranks of the enemy. He was the Arnold of the Dutch cause. Yet the king of Spain did not keep his promises, and the foolish and wicked man, Renneburg, lost doubly by this perfidy. There was an insurrection of the Frisian peasantry against the state troops, who were brutal, exacting, and licentious. These peasants carried as a banner the half of an egg shell, to show that they had nothing to fight for but a shell; for they had been robbed of everything else. The active Spaniards besieged Steenwijk and captured Breda.

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

The prince of Parma blockaded Cambrai, which was soon in desperate straits for provisions. One historian tells of a wedding feast given there during the siege. This, in the first course, was a salad dressed with vinegar, without oil or salt. Next came a dish of hash, made of horse flesh, which was set at the top of the table, while at the bottom was the boiled joint of an ass. In the middle were roasts of horse rib on one side and two roasted cats on the other, with a potpie made of cats in the middle. The dessert was radishes and onions, without salt. Yet Parma did not take Cambrai and had to retreat; for the duke of Anjou had come from France to its relief, and to him the states of the Netherlands had offered the countship, or sovereignty.

Hitherto the states had issued their commissions to their officers in the name of the king of Spain; but being convinced that he would never grant liberty of conscience, they dropped the fiction and faced the reality. In July, 1581, the United Netherlands published their declaration of independence. They deposed Philip, and declared themselves sovereign states. They resolved never again to come under the control of the Spanish monarch, no matter what should happen. Besides

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

a defeat of the Dutch troops and allies under the English commander, Sir John Norris, William of Orange lost this year the services of his spy in Madrid, who, as secretary of the king of Spain, had for ten years supplied him with secret information. This man, Andreas, was discovered, tried, and condemned. Each of his hands and legs was tied to a wild horse. The four animals were then driven with whips, and the unfortunate sufferer was pulled to pieces.

While the duke of Anjou was being installed at Antwerp as duke of Brabant, February 18, 1582, an attempt was made to assassinate William of Orange. This was but one of several efforts to get the Dutch leader out of the way. The fanatic fired a pistol into William's face, being so near that the skin was burned. The bullet went into the jaw, but William recovered. The assassin, who was a Spaniard twenty-three years old, was instantly put to death. During William's illness he was tenderly nursed by his wife, Charlotte of Bourbon, a lady of very romantic history, who died soon after her husband recovered, the shock being too great for her. She left six daughters, all of whom grew up to be good and noble women, and princesses of fame.

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

The poor Netherlands were still in a sad plight; for while Philip prepared to push the war with greater vigor, the soldiers of Anjou harmed rather than helped the cause of freedom. At Antwerp, on January 18, 1583, there was a "French fury;" that is, the French soldiers rushed into the city expecting to kill, burn, and rob, as the Spaniards had already done before them; but in this case the citizens acted with such energy and defended themselves so bravely, that the whole affair miserably failed. By this time, the Dutchmen had had enough of foreign help. They were tired of seeking princes from other lands, and disgusted with them. From this day forth, they depended upon themselves, raising up both soldiers and rulers at home.

But just when they were about to decide to make William of Orange, who had long declined the honor, count of Holland, in place of their deposed prince, Philip of Spain, the great man was slain by an assassin. Balthazar Gerard, a young man only twenty-six years old, pretending to be the son of a martyr of the Reformed faith, secured entrance into the chamber of William, in Delft, and actually got from him some money. With this he bought two pistols, loading one with three bul-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

lets. The next day, July 10, 1584, coming to get his passport, he fired at the prince just after he had risen from the dinner table and was mounting the stairway, and killed him. The assassin was put to death with horrible tortures, such as are now employed only by savages, but which were then used by all European nations.

William was buried with unique honors in the great church at Delft, in which all the princes of the house of Orange have since been laid, and where to-day his splendid tomb may be seen. He was the fourth of the five sons of his mother, who, for their adopted country, had poured out blood as well as fortune. William had been four times married. His first wife was Anne of Egmont; his second, Anne of Saxony; his third, Charlotte de Bourbon; and his fourth, Louise de Coligny. At his death, he left ten daughters and three sons. Of the latter, one had been kept in Spain and made a Jesuit, Maurice was the young general, and the baby, Frederick Henry, lived to become the stadholder. William's great and good wife, who survived him, Louise de Coligny, brought up her own son, Frederick Henry, and married all the daughters into princely houses, so that the blood of William

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

the Silent runs in the veins of nearly all the royal families of Europe, making a most wonderful "Orange tree."

William was the leader of the great popular movement which brought independence of Spain and secured the rise of the Dutch Republic. He has always been called *Pater Patriæ*, the Father of his Country, or the Father of the Fatherland. All over the Netherlands, the friends of Spain celebrated the assassination with joy, and kindled bonfires to show their delight. At Bois le Duc, in the morning, the priests sang a *Te Deum*, but at night the lightning struck the church belfry and destroyed it, the rest of the town being unhurt. It is one of the strange things in history that sweet and tender hymns of praise to God, like the *Te Deum*, should be so often chosen to celebrate murder and bloodshed and the triumph of force and fraud.

The Spaniards thought that now the Dutch, having lost their leader, would yield, but instead of this, they began to improve their army and to fight more earnestly. The statesman, John of Barneveldt, was especially active in providing money and supplies. Under the new treaty made with England, Queen Elizabeth sent over, late in 1585, a large fleet and

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

army, with the earl of Leicester as governor-general of the English forces. His arrival at Flushing was celebrated with great splendor.

Parma besieged Antwerp, then under command of Marnix, and by building a bridge across the river Scheldt, succeeded after some months in capturing the once rich city. He made his triumphal entry on August 30, 1585. After this, the Belgian provinces became obedient to the king of Spain, and henceforth took no further part in the struggle for liberty. Antwerp lost its best citizens, mostly men of the Reformed faith, who emigrated to England or went to live in Holland, so that Amsterdam soon became the richest city in Europe.

The English earl of Leicester made himself very unpopular in the Netherlands. His failures were more frequent than his successes, and his blunders were very disastrous. Soon there were quarrels between him and his sovereign, and between him and the States-General. At Warnsveld, near Zutphen, the popular knight and scholarly soldier, Sir Philip Sidney, was wounded, and afterwards died in the same year, 1586, which saw the decease of Cardinal Granvelle and the parents of Parma. Sluys was besieged and Leicester was recalled.

For years the great Spanish Armada had

ENGLAND HELPS HOLLAND

been preparing to invade England, conquer its people, and annex the country to Spain. The army of the duke of Parma was to coöperate with this fleet, land, and govern England; but Parma had no ships, only boats, and these were blockaded by the Water Beggars, so that they could not get out to cross the channel. The Invincible Armada was destroyed in British waters in 1588, many of the Dutch ships assisting the English, and Spain was again humbled. Parma could not even invade Holland; for just when he had his soldiers ready to do so, they broke out into mutiny. The Dutch and English, uniting together, sent a fleet southward to "sing the king of Spain's beard," and captured Lisbon in Portugal.

CHAPTER XXIV

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

THE young Prince Maurice, first son of William of Orange, was made captain-general of the union of the states. He began his brilliant career in 1590, by capturing Breda through a stratagem. Picking out sixty-eight brave boys and young men, he packed them under the deck of a loaded turf-boat. The vessel was brought by the master up to the walls of the city. Then the Spanish soldiers took hold of the rope and pulled the craft along the canal into the city. It being very cold, the turf was much wanted, so that part of the cargo was unloaded very fast. At dark, the skipper, giving the soldiers some money for drink, bade them good-evening, telling them to come in the morning. At midnight, the brave Dutchmen crept out noiselessly, seized the citadel, and signaled to the Dutch and English troops outside. These were soon thundering at the gates, and the town was captured. Barneveldt, who suggested the enterprise, was handsomely rewarded.

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

The young soldier, Maurice, was made stadholder. He was not a great statesman, like his father, but he was a much more skillful soldier and engineer. William had never won a battle. Maurice was to be victor in many of them. He had the invaluable assistance of the civilian, John of Barneveldt, one of the greatest statesmen in all the history of Holland. Working together hand in hand, the man of the sword and the man of the pen created a native army which became the finest in Europe. These soldiers of the republic were not aliens, fighting for pay, but young and brave patriots full of zeal and hope for their country. They were well clothed, well fed, and moral in their habits of life. They were governed by a code which required strict obedience to the laws of God and man. As they received their wages regularly, there were no mutinies in the Dutch army, nor anything like the disgraceful scenes from which even the friends of the Spaniards suffered. This code of military laws was afterwards borrowed, with improvements, for use in Virginia, and under Governor Dale made the settlement of Jamestown a success. It also became a basis of the new model army in the English Commonwealth, under which the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

soldiers of Lord Fairfax and Cromwell were trained.

Money is the sinews of war. No nation can have or hold very long a good army, unless the war chest is kept full. To get coin by borrowing, there must first be credit. To raise cash from the people, there must be a good system of taxes. Barneveldt was the great and wise statesman who kept up the credit of Holland. He carefully calculated what the people were able to pay. Almost everything was taxed — houses, lands, horses, dogs, carriages, chimneys, and windows, besides beer, wine, tobacco, starch, and other luxuries and necessities. In the main, the people paid their taxes cheerfully, because they themselves had voted them. It is astonishing what a large revenue was raised from starch, but all kinds of ruffs, cuffs, quilted linen, wide, flat collars, caps and capes, aprons, and everything that could show a glistening, snow-white surface were in fashion, and the Dutch had more underclothing, better laundries, and used more soap and water than any other people in Europe.

There was not much fighting in the open, but a great deal was done by means of sieges and defense. War became more a matter of science and mathematics. Campaigns seemed

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

rather like games of chess, in which the walled cities stood for so many pieces, to be moved on or off the board. In the whole of the Netherlands, in the time of Alva, there were 208 walled cities, 150 chartered towns, and 6300 villages, with their watch towers and steeples, besides many more hamlets. To guard the country, there were sixty great fortresses. Yet it must be remembered that the greater population and the larger number of cities were in the southern, or Belgic Netherlands, and that the seven Dutch united states, formed by the Union of Utrecht, did not have, all together, a million people. Probably there were not as many as fifty walled cities, though among these latter were some very strong fortresses.

The usual method in war, when Maurice first took command, was for an army to invest a city, dig intrenchments, and set up lines of fortifications, making forts with earth walls or redoubts of sandbags. Gabions, made by weaving osiers or the branches of trees around poles — high, hollow structures, looking like baskets — were much used. These were filled with earth and the cannon posted behind them. After the artillery had pounded the walls and made a breach, an assault was ordered, and the town was stormed. Ladders, hooks, and ropes

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

having been made ready, the nimble men scaled parts of the walls, usually at an angle, while the most of the garrison were massed at the breach, to resist the main attack. The gates once opened, the cavalry rushed in.

Maurice, by using new plans, developed the art of war. His cannon, both for field and siege, were heavier than had been known before, and his work was more speedy. In a brilliant and successful campaign of five months, in 1591, he captured Zutphen, Deventer, Hulst, Nymegen, beside Delfzyl and many smaller forts. Then, as the winter rains were coming on and Barneveldt was ill, he put his troops into comfortable quarters and went to The Hague. There he was welcomed by the people with the highest joy. Maurice had taken for his blazon a young sapling growing from beside the stump of a tree, which had been cut down, with the motto, "At length the sprout becomes the tree." All the people felt that the promise had been redeemed, and the prophecy fulfilled.

The next year, 1592, the same in which the duke of Parma died, Maurice captured Steenwijk and Coevorden. In 1593, the famous siege and capture of Geertruydenburg took place, and following this the city of Groningen. In



THE ASSAULT



VORDEN

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

1597 he gained a brilliant victory at Turnhout, and then captured a line of forts, one after another, at Aplen, Thynberg, Meurs, Grol, etc. In this campaign, the youngest son of William of Orange, Frederick Henry, though only thirteen years of age, took part. Then still another line of fortresses fell into his hands.

Various attempts were made by different envoys to bring about peace between Spain and the Netherlands, but the Dutch insisted on freedom of conscience, which the Spanish king would not grant. When in the Belgian, or southern provinces, a woman was put to death by being buried alive for heresy, which meant being a Protestant, the detestation and horror of the Spanish system increased.

Meanwhile the Dutch, beginning with Commander Houtman in 1595, sent their explorers into all parts of the world and opened the commerce of Java, the Spice Islands, and the Far East. One day, while Maurice was before his camp at Grave, in 1602, two envoys from the Malay state of Atjeh came to him, bringing presents and asking for his friendship. Soon the Japanese and Chinese became regular and profitable customers. They did not care for butter or cheese, with which the Dutch at first tried them, but they were glad to exchange

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

their silk, tea, and metals for Dutch manufactures. The Dutch prospered in the trade, making from the spices and fruits, gems and gold, and various products, millions of guilders, by which they could keep up their army and navy. Thus they were enabled to pay their great war debts as they went along, and to win their Asiatic empire of Insulinde, or Island India.

The States-General became so exultant over their brightening prospects that the invasion of Flanders was determined upon. Maurice did not believe this was the thing to be done; but, like a good soldier, he obeyed. At Newport, July 1, 1600, he won a tremendous victory over the enemy. It was a stoutly contested conflict in the open field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the English allies taking a noble part in it. Over one hundred battle flags, taken from the Spaniards, were hung up in the great Hall of the Knights, at The Hague, where the States-General met.

Notwithstanding the glory of this great victory of the republican army, trouble arose at this time, which continued for many years, between the young general and the older statesman Barneveldt. Maurice was often obliged to take orders from his civilian superiors that were against his judgment as a soldier, and by

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

obeying them, he failed to win the victories which he believed he could gain if left to carry out his own ideas.

A town on the seashore named Ostend was besieged by the enemy, and thousands of men were slaughtered. It seemed hardly worth while to waste so many human lives and so much money on this wretched little fishing village among the sandhills. First surrounded with palisades and a wooden gate to keep soldiers from marching through it, it was gradually fortified by William of Orange, until it became one of the strong places of the Netherlands, and in 1601 it had a garrison of five thousand men. A siege was then begun by the Spaniards. For three years, from 1601 to 1604, fighting went on, with an enormous loss on both sides; for the Zeeland patriots from the outside were able to supply the garrison with plenty of bread, beef, beer, fish, and vegetables. The besiegers poured in storms of cannon balls and red-hot shot, but the townspeople covered their houses with sod, making them fireproof against the red-hot balls. Bomb shells, which were new inventions, first made in 1587, by a man in Venlo, were rained in; but as each month passed by, the place seemed fresher and stronger than ever.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

The States-General resolved that the defense should be continued, no matter how many years it might be necessary ; for their purpose was to keep the Spanish army employed at Ostend, so that they would not invade the Netherlands. Consequently, the siege continued for nearly four years. When surrender was made, the garrison marched out with the honors of war. The Spaniards entered it at last, to find nothing but ruins. Four million guilders and fifty thousand men had been spent by the Dutch, and more by the Spaniards. It was a long while before the town was built up again. To-day it is a bright and smiling watering-place, where children play in the sand, and multitudes who love fun rest, bathe, chat, and enjoy themselves.

At sea the Dutch sailors won as many naval victories as the soldiers on land, so that at last the king of Spain (not Philip II., who had died in 1598, but Philip III.) sent envoys to talk of peace. Met by Maurice and the Dutch envoys, and riding in sleighs over the frozen canals, the Spaniards came to The Hague as guests and sat as friends in council with their late enemies.

A truce for twelve years was agreed upon. During this time, from 1609 to 1621, there was to be no fighting.

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

With a dozen years of uninterrupted commerce in view, a great revival of business and manufactures began. Many Walloons, or people from the southern or Belgian Netherlands, not liking Spanish or priestly rule, settled in Holland. Thousands of Englishmen, not enjoying life under King James I., were attracted to the republic. They came to make money, to study in the universities, to print books, as they were free to do, or to worship God in the way they desired. Among these people, mostly from the eastern counties, were many from London, and even from the Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Lincolnshire region, who afterwards became the founders and settlers of New England.

Holland's enemies had agreed to the truce because they were hoping that the Dutch would, as soon as they were free from a foreign war, fight and quarrel among themselves, and thus tear each other to pieces. They knew that Maurice and Barneveldt had disagreed, and that the Christians called Calvinists and Arminians wasted no love on each other.

The Spaniards were partly right. As politics and religion were still mixed together, as in the older time, the quarrel broke out only too soon. There were many Dutch people who

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

held that "the Christian religion" meant only that form of it which Calvin had taught; but a minority thought that their kind of Christianity, which Professor Arminius defended, was the best. Religiously, the parties came to be known as Remonstrants or Arminians, and Contra-Remonstrants or Calvinists.

Politically, there was the feeling among some that Maurice wanted to be king, while the partisans of Maurice thought that Barneveldt and his party favored Spain, and were receiving presents in gold from Philip III. The proud and wealthy city people, who held most of the offices, seemed to be on one side with Barneveldt, while the military men, and most of the common people, seemed to be on the other with Maurice. A great many hard names were called and bitter feelings gendered. The parties seemed to be anti-Orange and Orange, or, as the Orange partisans put it in Dutch, "Spanje Oranje" — Spain or Orange!

As passions waxed hotter, some of the states and cities began to raise militia and to build forts. This stirred up Maurice, the stadholder and captain-general, who, with the union army, changed many of the city governments, and compelled the militia to lay down their arms. At one time it looked as though there would

PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

be a secession of the two richest states, Holland and Utrecht, from the union. In 1600 Groningen had refused to pay its taxes and furnish its share of soldiers, and had nullified the national law. Then the Congress, or States-General, had sent union soldiers to coerce the state, and the danger of secession passed by. Now, in 1618, in much the same form, a greater danger confronted the nation. Barneveldt, Grotius the great lawyer and scholar, and Hoogerbeets, pensionary of Rotterdam, were arrested and imprisoned.

To settle the religious questions, a national synod was called by the States-General, which was held at Dordrecht in 1618 and 1619. It is sometimes called the First Protestant Ecumenical Council. This was made up of sixty-six delegates from various Reformed countries. The Arminians were not present as members, but were cited to appear as offenders. After 154 sessions, lasting through six months, from November 13, 1618, to May 6, 1619, the doctrinal statements of the Reformed religion in the Netherlands were fixed. The Arminians were condemned, but the salaries of their ministers were paid, and they were treated well when they did not resist.

This "Synod of Dort" also did a good deal

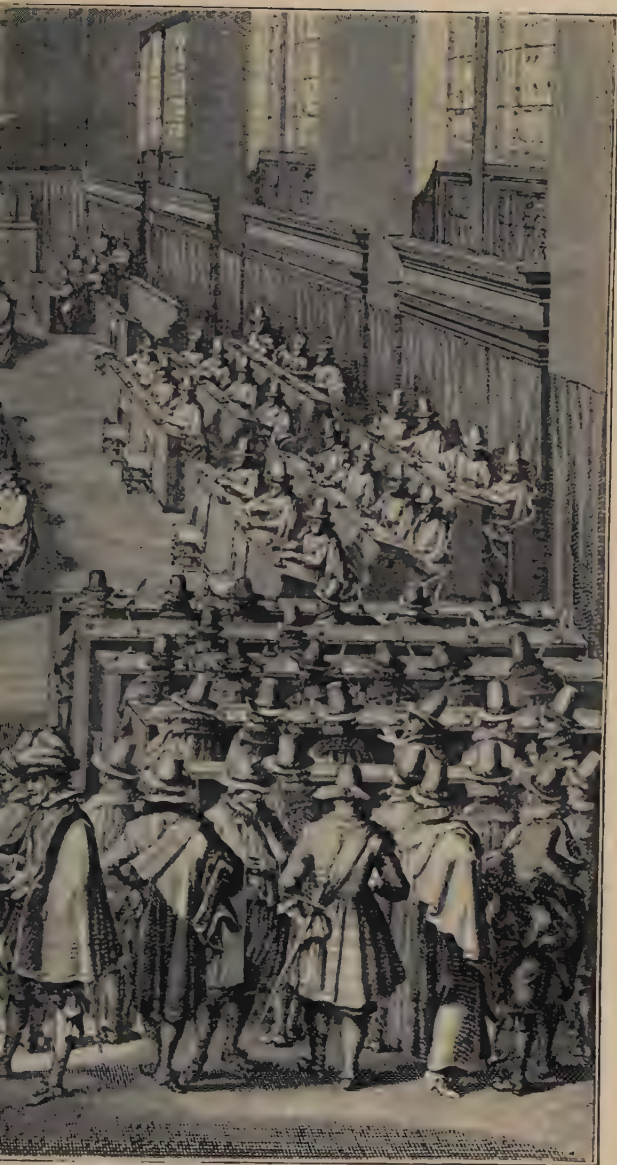
HISTORY OF HOLLAND

to improve popular education and ordered a new translation of the Bible to be made. This, called the "States-General Version," is still the standard one in Dutch, being one of the very best ever made in any European language. It is used by the boers, or farmers, and the people generally, throughout the Netherlands, and is the one book above all others among the Boers of South Africa and the Dutch colonists everywhere.

Nevertheless, the synod was almost entirely under political influence. It was arranged and directed by politicians. Five days after its adjournment, May 13, 1619, Barneveldt was condemned to death. He was beheaded in the Binnen Hof at The Hague. Grotius, imprisoned at the castle of Loevenstein, got free by a clever stratagem of his wife. She took his place at the table, with his manuscripts, while he was packed into a big box, which had been used from time to time for bringing in and carrying out books. Although he was nearly smothered while in the chest, he got safely to Gorkum, a half hour's sail distant down the river, and thence traveled to Paris. There he wrote that wonderful book, on war and peace and the laws of nations, which first roused the conscience of the civilized world, and which



THE GREAT SY



PRINCE MAURICE THE UNION GENERAL

has probably done more public good among nations than any other book except the Bible. It was one of the results of Grotius's work that the International Peace Congress was held at The Hague. At Delft a monument and statue of Grotius show how his countrymen now honor him. On the 4th of July, 1899, the United States, by order of the government at Washington, laid a costly wreath upon his grave in the great church, and celebrated his work by appropriate exercises, including worship, oration, and a public dinner in the city hall.

The war broke out again in 1621, and Spinola, the new Spanish commander, laid siege to Bergen-op-Zoon, but Maurice enlarged the garrison and Spinola retreated. When the Spanish silver fleet from the West Indies reached Spain and there was more money to pay the army, Spinola laid siege to Breda, while Maurice was busy in other places. Barneveldt was no longer living to furnish the ready money to keep the Dutch war chest full. Maurice found it hard work to get what he had lost,—not only popularity, but also some of his former skill. Disappointed and vexed, he died in 1625. He was never married. Maurice was one of the ablest generals

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of Europe, but was not a man of pure life, and there is to-day in Holland no monument to his memory.

It was in the time of the great truce, 1609-1621, and around the historic figures of Maurice and Barneveldt, that the two political parties formed which have existed to the present time in the Netherlands. They preserve the balance of power held by the national government at the centre and locally in the provinces, or between the union and the separate states, the king and the people.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

ALTHOUGH Prince Maurice, the mighty general, was dead, and Spain was still determined to fight and subdue them, the Dutch people were quite happy. This period, the middle of the seventeenth century, stands out as one of the most glorious in their history, and the Dutch call it "our golden era." It was a time of discoveries, inventions, and fine art. Commerce was flourishing and luxury abounded. The Bank of Amsterdam, one of the first in northern Europe, was established. Besides the herring fisheries, there was great wealth gained in hunting the whale. During the summer months of the year, a Dutch city, well called Smeerenburg, for it was a greasy place, with nearly ten thousand persons, existed on Spitzbergen, the islands of the pointed hills, so named by the Dutch. The red, white, and blue flag floated on all seas. The bold explorers and daring sailors were in all the oceans, sailing to the East Indies and trying

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

to find a passage thither around the north of Europe or America, discovering Cape Horn and the Hudson river, while the great trading corporation called the West India Company, jestingly called "John Company," formed in 1602, was making fortunes for its stockholders. The East India Company was even more successful, enriching those who held stock in it, and building up a great colonial empire, now called Insulinde, or Island India, in which dwell thirty-five million subjects of the queen of the Netherlands.

Before he died, Maurice had seen the marriage of his brother and companion, Frederick Henry, now become stadholder, to a very lovely and capable woman, Amalia Van Solms. Frederick took the field, at the head of his army, in 1627, and won a brilliant victory by capturing Grol. Breda had surrendered to the Spaniards, but then they were so exhausted that they could do little against the Dutch, and after a while Breda was recaptured. The year 1632 was a brilliant one for Frederick Henry. In 1639 Tromp destroyed the new Spanish fleet. In 1645 Hulst was taken. The Spaniards were now anxious for peace.

During this golden era, the Dutch artists were painting those great pictures that still de-

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

light the world. Rembrandt and Franz Hals, Paul Potter and Jan Steen, with scores of others, were picturing comedy and tragedy, telling stories or making jokes on canvasses; for those pictures of Dutch life which still charm us were the novels of that time. The country became famous for its new and beautiful flowers brought from the Far East, as well as for its hothouses and flower farms. The tulips were of many colors, but new varieties were constantly called for. The people being rich and luxurious, there were many curious fads and fashions. In 1637 the price of tulips rose very high. Several persons made large fortunes in the trade of bulbs, but thousands more lost a great deal of money. For many months even boys and girls, as well as grown men and women, thought of nothing else but of buying and selling tulips and of trying to get rich in the business of gambling with flowers. This tulipomania, as it was called, finally died out, and the "wind trade" was over.

Prince Frederick Henry died in 1647, at the age of sixty-three. He had been a good soldier, an able ruler, and a generous and sincere man. His favorite book was Cæsar's "Commentaries," and he left behind him a volume of

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

memoirs. He almost worshiped the memory of his father, and his motto was *Patriæque, patrique*; that is, "both for country and for father." He was a man of peace, even more than of war. He did much to heal the quarrels between the Calvinists and Arminians. His widow built the pretty House in the Wood, that cosy little palace which Americans like to visit, in which the Peace Congress of 1899 held its sessions.

During Prince Henry's rule, the intellect of the Dutch bloomed brilliantly like their own gardens. The arts, both of use and of beauty, especially in glass staining, music, science, learning, and literature, during this period, have never been excelled. Beginning with 1625, we may say that the golden era was closed in 1648, by the great peace of Münster, which meant the compliance of Spain with such terms as the Dutch states dictated. This treaty ended the long Eighty Years' War, which had so exhausted Spain. In 1609, the united efforts of France and England had not been able to obtain what the Dutch now received easily; namely, recognition by Spain of the fact that the United Netherlands constituted a free and sovereign state, to which the Spanish king, for himself and his successors,

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

renounced all title or claim forever. The river Scheldt was to be kept closed, so that Holland might, but Belgium could not profit by foreign commerce.

This was an ungenerous clause, which dried up Antwerp as a port and caused the Belgians to remain for two hundred years an agricultural and manufacturing, but not a commercial people. For two centuries the southern Netherlands, now called Belgium, was little more than a piece of private property in the pocket of the king of Spain or of Austria, without any of the glorious history which the free republic of the Netherlands enjoyed. When the river Scheldt was, in the last century, opened to commerce, Antwerp thrived like a tree planted by the rivers of water.

When Prince Frederick Henry's son grew up, he married the princess royal of England, though the bride was only eleven years old. The marriage took place at the chapel of Whitehall in London, on the first of May, 1641. Although this seemed a very pretty thing to do, yet it was bad for the Dutch nation, and the beginning of a great many troubles to the Dutch people; for theirs being a free republic without a court, and the stadholder being a president and not a king, he

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

was expected to be what he was and nothing else, that is, holding power for the benefit of the people. Each of the stadholders was "the first servant of the States-General," but by marrying into royal families they were tempted to take more authority than belonged to them. They were liable to be filled with ambitions which have no place in the mind of the true servant of a republic. William II. became stadholder in 1647, but died in 1650.

In fact, this policy of marrying into the royal family of England, especially into the family of the Stuarts, was one of the chief causes of the ruin of the Dutch republic. When civil war broke out in England between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, it was very hard for the Dutch to preserve peace. Not a few of the quarrels, and much of the bloodshed belonging properly to England, were transferred to Dutch soil. Among other outrages was the assassination, in 1649, at The Hague, of Dorislaus, Cromwell's advocate-general, who was murdered by some followers of the earl of Montrose.

Up to the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch ships had been the common carriers on the ocean for pretty much all Europe, if not the whole world. They took not

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

only their butter, cheese, and other products into England, France, America, and the Far East, but they carried English wool, French wine, Norway timber, and German wheat from one country to another. The English looked with jealous eyes upon this Dutch enterprise, and upon the prosperity which it brought, and resolved to enter upon the one and gain the other. They set themselves not only to imitate the Dutch in fisheries, in whale hunting, and manufactures, but also to get the trade of the sea. With this object in view, Parliament in 1651 passed what is called the Act of Navigation. This act required that the productions of Asia, Africa, and America should be brought into England only in English ships, on which the greater part of the crew must be English. Only silk and the precious metals — gold and silver — brought from Italy were excepted. Other European productions must be imported only in ships belonging to the country which produced these articles.

One could see in a moment that this Act of Navigation was directed against the Dutch. Salted fish, whales, and whale oil, which only the Dutch exported, were forbidden to be carried into England except in English vessels. British men-of-war enforced these laws very

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

roughly. Their commanders also rigidly compelled all ships, as they had done before, to lower their topsails when meeting an English war vessel in the seas immediately surrounding Great Britain.

Such aggressive politics led to a naval war between the Dutch and English. Terrible battles were fought near Plymouth, at Dover, and at Folkestone, in which Admiral Tromp, whom the British call "Van " Tromp, won great glory. Dutch commerce seemed to be nearly ruined for a while, and the American colonies were also much affected for the worse. Indeed, the colonists were nearly as bitterly angered at the Navigation Act as were the Dutchmen. In the end, this legislation proved to be one great cause of the American Revolution. British greed outstripped itself. The gun kicked and hurt the gunner.

The Dutch were now enjoying the blessings and suffering the woes of government by party. While they had one ruler or sovereign, their joys and sorrows were of another sort. Now that they were free, they had the difficult task of governing themselves. During the Great Truce of 1609-1621, what with the problems of state sovereignty and national supremacy, the union and secession, mixed up with theo-

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

logical questions of Calvinism and Arminianism, their brains and hearts were well occupied. "Spanje Oranje" was then the cry. In general the plain people were with the house of Orange, and the more aristocratic with the regents or city politicians, the former laying emphasis on having a strong central government, the latter standing up stoutly for local freedom in state and city.

For a number of years after the death of the stadholder, William II., in 1650, and after long and bitter quarrels between the Orange party and the regents' party, or between the centralizing and the municipal partisans, the Dutch went without a stadholder and Holland became a parliamentary republic. Increasingly the politics of the Netherlands seemed to turn on the question of Orange and anti-Orange, and we shall see the results.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC

FOR over twenty years, from 1650 to 1672, the government of the Netherlands was without a stadholder, or president. The officer at the head of the government was called a pensionary, which means simply one who receives a salary. His name was John DeWitt. A man of marked abilities, he lived in simple style. He was always patriotic and faithful to his duties. Those who had been jealous of the power and influence of the house of Orange were very glad to see the republic so well governed without any prince, but with only an ordinary gentleman at the head of it.

During this time the English people, who tolerate royalty only as long as royalty behaves itself, had, on January 30, 1649, cut off the head of their foolish and wicked ruler, Charles I., and were doing without crowns and kings. One would have supposed that the two republics on opposite sides of the North Sea, English and Dutch, would have been very friendly;

THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC

but it requires something else than similar forms of government to make friendship between nations, especially when one wants to make more money than the other and get away a lucrative business. At the bottom of most wars is that love of money, which is "a root of all kinds of evil."

So after the English laws, which destroyed the Dutch sea trade, had been passed, bitterness and jealousy sprang up. This was especially so when the English seized the Dutch ships. Admiral Martin Tromp, whose name means a trumpet, and which has no "van" before it, was sent to fight the English admiral, Blake, who was beaten in a great battle. According to the story, Tromp nailed a broom to his topmast, to show that he had swept the English off the seas. Although it is not at all certain that this ever happened, the nailing of brooms to the mast after a victory, or the wearing of little toy brooms after triumph in a boat race, has since become a common custom.

Cromwell did not like to fight the Dutch, but he had been told that they had insulted some English sailors, which was not true. More battles were fought, and in one of them, August 8, 1653, the great Admiral Tromp was slain. Other causes of bad feeling between the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

two countries sprang up, but the war was on the water only, and after a while envoys of the two nations came together in London and made a treaty of peace at Westminster. The chief ambassador was Jacob Cats, whose wise, witty, and funny sayings and poetry, much like Benjamin Franklin's, are known all over Holland.

In 1660, after both Cromwell and his son Richard had died, the English commonwealth collapsed, and Charles II. became king. Although Charles had been kindly treated in Holland, he disliked the Dutch because of their republican ideas and ways. He even forced them to deliver up three of the judges who had tried his father and sentenced him to death. The king's brother, James, the duke of York, went around like a pirate, capturing Dutch ships wherever he could lay his hands on them. Although it was a time of peace, in 1664, when Governor Stuyvesant had no soldiers, he sent warships and soldiers into the harbor of New York, seized New Netherland, and made it English territory.

In Holland, the partisans of Orange and of DeWitt were very bitter against each other. Their quarrels extended not only all over the country, but even the sailors of the fleet were divided in their opinions and sympathies. To

THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC

strengthen the Dutch republic in the naval war against England, called the "Second English Sea War," John DeWitt made an alliance with France; but in a great naval battle, off North Foreland, in 1665, the Dutch lost nineteen ships. One of the sad results of this disaster to the Dutch was the long and bitter quarrel between young Tromp, son of the dead admiral, and the gallant DeRuyter, who conducted the retreat so admirably.

Then indeed it looked dark for Holland, but the outlook became brighter when Admiral Michael DeRuyter took command of the new fleet of eighty-five men-of-war and sixteen fire-ships. At first it was feared that his vessels could not get out of the Zuyder Zee, on the shores of which they had been built and provisioned; for the wind was blowing southwestwardly. There was a narrow and shallow passage called the "Spaniards' Hole," through which the fleet might possibly go, but the sailors hesitated, and even the pilot said that they could not get through.

Then John DeWitt, though only a lawyer and not a seaman, went out in a boat with lead and line, sounding the way through the Spaniards' Hole. He found that there was water deep enough, and that DeRuyter's fleet could

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

quickly get out to sea. So the long line of vessels sailed gallantly out, moved over the North Sea, and then steered southwardly, meeting the English fleet. In 1666, a battle lasting four days took place under the chalk cliffs of Kent, in which, after tremendous bravery on both sides, the Dutch were victorious. For the first time in war, chain-shot, which cut up the ship's rigging terribly, was used. DeWitt is said to have invented it.

The Dutch proved the truth of the saying, "United we stand, divided we fall." The Orangeists and Anti-Orangeists still quarreled. When the campaign opened again, on July 25, 1666, Tromp and DeRuyter were not yet reconciled, and the British gained the advantage. The next year, 1667, Admiral DeRuyter took his fleet of ships across the North Sea and actually got into the river Thames, burning English ships and making the people in London fear that he might come up further and capture London. At last the foolish English king, Charles II., who had wickedly made war against Holland, sought for peace, which was signed July 1, 1667, at Breda, the city of the beautiful spire.

In 1652, a change had been made in the Dutch flag, so that the colors should always be

THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC

the same. Sometimes in the past they had been orange, white, and blue, sometimes red, white, and blue; but hereafter only the simple colors red, white, and blue were used.

In France, Louis XIV. was the mighty king, whose ambition was to make all Europe French. He sent his armies to America and India, and his fleets into the Mediterranean, to carry out his plans of conquest. A triple alliance was formed in 1668 between Great Britain, the Netherlands, and Sweden to curb the French king's power, and keep the peace of Europe. Yet soon after this, the English king, Charles II., always treacherous, made alliance with Louis XIV. to destroy the Dutch republic. Sweden also withdrew from the compact, so that little Holland was left alone to fight the greatest of European monarchies and kings. The cause of liberty seemed under hopeless eclipse.

It was a bad time for the Hollanders; for through DeWitt's influence, the two offices of stadholder, or president, and of the commander-in-chief of the army of the union, hitherto held by the prince of Orange, were separated. This was done under a law, passed in 1667, called the "Perpetual Edict," which prevented any army or naval officer from ever receiving the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

appointment. This action made the Orange party intensely angry.

The country being thus divided by party strife, Louis XIV. saw his opportunity and resolved to crush out the little republic and make Holland a part of France. He moved promptly, with a great army, across the Rhine and invaded the Netherlands in 1672, occupying city after city. But when near Amsterdam, the Frenchmen had to stop; for the city people threatened to cut the dikes, let in the sea water, and drown out the invaders. If necessary, the Amsterdammers proposed to fight the French tyrant single-handed, rather than surrender. During this time of the French invasion, many Dutch farmers, or boers, emigrated to South Africa and began the Dutch republics there.

William III., the young prince of Orange, who had been born November 4, 1650, eight days after the death of his father, came into public notice, and high hopes of his abilities arose in the Dutch nation. The states of Holland repealed the Perpetual Edict, and, with Zeeland, elected William III. stadholder and commander-in-chief of the union, so that the two offices of civil executive and commander of the army and navy were united in the per-

THE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC

son of William III., very much as they are in the office of the President of the United States.

In The Hague a terrific riot broke out. Thousands of the country people, who favored the house of Orange, came into the city on the 20th of August, 1672, and joined with the mob which rushed to the gate called the Gevangespoort. Within the prison, and very ill, lay Cornelius DeWitt, whose brother John came in a carriage to visit him. The rioters dragged out the two brothers into the street, where they first murdered them, and then tore their bodies to pieces. Thus perished miserably two good men, among the noblest in Dutch history. It was proved again that the rage of the mob and popular villainy and cruelty were equal to those of kings and despots.

CHAPTER XXVII

DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING

It was a dark time for young William III., who hated tyrants and loved freedom and government in which the people had at least some voice. He knew that tribes and nations had existed before kings were heard of, that the Dutch had been free men and proud of their liberty when such royal families as the Stuarts and Bourbons were nobodies. William was determined to save his country.

Yet what could he do? It looked as though the tyrants of England and France had combined to strangle the liberty-loving Netherlands, and that both the house of Orange and the Dutch republic were to be swept off the earth. At home, his two admirals, DeRuyter and Tromp, were estranged, and the two political parties were divided and bitter against each other.

Then William showed himself the man for the hour, the reconciler, and the restorer of strength and union. By his wisdom and tact,

DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING

Tromp and DeRuyter were made friends. In one great naval battle off the coast of Zeeland, and in another off the Helder, the Dutch won two victories at home. Across the Atlantic, in 1674, New York was captured by Admiral Evertson. Nearly three thousand prize-ships were taken by the Dutch privateers. In one of the combats in this war, when the English admiral, Sprague, tried to go in the open water from one vessel to another, his boat was struck by a cannon ball and he was drowned. As the final result of this naval war, the Parliament of England compelled Charles II. to stop fighting, France gave up the three Netherland provinces which had been conquered, and the Dutch republic was safe once more.

In the reaction from having no stadholder, the Dutch now went to the other extreme. They wanted to make the stadholderate, or presidency, hereditary. This would have given the republic a ruler very much like a king, instead of one with an office like that of President of the United States, which is elective, impeachable, and not hereditary. When twenty-five years old, Prince William of Orange married Mary, the daughter of the duke of York, who afterwards became King James II. He did not marry her because he loved her,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

but because she was the possible heir to the British throne, and William wanted the alliance of Great Britain to prevent Louis XIV. from carrying out his design of conquering the Netherlands. His was a political marriage. Yet he later learned to love Mary very tenderly for her own sake.

A new triple alliance was formed in 1686, and William became the head of it. The German empire, the Dutch republic, and Savoy joined forces against France. To these countries and to England, thousands of French people of the Reformed religion had fled and were ready to fight against the Bourbon king, Louis. When the duke of York became King James II., he proved himself the worst king England ever had. His unlawful acts encouraged the people to revolt against him and his heirs. When William saw that King James was becoming an ally of Louis XIV., he took the side of the English people and maintained the rights of his wife to the British throne. By the year 1688, the English people were ready to drive their king out of the country. They therefore invited the Dutch William to come over and be their deliverer. Gathering a fine army of Huguenot and Dutch troops, William crossed over the sea, landed at Tor-

DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING

bay, and marched to London, while James II. fled the country to France. The English people now excluded all Catholic Stuarts from the government, which they placed in the hands of the royal pair, William and Mary.

England received great benefit from a king who had republican ideas. The English did not like William personally, and they thought he put too many Dutchmen into high offices, but they admired his character. William, like his ancestor the Silent, was not much of a soldier, but a most excellent ruler. At sea, the Dutch and English men-of-war drove off the French fleet which was trying to carry an army, led by King James, into Ireland. The enemies of Britain and Holland were compelled to seek peace. In 1697, at Ryswick, near The Hague, a great treaty was made which ended the war of nine years.

William was never very strong in body. He broke down from overwork, and a fall from his horse caused his death on March 8, 1702; but the Dutch still kept up an army, which fought with the English in the war called the Spanish Succession.

No children were born of William III. and Queen Mary, so the direct male line of the house of Orange, from William the Silent,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

came to an end. In England, George I., great grandson of James I., became king in 1714.

The headship of the house of Orange-Nassau now passed over to John William Friso, stadholder of Friesland. A grandson of Count John of Nassau, brother of William the Silent, had married Albertina Agnes, the daughter of Prince Frederick Henry, and thus the granddaughter of William. The result of this union was the son who now became the head of the house of Orange, and it is from him that the royal family of the modern Netherlands and Queen Wilhelmina are descended. In 1711, when but twenty-four years old, he was drowned at Moerdyk. His son, William Charles Henry Friso, was born a few weeks after his father's death. At seven years of age, he became the hereditary stadholder of Friesland, and later, through the zeal of the partisans of the house of Orange, was made stadholder of Groningen and Drenthe when only eleven years old. In 1733, the prince, then twenty-three years old, took as his bride Anne, daughter of George II., from the royal house of Great Britain, which at this time was not French or Dutch, but German and from Hanover. Thus in the prince of Orange and his wife Dutch and German became one, reuniting two ancestral



WILLIAM V., HEREDITARY STADHOLDER

DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING

lines originally from the German fatherland. In Holland many people were very much afraid that the prince would, by fair means or foul, make himself stadholder of all the provinces and be virtually a king.

During this period, there were wars in other parts of Europe, and the Belgic Netherlands, then under the rule of Maria Theresa of Austria, were invaded. Holland joined the quadruple alliance of the Emperor, Great Britain, and France against the designs of Spain. Later in 1747, when parties had changed and the king of France was about to invade Dutch territory, the partisans of the house of Orange succeeded in getting the prince of Orange proclaimed stadholder, first of Zeeland, then of Holland, and finally of all the united provinces.

There had been no stadholder of all the United States of the Netherlands from 1702 to 1747, and now when the office was resumed, it became a menace to the liberties of the nation.

Many patriotic Netherlanders grieved that their prince, William IV., had married into a royal family; for he began to put on all the airs and to assume the powers of a king. In 1747, his office was made hereditary, and very

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

soon the republic of the Netherlands was one only in name. Yet he himself was so devoted to good plans and purposes for the benefit of the people that when he died in 1751, only forty years of age, the people grieved deeply and sincerely over him, because they felt that in him they had lost a good friend.

The new ruler, William V., became such when he was a little boy only three years old. He was destined to be the last stadholder of the Netherlands and to live to see the republic pass away. His lifetime was one of great interest to all English-speaking people; for it touched American and British history, as we shall see. Within it occurred the events of Braddock's defeat, the capture of Louisburg, the rise of George Washington, the battle of Lake George, the capture of Forts DuQuesne, Niagara, Crown Point, and Ticonderoga from the French, and that victory of General Wolfe over Montcalm, on the Heights of Abraham, which decided that North America was to be English speaking and follow the ideas of Teutonic, and not of Latin civilization.

In the war between Great Britain and Spain, many battles were fought in the southern or Belgian Netherlands, and there were great naval campaigns in the West Indies under

DUTCH STADHOLDER AND BRITISH KING

Admiral Vernon. As many American young men were educated in England, those who expected to follow a military career served with the British army in Flanders and gained much experience which fitted them afterwards for the War of the Revolution.

In the West Indies, several companies of Virginians fought, with the British sailors and soldiers, against the Spaniards, in some cases landing at the same spots made famous in the Spanish-American war of 1898. Among the Virginia officers was Lawrence Washington, who named his home on the Potomac, after the admiral, Mount Vernon. He brought home with him, also, a Dutch officer, Jacob Van Braam, who became young George Washington's military instructor, and marched with him into Pennsylvania and Ohio.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE TWO REPUBLICS — DUTCH AND AMERICAN

THE little boy who was to be William V. was put under the care of his mother Anna, who thus became regent of Holland. She was the daughter of George II. of England. She lived until 1759. During her lifetime, and for long years afterwards, Holland was little more than an annex of Great Britain. The government at The Hague had to think pretty much as King George suggested, and to act obediently to his beck and nod.

Yet when, but eighteen years of age, in 1766, the young prince of Orange married, he did not find his wife in England, but in Germany, his bride being a niece of Frederick the Great of Prussia. He was a weak ruler and greatly under the influence of his stronger minded wife and her German relatives. During his long rule, from 1756 to 1795, things in Holland seemed to go from bad to worse.

When the American war broke out, Sir Joseph Yorke, the British minister, wanted the

TWO REPUBLICS — DUTCH AND AMERICAN

republic to do everything to favor the British cause, but from the beginning the sympathies of the Dutch people were with the Americans. The first salute ever fired in honor of the American flag, even before it had any stars in its field, was given by de Graeff at St. Eustacius in the West Indies, on November 16, 1776.

The Dutch saw clearly that our war with Great Britain was very much like their own revolt for independence against Spain. Their government was very much like ours ; that is, several provinces had become states and formed one federal republic, with the red, white, and blue flag, with a written constitution, and with a declaration of independence. They had deposed their king because they would not submit to taxes which they themselves did not vote.

There were many prominent and active friends of America in the Netherlands, and these were led by Baron Van der Capellen. King George III. wrote a letter to the stadholder, the prince of Orange, demanding that the Scotch brigade, which had served in the Dutch army for over two hundred years, should be returned to the British service, to be sent to fight the Americans, but Baron Van der Ca-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

pellens in the States-General strongly opposed this. The British government heard that the Dutch governor in the West Indies, Johannes de Graeff, had saluted our flag, and was furnishing supplies to Washington's army. Through Sir Joseph Yorke, at The Hague, a demand was made that he be called home and punished for encouraging rebels. Having great influence with the stadholder and the States-General, Yorke secured the passage of a law prohibiting any convoy, or protection by men-of-war, to Dutch vessels laden with materials for shipbuilding. This nearly ruined the shipbuilding trade of Holland, and the dockyards lay idle until grass grew in them; but the friends of America multiplied.

When Commodore Paul Jones brought his prize, the British frigate *Serapis*, into the Texel, in 1779, a song, "Here comes Paul Jones," was sung all over the country in his praise. Van Berckel, of Amsterdam, having proposed to open trade directly with America, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia sent commissioners to Holland to make a treaty. When Sir Joseph Yorke found this out, he asked that Van Berckel be punished. His request was refused. Then Great Britain declared war against Holland. This was done a



DE GRAEFF

Who first saluted the American flag



Johann de Graeff

TWO REPUBLICS — DUTCH AND AMERICAN

whole week before her action was known at The Hague, and when hundreds of Dutch ships lay at anchor in the ports of England. These were all captured. Thus heavily had little Holland to pay for her friendship with the United States. A naval battle was fought off the Doggerbank, in the North Sea, in which the Dutch fleet under Admiral Zoutman drove off the British fleet under Admiral Parker.

Nevertheless, the Netherlands were obliged to make a disgraceful treaty with Great Britain. Their envoys not being invited to sit at the congress in Paris, which was to make a general peace and recognize the United States of America, they had to come of their own accord. They received no satisfaction; for none could be obtained.

The trouble with the country was that the Dutch had got "too fat to fight," or to defend themselves, and the quarrels between the Orange and the anti-Orange factions were more bitter than ever. Party rancor was mistaken for patriotism. Some of the more earnest of their leaders began to inquire into the cause of the nation's weakness. One gentleman, named Adrian Van der Kemp, had, in 1781, written an anonymous letter, addressed to the people of the Netherlands, in which he

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

suggested that the government should be a democracy, and all power be put directly into the hands of the people. He would have the stadholder give up his hereditary claim, abolish the power of the city regents or governors, and have the functions of government so distributed, under the executive, legislature, and judiciary, that one branch would check and control the others, while the people should have a direct vote in all important affairs.

This letter, published in pamphlet form, was widely perused and everywhere discussed, but it made the Orange party very angry. Both the prince of Orange and the legislature of Holland offered large rewards for the discovery of the author. But for many, many years no one ever found out who was the true author, though Van der Kemp was suspected. He afterwards came to America and founded the town of Barneveltdt, now Trenton, N. Y., and surveyed the route of the Erie Canal.

The people were now divided into Orange and anti-Orange parties, the latter also calling themselves Patriots. Many of these, like Daendels, went into France to watch events, and when the opportunity should come, to march into Holland.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC

WHEN the Patriots tried to lessen the power of the tyrannical stadholder and to have a more popular government, Great Britain, France, and Prussia interfered to keep the prince of Orange in full power, and thus to destroy the republic. The Patriots hoped that the French would help them; but France, professing not to be able, declined. This encouraged the king of Prussia to meddle still further in Dutch affairs. Through his envoy, he persuaded his daughter, the princess, in 1784, to ride from Nymegen in her carriage to The Hague, where she should make the Patriots beg her pardon. The Patriots stopped her carriage and sent her back to Nymegen. This was exactly what the king of Prussia wanted—an excuse for active interference. Twenty thousand of his troops marched at once into the Netherlands. The stadholder entered The Hague and was welcomed by the people, while streets, houses, and churches were almost covered with masses of orange cloth and ribbons.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

During all this disgraceful civil war, for it was nothing less, the partisans of one side were called by their enemies "Oranje Klants," that is, Orange fellows or "chappies," those of the other party being stigmatized as "Keezen." When the Keezen were in power, they refused to let the Orangeists show anything having their colors, whether badges, clothes, flags, or even things good to eat. When carrots were sold in market, the green tops must be laid forward and the root ends out of sight. The Keezen seemed to be as wild on the subject of the orange color as are bulls when a red flag is shaken before them. Now, however, when the Orangemen were in power, they compelled the wearing of the Orange cockade and badges, and flaunted the gay color in every form. The Prussians overran the whole country and even conquered Amsterdam, which, for the first time in its history, was occupied by a foreign army.

Thus again dark days had fallen upon Holland, and things seemed as bad as in the age of Spanish tyranny. The Dutch republic was little more than a province, ruled by Prussia and England. Hundreds of the Patriot leaders had left the country to find refuge in France or the United States. Commerce was almost dead, and public spirit never lower. The

THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC

Dutch seemed to care nothing about what was going on in Europe.

In Paris the French Revolution had broken out. When the French army marched into the Belgian Netherlands, there was danger that a quarrel between the Dutch and French would soon ensue, and the country be invaded and conquered. In 1648, when the Dutch had won their victory over Spain, they demanded that the river Scheldt should be closed, and that no seagoing ships should pass in or out of the river. Their object was to prevent the Belgian Netherlands from having any foreign commerce, so that Antwerp might remain poor and small, and Amsterdam get rich. Now, in 1792, the French wanted to send their vessels up and down the river Scheldt. The Dutch tried to prevent them and at once there was cause for quarreling; for the French insisted upon free navigation. When the prince of Orange, agreeing with the British king, treated the French envoys with contempt, France declared war against Great Britain and the Netherlands. Although some British troops were sent over to help the Dutch, and especially the prince of Orange, they accomplished little or nothing.

Just as the Orange party had invited the

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Prussian invaders seven years before, so now, in 1793, the long persecuted Patriots were ready to welcome the French invaders. All over the country there were formed what were called "reading societies." In reality, these were revolutionary committees, which were ready to welcome the French when they should come. The unusually cold season of 1794 and 1795, still called "the French winter," froze all the rivers and inland waters, and thus, instead of being the barrier to an enemy, these furnished bridges. The French rushed over the ice, with their artillery and troops, seized the fortresses, drove off the garrisons, and soon reached the heart of the country. It seemed odd, that with cavalry they should capture ships frozen in, so as to be helpless, in the Zuyder Zee, but this was actually done. The dragoons made prizes of the vessels.

At Willemstad, a fortress in North Brabant on the Holland Deep, built by the prince of Orange in 1583, the French found an obstacle. For two weeks, with red-hot shot and shell, they bombarded the place without success. Defended by the valor and skill of Baron Van Boetselaer, the adjutant-general of the stadholder William V., Willemstad held out. A daughter of this brave soldier afterwards came



THE FRENCH BOMBARDING WILLEMSTAD

THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC

to America and founded the well-known Tank home for children at Oberlin, Ohio.

When the city of Utrecht had fallen, the States-General assembled at The Hague and sent a delegation to the stadholder, asking mournfully whether anything could yet be done for the defense of Holland. He gave a discouraging answer, saying that nothing would avail. He also informed them that he would quit the country. About two o'clock on that day, bidding farewell to his legislators, having already sent the princess and his daughter over to England, he got on board a fishing vessel to leave Holland.

A great crowd of people had gathered at Scheveningen on the seacoast to take farewell of their ruler. As the boat was some distance out, the prince of Orange started to wade in the water to the boat. Then Bentinck, his prime minister, called out to the people, "What, will you allow your prince to leave you in this way?" Thereupon some men immediately hoisted him on their shoulders, walked into the water, and set him on board the ship. There he remained, to get word from Paris. When the letters came, the order was that the prince of Orange should leave the country, or else the French would not make peace with

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

the States-General. Thus the last stadholder sailed away to England, landing the next day at Harwich. When he left The Hague, the envoys of Great Britain, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and Hanover departed also.

In all modern Dutch history, Amsterdam, being the largest city, has usually led the way in war or peace. The Dutch republican general, Daendels, was one of the emigrants who had fled to France, and of whom there were a great many like himself then in the French camp. He sent word to the burgo-master, promising peace and safety if the city was surrendered, but massacre if they refused. The regents, or city rulers, agreed to yield. On the same evening, the members of the revolutionary committee, gathering together by torchlight, assembled the people in the great broad square, called the Dam, in front of the city hall. Standing on the steps, they proclaimed the Revolution, urging the people to treat the French soldiers well. During the night, which was very quiet, General Daendels with a few hussars entered the city and took a seat with the revolutionary committee. This was now a permanent body, which, after dismissing the city council, assumed charge of the government of Amsterdam.

THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC

The stadholders of the United Netherlands were as follows:—

Of Holland.

William I., 1559–1584.

Maurice, 1585–1625.

Frederick Henry, 1625–1647.

William II., 1647–1650.

William III., 1672–1702.

General Hereditary Stadholders.

William IV., 1747–1751.

William V., 1766–1795.

CHAPTER XXX

THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC AND THE KINGDOM OF HOLLAND

Now began some lively scenes on the Dam, and what was done in Amsterdam was imitated all over the country. Early the next morning, a pole, representing the tree of liberty, was planted in the centre of the square. On top of this was a high hat, with the revolutionary cockade and the tri-color, red, white, and blue, stuck in it. Thousands of people, men, women, and children, joined hands together in a circle and danced under it, singing, making merry, and shouting, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity."

From the steps of one of the public buildings, a proclamation was made that the city government had obeyed the will of the people. When twenty-one names were read out as provisional popular representatives, the great crowd shouted their assent. This was supposed to be their vote, and the Dam was called the "Plain of Liberty."

THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC

Another committee was formed of delegates from committees in the provinces, and this united revolutionary committee completed the work throughout the country. Thus, before any French soldiers arrived, "the people" had changed their old city governments, put in new officers, and decorated themselves with the French cockade. The "Batavian republic" was proclaimed.

On the 22d of January, 1795, Generals Pichegru and Moreau made their entrance into The Hague, where they were received with enthusiasm. In Zeeland, the states legislature changed their names from "noble and mighty lords" to that of "representatives of the people of Zeeland," and headed their acts with the motto, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity."

Now began a period of eighteen years of French rule, in which some things good were done and numerous things foolish attempted. The methods of government were completely changed, and many old customs swept away. Hereditary nobility, the wearing of liveries, escutcheons, ornaments of heraldry, and all monopolies and special privileges were abolished. Marriage was made a secular contract. Everything that seemed to show social inequalities was changed. The gallows and whipping-posts

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

in the country were destroyed as relics of old barbarism, and opposed to the dignity of mankind. Along with these went the total abolition of torture. Reform in almost everything was the order of the day. In the museums of the Netherlands, one may look upon interesting relics of the old privileges and monopolies, which came to an end in 1795. The student in the archives notes what simplicity the French introduced into the maze and confusion that existed under the old republic.

The Dutch people had to pay dearly for the liberty brought them by their French deliverers. They were obliged to feed and clothe the French armies, and to take their worthless paper money. Much of the charm and sweetness of the old life passed away forever, and the new order of things was very distasteful to many.

When Napoleon Bonaparte became first consul, or ruler of France, the Dutch found in him a still more terrible master. Their finest young men had to enlist under the French eagles and fight Napoleon's battles. In 1797, the British fleet under Admiral Duncan blockaded the Texel, the great northern outlet to the Zuyder Zee, through which all the commerce from Amsterdam and several other

THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC

cities entered and departed. The shipping business at once stopped and the price of food rose. When the Dutch fleet under Admiral Winter tried to break up this blockade, it was met by Admiral Duncan who, with his heavy British ships and cannon, captured several of the Dutch war vessels and scattered the remainder. This battle was fought off the village called Camperduin, or "the camp amid the dunes," and ever since there has been a vessel in the British navy called "Camperdown," in remembrance of this great victory.

Two years later, an army of nearly twenty-five thousand Russian and British troops landed in North Holland at Kijkduin, well named "a peep in the dunes." To the surprise of the invaders, the Dutch folks were not very anxious to welcome their deliverers. The allied army was defeated by the French skillfully massed together; for the Russians had lost their way, while the English had to retreat before superior numbers. In 1901, with impressive ceremonies, a monument in the form of a triple-armed Russian cross was erected at the burial place of the Czar's soldiers.

In 1805, Napoleon himself visited his new possessions; for Holland had now become little else than a province of France. He entered

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Amsterdam and traveled to the end of North Holland, opposite Texel Island. At this place, called Den Helder, he determined to build a great naval station. He set his Spanish prisoners at work digging and hauling, pile-driving and pounding, until great docks and dikes were built and forts were made. By these labors Den Helder became one of the strongest places in Holland. It is still the chief naval station of the kingdom. Under Napoleon, the Dutch pensionary became almost like a king. There were three political parties among the Dutch politicians, named the Unitaries, Federalists, and Democrats, the last being few in number.

Napoleon, having studied the geography of the Netherlands, saw that the country had been made by the mud brought down from the rivers of Germany and France. He therefore considered that Dutch soil was a natural part of France, so that he felt free to change the constitution of the country. In 1807, he made the Dutch State a kingdom, that is, the kingdom of Holland, and set on the throne his brother Louis as the king. Louis was a good man and endeavored to be a just ruler. The people were in poverty and suffering. Louis tried to make the country rich and food cheap.

THE KINGDOM OF HOLLAND

It was about this time that the Dutch began to cultivate chicory, to mix with or to use instead of coffee. Indeed, King Louis favored those who love to drink this cheering beverage; for he appointed Herman Daendels to be governor-general of the East Indies. This wise and able man had forty-five millions of coffee-trees planted, and otherwise greatly improved the Dutch possessions.

The Dutch having a king must also now have a palace. So the beautiful city hall in Amsterdam, which had been built in 1648, to celebrate the completion of the war with Spain, and which rested on thirteen thousand piles, was made the palace, and it is still called the "Paleis." Yet, although it is exactly the right sort of a building for a city hall, it is not fitted to be a king's dwelling. As all citizens of the republic had equal rights, so all the doors fronting the Dam are of the same size. There is no special entrance for privileged persons, like kings or queens. It must be remembered that the Dutch had no kings or queens before the nineteenth century, though they had counts and other feudal officers under the Empire. Hence, when the queen comes, or royalty visits the Paleis, they decorate the door of entrance with a red velvet baldachin.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

King Louis, whose wife was Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and whose son became Napoleon III., lived most of the time at the Pavilion near Haarlem; but often during the warmer months he retired to Het Loo, which has since been the summer residence of Dutch royalty. The Royal Institute of science, letters, and fine arts was established in 1808. Every one thought the popular King Louis would long reign over the nation, but in 1810 he resigned, refusing to be a mere tool in the hands of his brother in Paris.

Then Napoleon Bonaparte abolished the kingdom of Holland, making the Netherlands a part of the French empire, and divided the country into seven departments. He tried to change the Dutch into French people, encouraging and almost compelling them to adopt the customs, manners, tastes, and ideas of France. Amsterdam was called the third city of the French empire, and the Code Napoléon was made the law of the land. The conscription was enforced on all males above twenty years of age, so that one fifth of the whole population became soldiers. Fifteen thousand young Dutchmen marched, with Napoleon's mighty army, to disaster at Moscow. The two universities of Harderwijk and of

THE KINGDOM OF HOLLAND

Franeker were suppressed, and those at Utrecht and Amsterdam were reduced to the grade of secondary schools. The French prohibition of English goods raised the cost of the necessities of life, so that the Dutchman's coffee and sugar became too dear for poor folks to buy. Beets were extensively cultivated, and sugar, made from these roots, took the place of that made from sugar cane. The day of the general use of cocoa and chocolate had not yet come.

Although the British could not at first win in the field against Napoleon, who had, by 1809, forced Prussia, Russia, and Austria to acknowledge his power, they attempted to capture Antwerp. A mighty fleet of nearly two hundred ships, with over forty thousand soldiers, was sent up the river Scheldt, but instead of going straight on, as he had been ordered, the British commander stopped to bombard Flushing. This took much time, and when the troops were landed on the island of Walcheren, they spent a whole month among the marshes, where thousands of them were struck down with malarial fever. One half the army died, and the whole expedition proved a failure. To-day one can find the village graveyards of Zeeland thickly sown with the tombstones of

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

British soldiers and officers, who perished in this wretched and wasteful campaign.

These formed but a portion of that large number of thirty-two million men, which a German military officer reckons to have been slain in battle or who died of wounds or disease in the wars of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, thousands of Dutch lads, or "conscripts" as they were called, lost their lives in the awful sufferings during the retreat from Moscow, yet "the man of destiny" still wanted more soldiers. This frightful loss of life and great suffering, together with the constant intermeddling of Napoleon with the education and customs of the country, made the Dutchmen think him a tyrant. They were very bitter against his rule and were prepared to revolt as soon as they had a good opportunity. Having won their land from the sea, they wanted to own and to govern it themselves.

CHAPTER XXXI

"THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND"

THE Hollanders had not long to wait. The allies, Austria, Bavaria, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, raised an army of three hundred thousand men and determined to crush Napoleon. At Leipsic, during the three days' battle, from October 16 to 19, 1813, Napoleon was defeated, and, in the next campaign, France was invaded. Early in April, 1814, the combined German, British, and Russian armies entered Paris. Napoleon was exiled and the count of Provence was made King Louis XVIII.

The government of this Bourbon prince was very bad. Napoleon left Elba and, landing in France, reached Paris on March 20, 1815. He called on the French people to rally around him. In June, he commanded an army of two hundred thousand men, but by this time all Europe was determined to end the career of a man whom they believed to be an enemy to civilization. Seven hundred thousand soldiers were put into the field.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

At Brussels, by the middle of June, the duke of Wellington had over one hundred thousand men, consisting of British, Germans, Hollanders, and Belgians. The Dutchmen, heartily disgusted with French rule and considering Napoleon a tyrant, had enlisted in large numbers to fight against him. The Prussian force, numbering over one hundred thousand men commanded by Marshal Blücher, was marching to join the British. Napoleon hoped to prevent the union of the two armies. He planned to attack and defeat each one in succession; but this he was unable to do. Worn out with fatigue and illness, and no longer possessing his former great powers of mind and body, he lost the battle of Waterloo, which was fought June 18, 1815. The French army was utterly broken, and Napoleon rode away, to finish with a journey to St. Helena.

On this famous field, the younger prince of Orange and his Dutch soldiers fought like heroes and performed prodigies of valor, so that their countrymen at home were filled with enthusiasm. Everything was now ripe in Holland for the Dutch to rise up, drive out the French, and regain their own country.

Word was sent over to England, where Wil-



FOUNDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION

“THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND”

liam Frederick, the son of the last stadholder, William V., was living, to get ready to come back to Holland. Several famous Dutch statesmen, Hoogendorp, Stirum, Maasden, Falk, Fagel, and Perponcher, had arranged the details of a new government. On November 30, the prince of Orange, who was to be King William I., arrived in Holland. As he said he would enter the country as his father had left it, he sailed in a fishing smack from England, and, before a great crowd of people assembled at Scheveningen, he was carried ashore on the shoulders of some stalwart fishermen.

While the Dutch were getting ready to break the Gallic yoke, several signs gave the Frenchmen a hint of what was coming, although they did not at first understand what these popular demonstrations meant. The emblems of Napoleon's authority, and even the statues and government property, were smeared with orange paint. The men who did these things could not be found, but those who understood the meaning of the act knew that the Dutchmen were determined to have their own rulers back again, and that the French would soon be driven out of the country.

The Dutch had never been used to kings.

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

In olden time, the Netherlands formed part of the German empire, but in the country itself they had no officers higher than barons and counts. Although now a king was to be at the head of the government, the people were to have more freedom than their fathers enjoyed under the old republic ; for he was to be a constitutional ruler. Indeed, in a national convention, a constitution was first written out and agreed upon, and then the prince of Orange was invited to come and obey it.

This instrument, called the fifth constitution, was made by a congress of the notable men of the land, who assembled in the New Church at Amsterdam March 29, 1814, and voted it. Under it there were to be two houses of the national legislature, freedom of religion, and the equality of all before the law. The boundaries of the nine provinces were fixed. North Brabant and Limburg were not then a part of the kingdom.

In the old New Church in Amsterdam, built in the year 1408, the prince of Orange was solemnly inaugurated king as William I. The ancient edifice was hung with flags, banners, and tapestry, while around and fronting the king stood the chief men and women of Holland, in the costume of the period, making

“THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND”

a brilliant picture. With the little country once more in their possession, and their foreign masters driven out, all Europe was electrified by the news, and laughed at the announcement, that “the Dutch have taken Holland.”

CHAPTER XXXII

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND UNITED AND SEPARATED

A CONGRESS of European powers was held after the battle of Waterloo, and it was decided that Belgium and Holland should be united in a single kingdom, over which King William I. of Holland was to rule. Again, as in the old days before the troubles with Spain and the war of independence, and from 1576 to 1579, the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands became one domain.

Yet the new union was a weak and poor one. The two nations were not alike, and are still quite different, in religion, manners, ideas, and interests. The people of the northern Netherlands, usually spoken of as Holland, were Protestants, active in manufactures and commerce, spoke Dutch, and were strongly democratic in ideas. Those of the southern or Belgian Netherlands were Roman Catholic in religion, most of the people spoke French, and were agricultural and manufacturing. Besides two languages and two strains of blood, Flem-

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

ish and Walloon, the people were much under the control of their priests.

King William I. was far from being a wise ruler, and soon became unpopular with the Belgians. When that revolution broke out in Paris which drove out the Bourbon king, Charles X., and set up Louis Philippe, there was trouble in Belgium, which finally exploded in 1830. Excited by the words and music of the French Marseillaise, the mob plundered the house of the Dutch minister and hoisted the old colors of Brabant, now Belgium's tri-color flag of black, yellow, and red. All over the country the people rose up to drive out the Dutch army. A provisional government was formed and the European congress, meeting in London, decreed the separation of the two countries.

In the field there was a "Ten Days' Campaign," with some little skirmishing, but not many lives were lost. On the water the daring bravery of Van Spijk is well remembered. He had been an orphan boy, reared in the orphanage of the city of Amsterdam, and educated for the navy. In February, 1831, while in command of a Dutch gunboat at Antwerp, he saw hundreds of Belgians coming in boats to capture his vessel. Knowing that he would lose his little ship, he ran to the powder magazine,

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

fired his pistol into it, and the ship was blown up. To-day, in Amsterdam, one can see in the parlor of the orphan house his sword and accoutrements, and at Egmond-aan-Zee there is a bronze lion to his honor. On the Dam, fronting the palace in Amsterdam, is the monument of the Iron Cross, in honor of those Dutchmen who were killed in this war, and there is in Brussels a memorial to the Belgians slain at the same time. Limburg was given to Holland, as one of her provinces, making, with North Brabant, eleven in all. In 1839, the river Scheldt, which since 1648 had been shut up from foreign commerce, was fully opened to the world. In 1863, all river dues were abolished. From this time Antwerp became rich and great, and is now one of the chief seaports of Europe. In the Place Marnix, one may see a superb statue erected in 1883, showing how the opening of the river has been the source of Antwerp's life and wealth.

King William I. had much money, but was neither wise nor popular. He resigned in 1840, and his son, the prince of Orange, the brave young military officer who had fought at Waterloo, and was greatly admired by the people, was made king. He had married the Russian princess, Anna Paulowna, who won great popu-



ENTRY OF THE DUTCH ARMY INTO BRUSSELS

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

larity in the Netherlands. The new king was inaugurated in the church at Amsterdam, November 28, 1840. As usual in the Dutch inauguration ceremony, there was no crown set on the king's head, though there was one on the table in front of the monarch, the crown being the symbol of law and government, and not of personal possession.

The Dutch idea of a king is an ancient, sensible, and Christian one; it is, that he is the servant of servants in the kingdom. King William II. was greatly beloved. He encouraged art, stimulated trade, and did that good work which all true and wise statesmen are glad to do — kept the old and the new in harmony, with reverence for the past and hope for the future.

The Dutch statesmen revised the constitution, and the new law of the land was published November 3, 1848. Thorbecke was the prime minister, and under his direction a great era of prosperity dawned upon the kingdom.

When king William II. died in 1849, there was real mourning all through the country. His kindly face may be seen on the coins, and his statue at The Hague shows how the people appreciated him.

The new ruler, William III., who married

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

Sophia, the daughter of the king of Wurtemberg, was destined to rule forty-one years, during an era of great prosperity. A new force had come into the world, or rather men had learned to tame an old force. The Dutchmen no longer waited for the winds to blow and turn their windmills and move their boats; for steamships on the water and locomotives on land were the novelties in fashion. With large steam engines, working mighty pumps, they drained Haarlem Lake dry, reclaiming seventy-two square miles of land. Now on its site there are towns and villages and happy homes, with ten thousand people living where once were waters. The Dutch dug long canals, made new rivers and drained more lakes, increasing the grain, garden, and grazing space of the country. In all, they have diked hundreds of miles of seacoast and river banks, and, having pumped out ninety lakes, they may yet dry up the Zuyder Zee and change it into a polder, or drained meadow.

King William's reign will always be remembered for the general prosperity of the people, at home and abroad. Besides the inhabitants dwelling in the fatherland, millions of the Netherlands have emigrated to South Africa, forming what was formerly Orange

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

Free State and the Transvaal Republic, or have made new homes in the East and West Indies, or North America.

The Dutch possess the East India archipelago, comprising Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and various other islands, which are collectively called Insulinde. They rule this Island India so well that peace is the general rule, and an outbreak is quite rare among its thirty-three million inhabitants.

Several years before King William III. began his reign, that is about 1844, emigration to America had begun. Tens of thousands of Dutch colonists crossed the ocean and came, by way of the Mohawk valley, or up the Mississippi river, to the western part of the United States, where they and their descendants form an important portion of our population. They settled in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota, and most of them have made the best kind of Americans. During the reign of William III. also, our countryman, John Lothrop Motley, after long study in the archives of Spain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, wrote the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," the "History of the United Netherlands," and the "Life of John of Barneveldt," telling the story of the Dutch

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

nation from 1554 to about 1620, the year in which the Pilgrim fathers and mothers left Holland to settle New England.

To King William and Queen Sophia sons and daughters were born, and for a while it looked as if there would be plenty of heirs to the Dutch throne. The queen's drawing-rooms were famous for the brilliant array of artists, scholars, and men and women noted for their part in making the world more beautiful and better worth living in. Queen Sophia died in 1874, and her children, one after another, followed her.

On January 7, 1879, King William married the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont. On August 30, 1880, their daughter, Wilhelmina, was born. The child, delicate at first, grew up to be strong and healthy, as well as lovable and beautiful. Before she was ten years old she became heir apparent, by the death of the last of the king's sons. Her father, the king, died shortly after and was buried, as all the princes of the house of Orange have been, in the great church at Delft.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE TWO QUEENS, EMMA AND WILHELMINA

QUEEN EMMA became regent and took charge of the education of her daughter, who was trained, as indeed most educated Dutch ladies and gentlemen are, to speak fluently four languages, English, German, French, and Dutch. Her native tongue is one of the strongest and clearest languages in Europe, with abundance of first-class literature, and is rich in works of history, science, poetry, fiction, and almost every form of literary composition. It is necessary and pleasant, however, for a queen to talk with people from other countries.

The young princess spent much of her time at the beautiful rural palaces of Soestdijk and Het Loo. She was not only bright and forward in her studies, but rather fond of pets, especially dogs and horses. When coming to maidenhood, she, with her mother, visited each one of the provinces in turn, enjoying the sights and the costumes of the peasants, and sharing the delight of the people. In Friesland, she

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

wore the Frisian costume presented to her by the women of the province. Besides the close-fitting dress, belt, and chatelaine, she donned the golden helmet, with its metal rosettes in front of the ears. The gold "feather," as it is called, which projects across the forehead, was, in her case, set with diamonds, the gift of the Frisian ladies. According as it is worn on the left or the right, it shows that the wearer is married or unmarried. In Zeeland, the peasant women, arrayed in all the different costumes of the various villages or districts, appeared before her.

When fifteen years of age, in July, 1895, at The Hague, she decorated the heroes of Lombok, who under General Vetter had won victory in the East Indies.

In Drenthe, at Baller Kuyl, near Rolde, the queens were entertained with a tableau in the leafy woods, which showed how a court of justice was held and trials for crime deliberated upon in the primeval days, when there were no books or written history, but when men's, and especially women's, memories were strong and clear. The place was highly appropriate; for it is in this region that the greatest number of the Hunnebedden, or "giants' graves," are found.

In an open space, with the semi-circle of



QUEEN WILHELMINA

TWO QUEENS, EMMA AND WILHELMINA

mighty trees in the rear, the chief judge, having on his head a cap like a coronet and holding the wand of justice wrapped round with ribbon, sat on a rock covered with a bearskin. On his right and left were ranged the six judges, one of them being the Druid priest dressed in white, his forehead wreathed with oak leaves, while the other five were chiefs, stalwart in figure and armed with heavy swords. Behind the principal judge stood the armor bearer, with a lengthy spear and tremendous buckler. Further to the left was another tall pole with a round shield upon it, and on its top the skull and horns of an ox. Fifty or one hundred strong men, armed with spears, and their heads either capped with the old metal helmets of the Teutonic warriors or bareheaded, with their hair gathered into a knot, one of them with outspread wings on his helmet, stood all ready to carry out the decrees of the judge. To the left, in the foreground, were seven beautiful women dressed in white, whose duty it was to remember what was said. Altogether it was a spirited reproduction of a scene frequent in primeval days, when law was unwritten and there were no prisons, but when justice was simple and rude, though perhaps thorough.

Besides having an English governess and in-

structors in the languages, Queen Wilhelmina was trained in the religion of the Reformed Church by the domine, or pastor, of the great church at The Hague. In history her tutors were Professor P. J. Blok of Leyden, and others. She often visited the great Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, and was there instructed by the wise men and women who could, with abundant object-lessons, tell her the glorious story of her ancestors and of the country which she was to rule. Thus richly endowed in mind and body, the time drew near when, her eighteenth year ended, she should be formally inaugurated as sovereign of the Netherlands. Then the regency of her mother would end.

The whole country prepared to celebrate with her; for their joy was one. All classes and conditions of the people were eager to take part in some way. The wealthier people subscribed money and placed in the New Church at Amsterdam a superb memorial window. This showed the succession of the house of Orange, from William the Silent to Wilhelmina. The life-sized historical figures of the great men whose names fill the page of the Netherlands history, and of the women whose energy and goodness so helped the men, make a glorious vision of light and color.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

No sovereign was ever more beloved by her people than the girl queen, Wilhelmina, who, as the nineteenth century drew to a close, was the last scion of the house of Orange; for all other heirs in the direct line had passed away. The close tie of mutual affection between this illustrious family and the Dutch nation is one of the grand things in history. On the eve of the royal inauguration, as Queen Emma announced in dignified and fitting terms her intended abdication in favor of her daughter, so also Wilhelmina wrote what reads like a love letter "to my people," asking for their love and loyalty. The New Church in Amsterdam, as in the case of her three royal ancestors, was the place chosen for her to take her oath of office and to receive the loyal vows of the ministers.

On the morning of inauguration day, September 6, 1898, the festivities were ushered in with music in the air. In most of the large

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

church spires are chimes of bells, numbering from a score to a hundred. The players frequently give concerts up in the air, while every day the bells strike the hours, halves, and quarters, the chimes ringing out a merry tune, a stanza of a hymn, an operatic air, or some patriotic or lullaby song. On the morning of September 5, initiating "the national honeymoon," the carillons in the steeples had begun early. Amsterdam looked more like fairyland than an ordinary city. The shops were closed, and crowds from all the country round filled the streets with a million of happy people, good natured, and well behaved.

The mother and daughter, "the king's widow" and the queen, left The Hague and arrived in the capital city on the "Y" early in the afternoon. This was the beginning of the "joyous entry." Wilhelmina sat with her mother in an open carriage, smiling to the people and greeting them with wavings of her little lace handkerchief, while their throats became hoarse with shouts of welcome. Arriving at the great square in front of the palace, she rode round, and entering the building soon reappeared on the veranda. Facing her in welcome were ranged the representatives of every branch of the military and naval service,



THE JOYOUS ENTRY



STERDAM, 1898

THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, marines, and sailors, besides a company of young gentlemen dressed in the uniform of the time of Prince Maurice in the seventeenth century. These looked as gay and bright as a swarm of beetles or butterflies. They were armed with long pikes, and the shotmen had heavy muskets, which, when they fired, they rested on prongs or supports. Their evolutions attracted much attention.

After the queen had greeted her loyal defenders, and sabre, rifle, carbine, and pike had been brought to a "present," the military filed out and disappeared. For a few minutes the square was vacant. Then, by the queen's own order and plan, a signal was given and the people flowed in from the seven or eight streets leading into the Dam square, and a mass of perhaps fifty thousand human beings filled the space. Again the queen appeared on the balcony, greeting them all, smiling and waving her handkerchief, while the myriads shouted their delight.

The next day was the "coronation." Walking from the palace to the New Church, crowded with the élite of the kingdom, the young queen entered and took her seat in the throne chair, a picture of radiant health and

loveliness. She was dressed in white, with train skirt, over which, and hung from her shoulders, were four yards of red velvet embroidered with gold. She had a tiara of diamonds on her head, jewels at her waist, and the military cordon of the order of Orange over her breast. On the left stood a sultan, rajahs, and vassal rulers, her dark-skinned subjects from Insulinde, the East Indies, and deputies from the colonies. On the right were her ministers of state and her princely relatives, and in front the members of the States-General, and chosen guests from the Netherlands and from many nations.

Just as the fair young queen rose to read her speech, the clouds broke and the sunlight streamed in through the lofty Orange memorial window, making radiant her graceful form. Her enunciation was made with wonderful clearness, and she was heard all over the house. She said she would make the words of her royal father her own, "The house of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands." At this many eyes, even of stern men and gray-haired statesmen, overflowed. When she closed, with eyes and jeweled right hand uplifted to Heaven, with the prayer, "So help me truly, God Almighty," a thrill of joy and hope spread through all

THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

hearts. At the signal of the herald, all rose and shouted, "Live the Queen." Mutual oaths of loyalty and of faithfulness to the constitution were exchanged by the queen and her legislators. The four banners — of the Netherlands, of the house of Orange, of North Holland, and of the city of Amsterdam — dipped in salutation to the sovereign, thus inaugurated, and the impressive ceremony was over. Then followed two weeks of royal and popular festivities and rejoicing.

To honor their queen, the poor people of Amsterdam had contributed their money and bought a golden coach, superbly made and decorated, in which they expected her to ride to the ceremony. She, however, preferred to walk under a canopy the few feet between the doors of the palace and the church, but told the people that she would reserve the golden coach until her wedding day. Those who kept carrier pigeons had sent from the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets all over the kingdom, their trained birds to Amsterdam. They were released, all at one moment, on the day given up to popular sports, in presence of the young queen, to carry home the news.

In all the cities and towns there were decorations and celebrations, banquets and merry-

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

making, with parades of the children, but in Amsterdam and at The Hague, the festivities reached the acme of glory. The streets, bridges, houses, and public buildings were adorned with the red, white, and blue of the national flag and the orange of their rulers. The sailors, the soldiers, the mechanics, and all the different kinds of societies, and even the orphans and companies of boys and girls, wished to have some special arch, trophy, or token of loyalty in some form. The Water Feast at night, as became the country under the sea level, was perhaps the most brilliant of all the outdoor spectacles.

On and over the canals were stretched tens of thousands of Japanese lanterns and colored lamps. On the bosom of the river, craft of every sort, built on the models of many nations, floated and moved about. Their myriads of lights were reflected in the water, increasing the splendor. In the gardens were thousands more of lamps, set in among the grass and flowers, while in front of the houses were varied devices in star and flower, wreath and blazonry, the lion of Holland and the arms of the kingdom, provinces and cities, blossoming in jets of fire.

During the following summer of 1899, the Peace Congress, called by the Czar of Russia

THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

and assembling by invitation at The Hague, held its sessions at the House in the Wood, built by Amalia Van Solms, in memory of her husband, Prince Frederick Henry. Principles were discussed and rules laid down which must, in time, mitigate the horrors of war. In the great church at Delft, exercises were held in honor of Grotius, the Dutch scholar whose writings on international law had made the International Court of Arbitration possible. Our ambassador to Germany, Andrew D. White, delivered the oration. In the name of the United States, the Great Pacific Power, a wreath of silver gilt leaves and palms was laid on the grave of Grotius.

During the war in South Africa between the Britons and the Boers, the Dutch looked on with intense sympathy, but took no part in the strife, they having long ago retired from the active politics of Europe, content to do their part of the world's work in other ways than in war.

At the polls, during the summer of 1900, the Anti-Revolutionary party triumphed over the Liberals, and Dr. Abraham Kuyper was made premier. He was active in securing peace in South Africa, and the Dutch gave hearty welcome to the Boer generals who visited Holland in 1902.

On the 16th of October, 1900, Queen Wilhelmina wrote another little love letter "aan mijn volk" ("to my people"), announcing her engagement to Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. On the 7th of February, 1901, after riding in her golden coach to the great church in The Hague, they were united in marriage according to the ritual of the Reformed Dutch Church by the court chaplain, Dr. Van der Flier. Again for a fortnight the cities of the Netherlands were in festal array by day and illuminated at night while the royal couple celebrated their honeymoon.

In recent years, especially since the celebrations by the Dutch people of the three hundredth anniversary of many a stirring event of the Eighty Years' War of Independence, through the stimulus given to the study of Dutch history by our own historian, Motley, the endowment of chairs of history in the universities, and the formation of historical societies, there has been a revival of patriotic interest in the past. The fruits of this feeling are seen in the numerous statues, tablets, and other works of art which make a tour in the Netherlands so fascinating to the student who would know in detail the long and glorious story of the Dutch people.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

IN A.D. 1913, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Queen Wilhelmina, Holland welcomed the world to celebrate with her people her joyous centennials. These were the one hundredth year of her independence, the restoration of the House of Orange, and a century of constitutional monarchy.

The gathering of the world's congress of peace and the dedication of the Peace Palace at The Hague added splendor to the general joy. In different cities historical pageants were the order of the summer days. Thirty exhibitions of things old and new, on land, on water, and in the air, attracted throngs of visitors from other lands. Not least was the Amsterdam Exposition of De Vrouw, or The Woman, showing the social situation in Holland in 1813 and 1913.

The century just closed was worth celebrating. Our countryman Motley wrote "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and others have treated

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

of its fall, drawing lessons of warning or inspiration from Holland's varied political experience. Yet almost as wonderful is the story of the nation's re-birth; for the advance in political, social, and economic prosperity is perhaps as great as in "the golden era" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Once the Dutch rescued their land from the waves. Now they are steadily redeeming it from the sand.

Not more astonishing was the work of the old engineers, with pump, windmill, and dyke, in converting what was once the ocean floor into a home and garden, than is that of the farmers of our day in reclaiming waste land. In intensive cultivation and gardening on a national scale, the Dutch now lead the world. In business efficiency these people cannot be beaten. To them the task of making the wilderness blossom as the rose is toilsome but delightful, for it is home.

In demonstrating the power of coöperation, the Dutch have again illustrated their three ancient mottoes: "Unity makes strength"; "One pull together creates power"; and "By concord little things become great." Holland is still the leader and teacher of the world in many things. Rejecting protective tariffs, that always favor particular classes, the farmers are

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

put to their mettle. Human beings, dogs, horses, cattle, earth, wind, and the waves are made to do their utmost for man.

So far from being "slow," the Dutch lead the world in the secret of quick movement and time-saving, especially in the use of the bicycle. Farmers ride to their fields and maids to their dairies on wheels. In one village of 4500 people, there are 1500 bicycles. "A Mississippi of milk," mountains of cheese, pyramids of beet-root sugar, table lands of potato starch and flour, and an Aladdin's cave of turf fuel excel some fairy tales in their marvels. Even the bees, the fishes, and the birds seem harnessed to work. The record of the capacity of acres under cultivation is excelled nowhere in the world. Each square rod, pole, and perch is worked to its utmost. The purple scalp of the heather land is taken off, and what was once the old ocean's bottom, or the stubble of forests cut down centuries ago, besides great areas of bogs and swamps, are cut into, invaded by canals, peeled, scraped, re-made, fertilized, and forced to yield fruit, grain, flour, milk, sugar, and meat. The story of Jason and the golden fleece can hardly excel in real wonder the reality of the last half century of land-reclamation.

Although the Netherlanders still look upon

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

“the briny deep” as their food storehouse, more valuable than gold mines, yet, after all, the land is the unwearied mother, ever able to feed her children. The Dutch will not, for many years yet, need to drain the Zuyder Zee. Where, when the first edition of the “Young People’s History of Holland” left the press, I saw many square miles and vast wastes of sand, supposed to be forever hopelessly barren, are now farms, orchards, and gardens. Villages, with church spires and school houses, happy homes, well fed men, and cattle, cover the old waste places. Spring-time flowers, summer’s green crops, autumn’s gold and colors beautify the landscape, while the bees collecting honey and the birds calling to their mates make music in the air sweeter even than chimes. The great Land Reclamation Company, with its thirty-two branches, which has transformed millions of acres of heather waste into fertile soil, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1913.

We have seen how the Dutch recovered their country, first from the Spaniards and again from the French. Then, through good statesmanship in 1813, they re-laid the foundations of the Commonwealth. They had had a long, sad, and severe experience of the kind of republican government from which they both

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

profited and suffered. The Constitution of 1579, called the "Union of Utrecht," formed as it was under the stress of war, though lasting until 1795, was rather a treaty between various states than a true constitution. In many features it was as defective as were our Articles of Confederation from 1783 to 1789. Their second experience of republicanism, which was forced upon them by foreigners, was of the French and not of the American sort as illustrated by Washington and Hamilton. The same sore need which the Americans had, "to form a more perfect union," was felt by the Dutch. So, driving out their Gallic conquerors, they first made a written constitution, more in spirit at least like the American model, and then invited the Prince of Orange, at that time in England, to be their hereditary executive. "The man of 1813," who interpreted and enforced this "ground-law" of the nation, was Hogendorp, who in America had learned much from his friends, George Washington and Alexander Hamilton. As the Dutch people's chief servant under this constitution, King William I. served until 1840.

Three Dutch kings, all named William, have ruled, in obedience to the Constitution. There being no male heirs after the death of King

HISTORY OF HOLLAND

William III., and no Salic law, which excludes females, Wilhelmina was inaugurated as Queen in 1898. As the Constitution recognizes only male rulers, all public documents are made out in the name of "the king," though a woman reigns.

One secret of Holland's political stability, social progress, and economic prosperity is the intense devotion of the entire nation to the House of Orange. The love of the Dutch people for their Queen amounts almost to a romantic passion. Wisely and tactfully this royal lady has held the loyalty of the masses and maintained her personal popularity. Yet it was several years after her marriage, when the hopes of the woman and of the nation were fulfilled. Many and sad were the forebodings lest the line of the House of Orange in the Netherlands should fail. However, on the morning of April 30, 1907, as fast as the pulses of light could thrill, or the waves of wireless telegraphy could move, the news spread, that a princess had been born. She was named after the great ancestress of "Father William" of Nassau, Juliana of Stolberg. Instantly, the name of the little girl was on millions of joyful lips. Aloft in the church steeples, from trombones, cornets, and bugles, there was music in

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

the air surpassing even that of the chimes; while below, the cannon on ship and shore roared a joyful welcome to the little princess.

The descent of the queen and her babe is from Alberta Agnes, one of the granddaughters of William of Orange, through the Frisian branch of the family (p. 258). The descendants of "The Silent" fill nearly every royal throne in Europe, and at the death of King Edward VII. of England, nine kings, all descended through the female line from the Father of his Country, walked in procession as mourners.

The situation of the Dutch kingdom, between the two great military powers that have been mutually hostile and jealous during a thousand years, compels the maintenance of an army and a navy. Belgium is kept under the same military necessity, though without any armed force upon the sea. To confirm the bonds of friendship between the three countries, Queen Wilhelmina visited the King and Queen of Belgium and also the President of the French Republic. In Paris she looked with interest upon the statue of Admiral Coligny, her great Huguenot ancestor. The twenty modern provinces, eleven in Belgium and nine in "Holland," comprise the area of the old seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, which are repre-

sented by the bricks of turf seen on the arms of William the Silent. The friendly relations of Holland with both Belgium and France have been strengthened by this visit.

Americans have not forgotten their debt to the Netherlands. Various societies in the United States have manifested their grateful feelings of obligation by the erection of bronze memorial tablets, which in ten cities furnish new points of attraction to English-speaking visitors, even while illuminating the past. The Dutch Republic was of old the home of freedom for refugees fleeing from the fury of English kings, queens, and ecclesiastics, during the age of bigotry when, in the British Isles, conscience was not free. The descendants of the Pilgrims have led in the good work. To-day there are no fewer than five memorials, to their ancestors who believed in the democracy of the Christian Church, and to hospitable Holland. Two are in Leyden, one at Amsterdam, one at Delfshaven, and one at Middelburg.

The initial settlers of the Middle States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, were adventurous single men from Holland, but the first home-makers, with wives and children, were Walloons, or French-speaking persons from the southern Netherlands.

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

Fleeing before the Duke of Alva and his army of black-bearded Spaniards, they found refuge in Leyden in 1567 and later. This, above all others in Europe, is preëminently the mother city of the United States. Leyden has sheltered and nourished no fewer than four notable strains of humanity which are now blended in the American composite; these being, in order of time, the Dutch, the Walloons, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Huguenots.

At Zierikzee, a tablet in the pretty Town Hall commemorates Pieter Cornelis Plockhoy, who, in 1662, raised the first voice in America against all human slavery. He settled in Delaware with twenty-five families from Amsterdam. In the Scotch church at Rotterdam, inscriptions and heraldic emblems in bronze not only recall the supervision of the churches and schools of New Netherland by the Classics of Amsterdam and the generosity of the people of Rotterdam, but do honor as well to the three regiments of the Scotch Brigade, which served the States General from 1572 to 1795. These, on the protest of the Dutch friends of America, in 1776, were not employed against our fathers during the Revolutionary War. At Nijkerk is a memorial brass to Arendt Van Curler, nephew of the patroon, Van Rensselaer, whose domain

comprised most of the land now in Albany, Rensselaer, and Saratoga Counties. Van Curler was the active pioneer in the founding of Schenectady, and to him the credit of the peace policy with the Iroquois, which became a potent element in saving America for Anglo-Saxon civilization, is due.

Memories of the Revolutionary War are recalled in the bronze at Zwolle, to the honor of Van der Capellen, champion of the American cause, in 1776; in Leyden, to Jean Luzac, friend of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton; at Leeuwarden, in the legislative hall, where the first vote was taken to recognize John Adams and the American Republic. At Utrecht, on the walls of the new and handsome university building, built in the Dutch Renaissance style, is the greeting of Rutgers College, "on the banks of the old Raritan," chartered in 1766, "to the mother of our dear mother." At The Hague, in the vestibule of the Government Printing Office, is the tablet, unveiled September 18, 1913, celebrating, on the site of the first American Legation, the unbroken friendship between the Netherlands and the United States of America.

At the centennial of Dutch Independence, Queen Wilhelmina is the beloved sovereign

HOLLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

of six million people in the homeland, which covers 12,648 square miles. The Dutch dependencies and colonies have an area of 1,520,982 square miles, and Brave Little Holland is responsible for the welfare of eighty million souls.

Great and serious are the problems, but the Dutch prefer and are determined to work them out in their own way. "I will maintain" is still the national motto.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

OUTLINE OF DUTCH HISTORY

PREHISTORIC TIME

Netherlands inhabited by Celtic tribes.

B. C.

100. The Frisians and Batavians enter.

THE ROMAN PERIOD

54. Julius Cæsar.

11. Drusus.

A. D.

14. Germanicus.

44. Corbulo.

70. Revolt of Claudius Civilis.

277. Weakening of the Roman power.

400. The expansion of the Germanic tribes.

THE FRANKISH PERIOD

496. Clovis baptized.

628. Dagobert fights the Frisians.

First Christian church at Utrecht.

700. Willibrord and the Gospel.

755. Boniface killed at Dokkum.

785. Charles the Great brings the Saxons and Frisians
into Christendom.

800. Coronation of Charles at Rome.

810. Beginning of the Norman inroads.

814. Death of Charles the Great.

APPENDIX

839-1260. The Zuyder Zee forms.

843. Compact of Verdun. Beginning of the evolution of the seventeen Netherland provinces.

PERIOD OF THE COUNTS OF HOLLAND

- 922. Dirk I.
- 1015. Dirk III. founds Dordrecht.
- 1072. Delft founded.
- 1096. The Crusades begin.
- 1170. Great flood. Sea fish at Utrecht.
- 1219. Beginning of dikes and dams. Capture of Damietta.
- 1277. Great flood. The Dollart formed.
- 1296. Floris V. murdered by feudal lords.
- 1299. Death of John I. and end of the house of Holland.

THE MIDDLE AGES: THE FOUR PRINCELY HOUSES

- 1300. Amsterdam becomes a city.
- 1329. First windmill in the Netherlands built.
- 1341. Elizabeth flood. Biesbosch formed.
- 1349. Quarrels of the Hooks and Cods begin. End of the house of Hainault.
- 1350. First use of gunpowder by the Dutch.
- 1350. Curing of herring discovered.
- 1423. Use of printing begun.
- 1428. Death of Jacqueline. End of house of Bavaria.
- 1477. Death of Charles the Bold.
Mary of Burgundy grants the Great Privilege.
- 1482. End of the house of Burgundy in the Netherlands.
- 1490. End of the Hook and Cod quarrels.
- 1492. Bread and cheese riots.

APPENDIX

THE SPANISH PERIOD

- 1496. Philip the Fair marries Joanna of Aragon, crown princess of Spain.
- 1515. Charles V., son of Philip, assumes rule over the Netherlands.
- 1517. Charles V. becomes king of Spain.
- 1517. Charles V., emperor.
- 1536. Menno Simons and the Mennonites.
- 1543. All the seventeen provinces united under one prince.
- 1555. Charles V. abdicates in favor of Philip II.
- 1558. Battle of St. Quentin.
- 1559. Philip II. departs for Spain. Margaret of Parma made viceroy.
- 1564. Exit Granvelle. Influence of William of Orange.
- 1565. The compromise of nobles.
- 1566. The cry of the Beggars. The image storm.
- 1567. Departure of William of Orange to Germany. Arrival of Alva and his army. Flight of 100,000 Netherlanders to other countries.

REVOLT OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTY YEARS' WAR

- 1568. Egmont and Hoorn beheaded.
Battle of Heiligerlee.
William crosses the Maas.
- 1572. The Water Beggars capture Briel.
Massacres at Zutphen and Naarden.
- 1573. Siege of Haarlem.
Siege of Alkmaar.
Naval battle on the Zuyder Zee.
Departure of Alva, who is succeeded by Requesens.

APPENDIX

- 1574. Battle on Mook Heath. Death of Louis and Henry of Nassau.
Siege of Leyden.
- 1576. Death of Requesens.
Revolt of Spanish soldiers.
Pacification of Ghent.
Don John of Austria.
- 1578. Amsterdam adopts the Reformed religion.
Death of Don John.
Alexander of Parma, grand commander.
- 1579. Union of Utrecht.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS

- 1581. Philip II. deposed. Dutch Declaration of Independence.
- 1583. The French fury at Antwerp.
- 1584. Assassination of William of Orange.
- 1585. Arrival of the earl of Leicester and the English auxiliaries.
Fall of Antwerp. The northern and southern provinces separated.
- 1588. Destruction of the Invincible Armada.
- 1590. Maurice begins the capture of Breda and other walled cities.
- 1594. Secession of Groningen from the union.
- 1595. East India commerce opened by Houtman.
- 1596. The Dutch in Nova Zembla.
- 1597. Battle of Turnhout.
- 1600. Victory at Newport.
- 1601. Siege of Ostend.
- 1602. East India Company formed.
- 1607. Naval battle at Gibraltar.
- 1609. Twelve Years' Truce begun.

APPENDIX

- 1614. The Greenland Company formed.
- 1618. National Synod at Dordrecht.
- 1619. Barneveldt beheaded.
- 1621. Renewal of the war with Spain.

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

- 1621. The age of the great artists, scholars, poets, engineers, explorers, and colonists.
- 1625. Death of Prince Maurice.
- 1628. Piet Hein captures the Spanish silver fleet in the West Indies.
- 1629. Prince Frederick Henry's campaign.
- 1648. Peace of Munster, Eighty Years' War ended.
- 1652. First naval war with England.
Tromp, DeRuyter, Evertsen.
John DeWitt, grand pensionary.
- 1653. Three days' sea fight.
- 1654. Peace with England.
- 1665. Second naval war with England.
- 1666. Four days' sea fight.
- 1667. DeRuyter in the Thames.
Peace of Breda.
The Perpetual Edict.
- 1668. Triple Alliance against France.
- 1672. French invasion. DeRuyter's victory at Solebay.
Murder of the DeWitt brothers.
- 1673. DeRuyter's victory over the allied forces. Retreat of the French.
- 1678. The peace of Nymegen.
- 1685. Louis XIV. of France repeals Edict of Nantes.
Flight of Huguenots into the Netherlands.
- 1688. William III. lands in England with a Dutch and Huguenot army.

APPENDIX

1689. William III. made king of Great Britain and Ireland.
War with France.
1697. Peace of Ryswyk.
1702. Death of William III.
End of the line of descent from William of Orange.
The succession of the house of Orange-Nassau passes to John William Friso.
- 1706-1709. War of the Spanish Succession.
Battles of Ramillies, Oudenarden, and Malplaquet.
1716. Peace of Utrecht.
- 1740-1748. War of the German Succession.
1747. William IV. becomes hereditary stadholder.
1751. Princess Anne, governor for William V.
1766. William V., last stadholder.
1776. Governor Johannes de Graeff fires the first foreign salute to the American flag.
1780. John Adams in Holland. Friesland recognizes the United States of America.
The Dutch republic recognizes the American republic.
Fourth war with Great Britain.
1781. Naval battle off the Doggerbank.
1784. Civil war between the Patriots and the prince's partisans.
1787. The Prussians support the prince. Flight of Patriots into France.

THE FRENCH RÉGIME

1789. The French Revolution.
1793. The French invasion.
1795. The French cross the frozen rivers. Flight of William V. to England.

APPENDIX

- 1797. Battle of Camperduin.
- 1799. Landing of the Russians and British on North Holland.
Battles at Bergen and Castricum.
- 1802. Peace at Amiens.
- 1804. Napoleon, emperor of the French.
- 1806. Louis, king of Holland.
- 1809. British land on Walcheren.
- 1810. The Netherlands incorporated with France.
- 1812. Napoleon's march to Russia and retreat.
- 1813. Battle of Leipsic.
- 1814. Congress of Vienna.

THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS

- 1815. Northern and southern Netherlands made into one kingdom under William I.
Battle of Waterloo.
- 1816. Dutch and British bombardment of Algiers.
- 1821-1825. Extension of Dutch trade and conquest in the East Indies.
- 1830. Separation of Belgium and the Netherlands.
The "Ten Days' Campaign."

RENASCENCE OF THE NETHERLANDS

- 1830. The railway system inaugurated.
- 1839. Peace with Belgium.
- 1840. Abdication of William I. in favor of William II.
- 1844. Friendly mission to Japan.
- 1848. Reform of the Constitution under Thorbecke.
- 1849. Death of William II. Enthronement of William III.
- 1853. Haarlem Lake drained.
- 1863. Emancipation in the West Indies. The Dutch join

APPENDIX

- with the British, French, and Americans in the bombardment of Shimonoséki, Japan.
1867. Limburg becomes a Dutch province.
1873. The Atcheen War begun.
1876. The North Sea Canal from Amsterdam opened.
1879. Marriage of William III. and the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont.
1880. Birth of the Princess Wilhelmina.
1883. World's Exposition at Amsterdam.
1887. Revision of the Constitution.
1890. Death of William III. Expedition to Lombok.
1894. Queen Emma, regent.
1898. Queen Wilhelmina inaugurated.
1900. Marriage of Queen Wilhelmina to Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.
- The Peace Congress at The Hague.
1901. Triumph of the Anti-Revolutionary party at the polls.
- Dr. Abraham Kuyper, premier.
1906. The Rembrandt Tercentenary.
1907. Second Peace Conference at The Hague.
1909. Birth of the Princess Juliana.
1913. Triumph of the Liberal party at the polls.
- Centennial celebrations throughout Holland.
- Dedication of the Peace Palace.

INDEX

INDEX

- ADA, Countess, 79.
 Adolph of Nassau, 172, 173.
 Adrian, Pope, 127.
 Africa, 252, 292, 305.
 Alcuin, 114.
 Alkmaar, 77, 124.
 Alva, 162, 167-169, 174-177, 181,
 184-187, 189, 191, 192, 196.
 Amalia Van Solms, 238, 240, 305.
 America, Dutch in, 255, 293.
 American flag saluted, 263.
 Amsterdam, 139, 212, 272, 279,
 291, 298-304.
 Anabaptists, 129, 137.
 Anglo-Saxons, 29.
 Anjou, Duke of, 215-217.
 Anna Paulowna, 290.
 Antwerp, 158, 169, 176, 241, 269,
 281, 289, 290.
 Armada, the Invincible, 220, 221.
 Armor, 133.
 Atjeh, 227.
 Avila, Don Sancho de, 198.

 Banners of William of Orange, 171.
 Barneveldt, John of, 219, 222-224,
 231-234, 293.
 Batavian Republic, 275-278.
 Batavians, 18.
 Bavarian house, 89-106.
 Beggars, the party so called, 154,
 155, 166, 168-170, 173. *See also*
 Water Beggars.
 Belgic Netherlands, 166, 288.
 Betuwe, 16.
 Beukels, William, 94.
 Bible, 134-137, 234.
 Biervliet, 95.
 Biesbosch, 105.

 Binnen Hof, 79.
 Bishops, 145.
 Black John, 183.
 Blok, Prof. P. J., 298.
 Boers, 305.
 Boisot, Admiral, 197-203.
 Boniface, 37.
 Boodle, origin of the word, 91.
 Bookmaking in the middle ages,
 115.
 Bossu, Count, 182, 183, 189, 192,
 195, 196.
 Bread and Cheese War, 123, 124.
 Brederode, 151, 153.
 Brethren of the Common Life, 115.
 Briel, 180-182, 184.
 Brinio, 24, 25.
 Brussels, 173, 174, 181, 290.
 Burgundy, house of, 107-121.
 Buys, Paul, 177.

 Cæsar, 18, 19.
 Cambrai, 215.
 Camperduin, 277.
 Cats, Jacob, 248.
 Ceremonies, 91, 297, 305.
 Charlemagne, 38-42.
 Charles V., Emperor, 95, 126-128,
 140-143.
 Charles the Bold, 111, 116.
 Charlotte of Bourbon, 216, 218.
 Chinese, 227.
 Chivalry, 61, 62.
 Church and State, 139, 233, 234.
 Claudius Civilis, 22-24.
 Cods, the party so called, 85-89,
 109, 120.
 Coevorden, 26.
 "Compromise," 153.

INDEX

- Constitutions of the Netherlands, 214, 286.
 Cornellisen, Gijsbert, 202, 203.
 Coster, Laurens Janszoon, 113.
 Council of Blood, 168.
 Council of Troubles, 168.
 Count, the word and the office, 66.
 Crown, the Dutch, 291.
 Crusaders, 54-61, 69, 70.

 Daendels, Herman, 272, 279.
 Dam, in place names, 67.
 Dam, the, in Amsterdam, 272, 274, 290, 301.
 Damietje, the, 69.
 Damietta, 69, 70.
 Danes, 49.
 Delfshaven, 123.
 Delft, 294, 305.
 Delftware, 102.
 De Ruyter, Admiral, 249, 250, 254, 255.
 Dikes, 112, 292.
 Dirk I., Count, 64.
 Dirkson, Admiral, 195.
 Doggerbank, 265.
 Dokkum, 38, 186.
 Don Frederic, 186, 189, 191, 192.
 Dordrecht, 120, 127, 182, 186, 233.
 Drainage of lakes, 292.
 Drenthe, 10, 11, 296.
 Drinking customs, 76, 154.
 Drusus, 19.
 Duncan, Admiral, 277.
 Dunes, 3.

 East Indies, 293, 302.
 Egmond Abbey, 65.
 Egmont, Count, 143, 146, 152, 160-162, 167, 173, 174.
 Elizabeth of England, 166, 176, 179.
 Emma, Queen, 294, 295, 299, 300.
 England, relations with, 82, 99, 101, 125, 176.
 Erasmus, 136-138.

 Falconry, 73-76.
 Feudalism, 44-48, 61, 66.

 Flag of the Franks, 30, 32; of the Netherlands, 170; of Belgium, 289.
 Flemings, exodus of the, 165, 166.
 Floods, 105, 178.
 Floris V., 72, 75-77.
 Flushing, 149, 184, 281.
 Franks, 28-36.
 Frederick Henry, 239, 240, 305.
 French invasion, 269-275.
 French rule in Holland, 275-285.
 Friesland, 81, 124, 186, 295.
 Frisians, 27-39, 52, 81, 91, 296.

 Gerard, Balthazar, 217, 218.
 Germanic tribes, 26-27, 40.
 Ghent, 119, 148, 168.
 "Giants' graves," 10, 296.
 Godfrey, 52.
 Goes, 102, 185, 188, 189.
 Golden Fleece, Knights of the, 108, 156.
 Gouda, 100, 102, 186.
 Granvelle, Cardinal, 149-152, 162, 168, 220.
 Great Privilege, the, 118.
 Grotius, 233-235, 305.
 Gunpowder, 132.

 Haarlem, 70, 113, 191, 280, 292.
 Hague, The, 79, 267, 304.
 Hainault, house of, 80-84, 88.
 Harik, John, 195, 196.
 Hedge preaching, 157, 158, 160.
 Heiligerlee, the battle of, 172, 173.
 Helder, 278.
 Hendrik, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 306.
 Herring, 94-96.
 Hessels, 168.
 History writing, 65, 293.
 Hoen, Captain, 201.
 Holland, origin of the name, 4; kingdom of, 278-282.
 Hooks, the party so called, 85, 86, 88, 109, 120, 123.
 Hoorn, 96.
 Hoorn, Count, 160, 161, 173, 174.
 House of a Thousand Fears, 183.

INDEX

"Image storm, the," 158, 159.
Inquisition, 153.
Ireland, 31.

Jacqueline of Bavaria, 90-105.
Japanese, 227.
Jemmingen, 174.
Jews, 141.
John of Austria, Don, 208, 210-212.
John of Nassau, 172, 213.
Juliana of Stolberg, 148.

Keezen, the party so called, 268.
Kenau Van Hasselaer, 191.
Kijkduin, 277.
Kingship, 286, 291.
Kuyper, Dr. Abraham, 305.

Leicester, Earl of, 220.
Leyden, 21, 176, 186.
Liberty trees, 274.
Limburg, 286, 290.
Lombok, 296.
Louis Napoleon, 279, 280.
Louis of Nassau, 172, 174, 175, 185, 187, 198, 199.
Louvain, 169.
Luther, 129.

Maastricht, 175.
Margaret of Holland, 81, 83, 86-88.
Margaret of Parma, 148-151, 153, 154, 156, 158, 160, 167, 168.
Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde, Philip Van, 186, 196, 220.
Mary. *See* William and Mary.
Mary of Burgundy, 118-121.
Maurice, Prince, 218, 222-232, 235, 256.
Maximilian of Austria, 120-125, 127.
Middelburg, 71.
Mondragon, Cristobal, 188, 189.
Monks, 48, 65.
Mons, 186.
Mook, 198, 199.
Moreau, General, 275.
Motley, J. L., 293.

Naarden, 189, 190.
Names, given and family, 63, 130, 131.
Napoleon Bonaparte, 276-278, 280-284.
Nobles' procession, 153.
Norsemén, 48-51.
Nymegen, 21, 41, 267.
Orange, color, 268, 285.
Orange, house of, 258.
"Oranje boven," 170.

Pacheco, 184.
Paleis, 279.
Paris, 283.
Parma, Duke of, 167, 215, 220, 221.
Patrick, Saint, (Succat), 31, 38.
Patriots, the party so called, 266-270.
Paul Jones, 264.
Peace Congress, 304, 305.
Philip the Fair, 125-128.
Philip II. of Spain, 128, 142-145, 148, 149, 162, 163.
Pichegru, General, 275.
Pilgrim Fathers, 20.
Printing, 113, 114, 133-135, 141, 151.
Prussia, 267.
Pope, power of the, in the middle ages, 131.
Porcelain, 102.

Radbod, the Frisian king, 35.
Raven, the, in Norse navigation, 50, 51.
Religion, 13, 231-234.
Renneburg, the traitor, 214.
Requesens, Don Luis de, 197, 200, 207, 208.
Romans, 9, 17-27.
Rotterdam, 183.
Royal Institute, the Dutch, 280.
Russian invasion, 277.

Saracens, 57, 58, 60.
Scarlet letter, 55.

INDEX

- Scheldt River, 241, 269, 290.
 Scheveningen, 271, 285.
 Scotland, 68.
 Seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, the, 140, 171, 288.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 220.
 Slaves, 51, 58.
 Sophia, Queen, 292, 294.
 Spitzbergen, 237.
 Stadholders, 140, 273.
 States-General, 71, 118.
 Succat. *See* Patrick.
 Swarte Jan, 183.

 Taxation, 72, 118.
 Ten Days' Campaign, 289.
 Terpen, 7-10.
 Texel, 180, 277.
 Thorbecke, Prime Minister, 291.
 Treslong, 180, 184.
 Tromp, Admiral Martin, 247, 249, 250, 254, 255.
 Tulips, 239.
 Turks, 54, 55.

 Union of Utrecht, 214.
 Utrecht, 32, 68, 180, 182, 214, 271.
 Utrecht University, 27, 281.

 Valdez, 200.
 Valenciennes, 161, 162.
 Van Borselen, Francis, 103.
 Van der Kemp, Adrian, 265.
 Van der Mark, William, 178-180, 186, 189.
 Van der Werf, Burgomaster, 202, 203.
 Van Hasselaer, Kenau, 191.
 Van Spijk, 289, 290.
 Veer, 68, 69.
 Velleda, the fortune-teller, 22, 23.
 Veluwe, 16.

 Verdun, 41.
 Vianen, 21.
 Vikings, 48-51.
 Vilvoorde, 136.
 Vliet, 20.

 Walcheren, 185, 188, 281.
 Water Beggars, 154, 170, 177, 179-182, 189, 197-203, 207.
 Waterloo, 284.
 White, Hon. Andrew D., 305.
 Widow, renunciation of all claim to a husband's estate by a, 90, 91.
 Wilfried, 33, 34.
 Wilhelmina, Queen, 294-306.
 "Wilhelmus Lied," 186.
 Willemstad, 270.
 William I., King, 285, 286, 288-290.
 William II., King, 284, 290, 291.
 William III., King, 291-294, 302.
 William II., Stadholder, 241, 242, 245.
 William III., Stadholder, 252-257.
 William IV., Stadholder, 258-260.
 William V., Stadholder, 260, 262-264, 271.
 William and Mary, 255-257.
 William of Orange, 140, 142, 144, 146-152, 160, 161, 168, 171, 175, 186, 187, 194, 210-213, 216-219, 229.
 Williamson, Hubert, 190.
 Willibrord, 34, 65.
 Windmills, 94.
 Wittekind, the Saxon warrior, 38.
 Woden, 13.

 Zeeland, 281, 296.
 Zierikzee, 80.
 Zoutman, Admiral, 265.
 Zuyder Zee, 22, 195, 270, 276, 292.

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